★ April 15, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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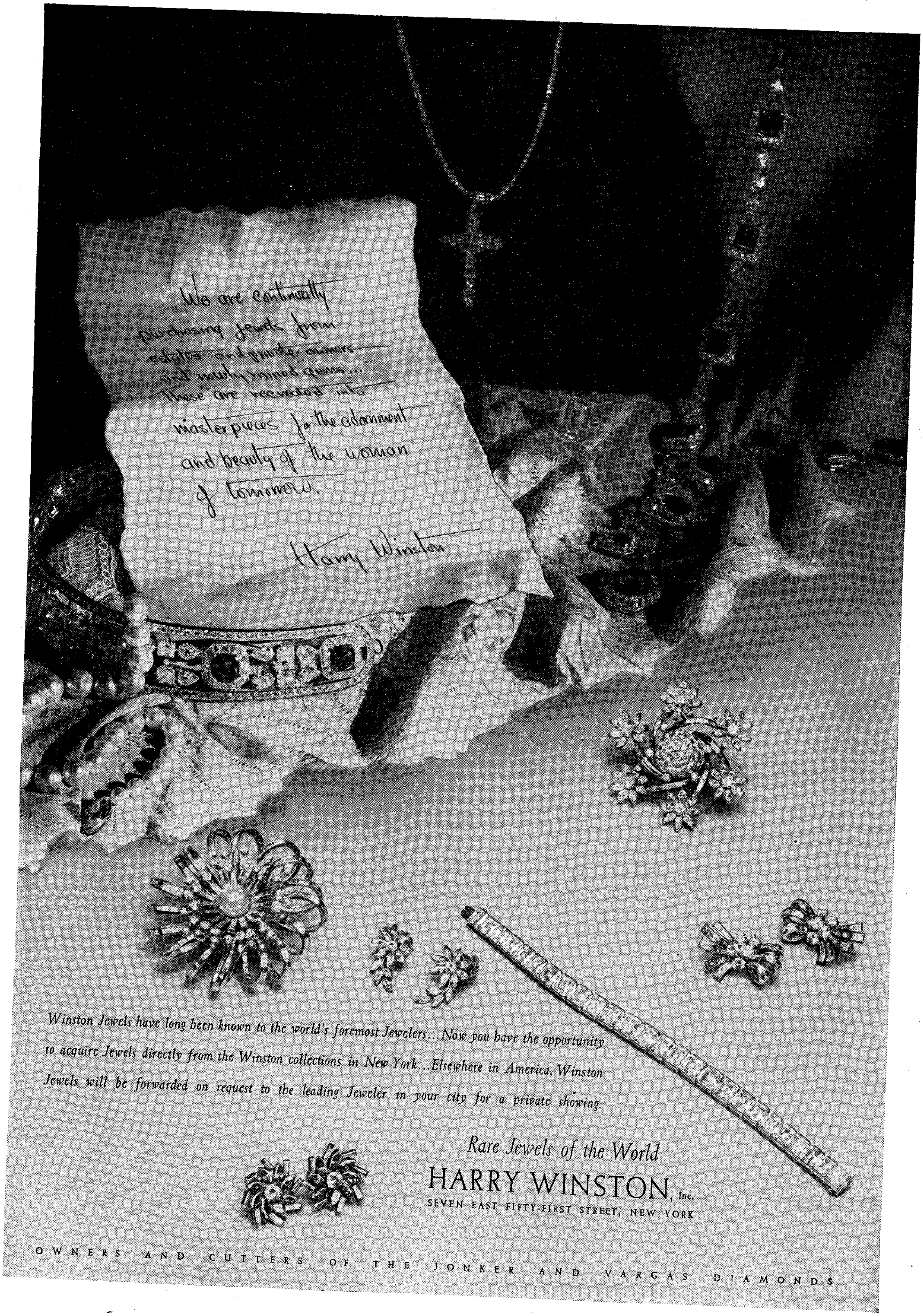We are continually
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SEVEN EAST FIFTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK

OWNERS AND CUTTERS OF THE JONKER AND VARGAS DIAMONDS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 22.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—An excellent melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. Third year. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon head the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is now in its fourth year. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

The Cherry Orchard—A magnificent drama which somebody, unfortunately, has decided to play for laughs. Margaret Webster and Joseph Schildkraut. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., April 15.)

Chicken Every Sunday—About a landlady in Tucson and how she copes with her dreamy husband. Rather pleasant and funny. The cast is headed by Mary Philips and Rhys Williams. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Decision—A worthy, rather heavy-handed play about Fascism on the home front. The cast includes Raymond Greenleaf and Gwen Anderson. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Nightly, except Thurs. and Mon., April 13 and 17, at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. George S. Kaufman has directed a cast that includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Franz Werfel's slightly disappointing play (as rewritten by S. N. Behrman) about two refugees from France. The cast includes Oscar Karlweis, Annabella, and Louis Calhern. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—A rather frail piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. Directed by George Abbott, with a fine cast, including Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is now in its fifth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Lovers and Friends—An old-fashioned vehicle for Katharine Cornell which hasn't much else to offer. Her supporting cast includes Henry Daniell, Anne Burr, and Carol Goodner. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., April 22.)

Mrs. January & Mr. Ex—Billie Burke, as Dulcy, against Frank Craven, who seems to be impersonating Calvin Coolidge. More or less negligible unless you happen to admire the stars, who are very good. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Othello—A superior production, staged by Margaret Webster and sponsored by the Theatre Guild. Visually, at least, Paul Robeson's Moor is perfect, and José Ferrer is a remarkable Iago. Among the others are Uta Hagen and James Monks. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Over Twenty-One—Ruth Gordon as Dorothy Parker in a comedy about an Officers' Candidate School. Miss Gordon also wrote the darn thing, which isn't really quite as witty as some say. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Public Relations—Philip Merivale and Ann Andrews in some sort of foolishness about a couple of old silent stars and how they are reunited. Complicated and tiresome. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ramshackle Inn—Homicidal doings in an old dark house. Too amateurish and confused to be wholly satisfactory, but Zazu Pitts may make you laugh. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Three Is a Family—A simple-minded but sometimes funny piece about pregnant ladies and the current housing shortage. Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, Una Merkel, and William Wadsworth are heavily involved. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—What to do when you have a little Nazi in your home. An honest, if not always credible, attempt to solve a difficult postwar problem. With Skippy Homeier, Conrad Nagel, and Shirley Booth. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—This melodrama is mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Victor Jory. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. The cast consists of Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun. Eve., April 16, at 8:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

Wallflower—A variation of the ugly-duckling theme, but it will probably remind you of "Kiss and Tell" and "Three Is a Family." (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Winged Victory—Moss Hart's gigantic and beautiful recruiting poster for the Air Forces. There are more than three hundred servicemen in the cast, plus several women civilians. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

But Not Goodbye—Harry Carey and Elizabeth Patterson in a comedy by George Seaton. Staged by Richard Whorf and produced by John Golden and Harry Joe Brown. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., April 13, at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—A play by Lillian Hellman, with Cornelia Otis Skinner, Dennis King, and Dudley Digges. Staged and produced by Herman Shumlin. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
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WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A handsome and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II readjusted the story and the lyrics, and Billy Rose is the fortunate producer. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Early to Bed—A musical comedy concerned dimly with bull-fighting and Martinique, but it certainly isn't anything to bother you one way or another. Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard are in it, and there is music by Fats Waller. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about some sailors and their girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment, with Frank Parker, Irina Baronova, and Jackie Gleason. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Merry Widow—An earnest, expensive revival, with Jan Kiepura and Melville Cooper. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark is very funny in an otherwise standard musical. Cole Porter wrote the music and the lyrics, and the cast also includes June Havoc, George Givot, and Paul Haakon. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, and Betty Garde are among those who sing and dance their way through this American folk play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life to the amazement of Kenny Baker, John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and occasionally funny. Milton Berle is in charge of a large cast. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Pretty Little Parlor—Stella Adler and Sidney Blackmer in a play by Claiborne Foster. Staged by Ralph Bellamy and produced by John Moses and Mr. Bellamy. Opens Mon., April 17. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Sheppey—A play by W. Somerset Maugham, with Edmund Gwenn, Barbara Everest, and Viola Keats. Staged by Sir Cedric Hardwicke and produced by Jacques Chambrun. Opens Tues., April 18. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. the first week and Wed. and Sat. thereafter, at 2:40.)

Allah Be Praised!—A musical comedy by George Marion, Jr., Don Walker, and Baldwin Bergersen, with Patricia Morison, Mary Jane Walsh, John Hoysradt, and Joey Faye. Produced by Alfred Bloomingdale. Opens Wed., April 19. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5530. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey presenting the usual stupendous attraction. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Daily at 2:15 and 8:30 P.M.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Blue Hill Troupe presenting "H. M. S. Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury," Thurs. through Sat., April 20-22, at 8:45 P.M., and Sat., April 22, at 2:30 P.M.; for the benefit of the New York City Cancer Committee. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3546.)

Ice Show—"Stars on Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Thurs. through Sat. at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M., and Sun. at 3 and 8:15 P.M. Closes Sun., April 16.)

Variety Show—Joan Roberts, Count Basie, Jimmy Durante, and dozens of other entertainers in a program sponsored by the Council on African Affairs, in honor of Paul Robeson, Sun., April

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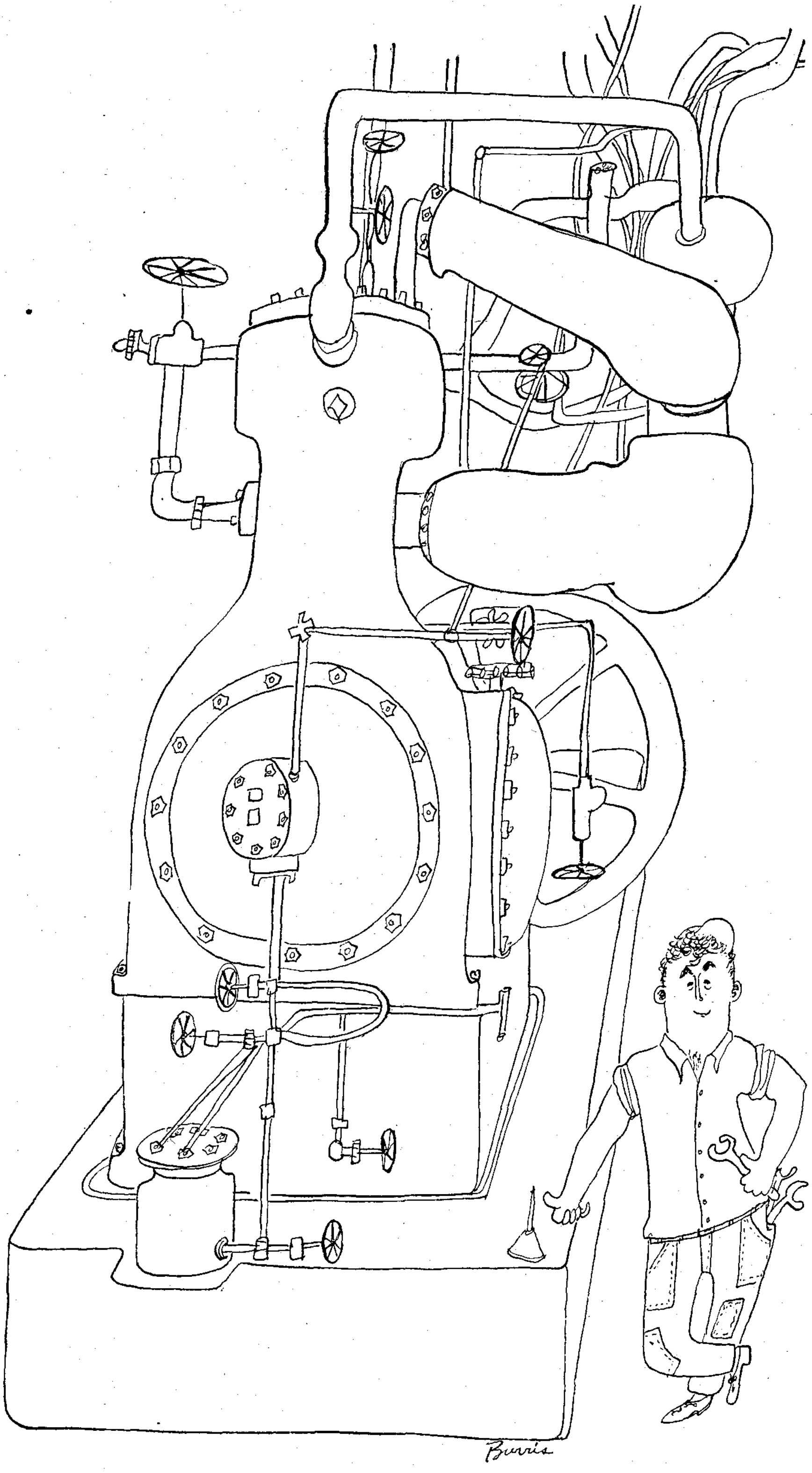
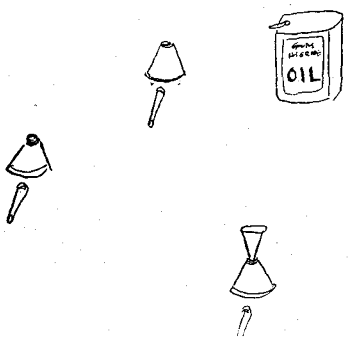
This is our Mr. Dathloomy



We spent a lively afternoon recently hurtling in and out of fur storage vaults with Mr. Dathloomy, an engineer at Saks Fifth Avenue. Mr. D. is in charge of the machinery that keeps furs cool and mothless while they're stored at Saks, the store which is paying for this ad, by some uncanny coincidence.

Standing in a vault with the hygienic cold air nipping around our ankles, we listened while Mr. Dathloomy explained raptly about the Saks fur storage process, and how the air is purified so it keeps even ermine as virginal as — well — ermine. We also learned that Mr. D's passion for cold temperatures has led to some heated discussions at home, especially last winter when his mother-in-law came to visit. Once she remarked pointedly that there was no Eskimo blood on *her* side of the family. In a way, Mr. D. is glad Spring's here. When you freeze a mink, it can't talk back.

After listening to Mr. D. explain his machinery we came away with the dazed conviction that nothing is too good for a coat stored at Saks — be it Russian sable or local muskrat. To Mr. Dathloomy, fur is fur and moths is moths and ne'er the twain shall meet. (Kipling)



Oh Mr. Dathloomy — where else but at

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

at Rockefeller Center

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 22.

16, at 7:30 P.M. (17th Regiment Armory, Park at 34. For tickets, call MU 4-6834.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT—Erwin Piscator presenting "Bobino," a musical play by Stanley Kauffmann and Leonard Marker, Thurs. and Fri., April 13-14, at 3 P.M., and Sat., April 15, at 1 and 3:30 P.M. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5530.)... The Heckscher Children's Theatre Group presenting "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," Thurs. through Sat., April 13-15, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3546.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

BALLET RUSSE DE MONTE CARLO—"Etude," "The Nutcracker," and "The Cuckolds' Fair," Thurs. Eve., April 13.... "Serenade," "Rodeo," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Fri. Eve., April 14.... "Les Sylphides," "The Nutcracker," and "Rodeo," Sat. Aft., April 15.... "The Snow Maiden," "The Red Poppy," and "Prince Igor," Sat. Eve., April 15.... "Ancient Russia," "Scheherazade," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Sun. Eve., April 16.... "Chopin Concerto," "The Red Poppy," "Bluebird," and "The Cuckolds' Fair," Tues. Eve., April 18.... "Serenade," "Ancient Russia," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Wed. Eve., April 19.... "The Snow Maiden," "Scheherazade," and "Le Beau Danube," Thurs. Eve., April 20.... "Etude," "The Red Poppy," and "Prince Igor," Fri. Eve., April 21.... "Swan Lake," "Scheherazade," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Sat. Aft., April 22.... "Les Sylphides," "Rodeo," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "The Cuckolds' Fair," Sat. Eve., April 22. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:40. Mats. at 2:40.)

BALLET THEATRE—"Romeo and Juliet," "Pas de Deux," "Tally-Ho," and "Capriccio Espagnol," Thurs. Eve., April 13.... "Swan Lake," "Petrouchka," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Princess Aurora," Fri. Eve., April 14.... "Romeo and Juliet," "Peter and the Wolf," "Pas de Deux," and "Capriccio Espagnol," Sat. Aft., April 15.... "Les Sylphides," "Tally-Ho," "Bolero," and "Petrouchka," Sat. Eve., April 15.... "Petrouchka," "Tally-Ho," and "Bluebeard," Sun. Aft., April 16.... "Romeo and Juliet," "Pictures of Goya," "Pas de Quâtre," and "Tally-Ho," Sun. Eve., April 16. ... "Romantic Age," "Amor Brujo," "Pillar of Fire," and "Tally-Ho," Mon. Eve., April 17.... "Swan Lake," "Fancy Free," "Pas de Deux" and "Gala Performance," Tues. Eve., April 18.... "Swan Lake," "Aleko," and "Princess Aurora," Wed. Eve., April 19.... "Romeo and Juliet," "Pillar of Fire," and "Gala Performance," Thurs. Eve., April 20.... "Tally-Ho," "Three-Cornered Hat," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "Princess Aurora," Fri. Eve., April 21.... "Tally-Ho," "Petrouchka," and "Bluebeard," Sat. Aft., April 22.... "Les Sylphides," "Fancy Free," "In Old Madrid," and "Fair at Sorochinsk," Sat. Eve., April 22. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:40. Mats. at 2:40.)

DORIS HUMPHREY AND CHARLES WEIDMAN—Presenting a series of repertory recitals, Sun. and Sat., April 16 and 22, at 8:45 P.M. (Humphrey-Weidman Studio Theatre, 108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Because of the new cabaret tax, several hotel rooms and clubs, as noted below, are discontinuing dancing during the dinner hour or making other changes so that the tax will not apply. As further changes may be made, you'd better phone ahead before starting out. Also, many clubs are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone about that, too.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room has Jules Lande's orchestra amid an eighteenth-century décor.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Emile Petti's band and a good-looking ice revue are in the Bowman Room.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Mildred Bailey, Hazel Scott (through Sat., April 15) and Teddy Wilson's orchestra—which ought to be enough for anyone.

CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This Village branch has jazz by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and Mary Lou Williams, and folk songs by Josh White.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Handier, and probably a lot noisier, than the one in Rio. Sophie Tucker, who heads the show, will be replaced by Joe E. Lewis on Thurs., April 20. Joel Herron's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.... The Copa Bar has the Kris Kay Trio.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Nightly previews of what the well-dressed Navy man (and his lady) will wear. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras play music (sweet) for dancing after 10 P.M.

MONTE CARLO, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Big and sort of beautiful, with Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The show in the Cotillion Room includes Dr. Giovanni, the eminent pickpocket, and a dance team, as well as Stanley Melba's orchestra.... Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre Mon. through Fri. at the supper hour, and Sat. and Sun. for dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Celeste Holm singing merrily in the Persian Room for your supper. Bob Grant's orchestra and a rumba band are there during dinner and supper.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room sports a smooth, sedate ice show at the supper hour, and Freddy Miller's orchestra is around all evening.... The Maisonette has Bob Simone's and Evan Jones' orchestras after 9 P.M.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The Café Lounge offers Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Children cry for it. Noro Morales' rumba band and Peyson Ré's orchestra. Ernie Holst's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Leo Reisman's band plays for dinner and supper in the Wedgwood Room, and Victor Borge and Russell Swann entertain the after-theatre crowd.... Michael Zarin's orchestra plays in the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Imogene Coca and Irwin Corey head a practically continuous show.... **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): dim and handsome, with Robert Crum, the pianist, the comic Bernards, and several other good entertainers.... **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself is back, with some new raucous songs and all the old raucous ones.... **LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): a small show headed by Peggy Fears.... **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peaceful and informal, with Roger Stearns' piano music thrown in.

MISCELLANEOUS—At the **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Carl Brisson and a routine show full of beautiful girls; Ray Sinatra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band.... **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the more pleasant small places; Dick Wilson's orchestra plays for dancing after 10 P.M.... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): also small, also pleasant; George Morris's orchestra plays for dancing and Anne Francine sings from 11 P.M. on.... **CASBAH**, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): life in the native quarter was never like this; Danny Yates' orchestra plays for dancing after 9:30 P.M.... **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian entertainment, from dagger dances to Red Army songs; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra.... **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra plays for dancing after 10:15 P.M.... **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra and an ice show. ... **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra will be replaced by Glen Gray's on Thurs., April 20.... **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Square (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a cellar with murals, as well as the Clarence Profit Trio.

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MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At the **HURRICANE**, B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington's band and one of those Broadway shows.... **CAFÉ ZANZIBAR**, B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): Maurice Rocco and Ethel Waters top a large and rowdy show.... **LINCOLN**, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Count Basie's band.... **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, Bobby Hackett, and Eddie Condon adding warmth to these spring evenings; no dancing.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Wilbur and Sidney de Paris head a neat and lively band through Sun., April 16; no dancing.... **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): jazz by the Al Casey Trio and songs by Billie Holiday.... **YACHT CLUB**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): two hot bands, headed by Trummie Young and Dizzy Gillespie.... **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): Sidney Catlett's orchestra, with Ben Webster, and the Leonard Ware Trio are the attractions here; no dancing.

ART

GEORGE BELLOWS—Paintings from 1909 to 1922: Allison, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 29.

MARIO CARREÑO—Twenty-one recent paintings and drawings by the Cuban artist: Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 15.

GEORGE CONSTANT—Oils and water colors: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 22.

RUSSELL COWLES—New oils by a descendant of the Impressionists: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 22.

GLADYS ROCKMORE DAVIS—Backstage ballet scenes: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 15.

JULIO DE DIEGO—New oils and temperas: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 15.

ARTHUR G. DOVE—Twenty new paintings: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 21.

FRENCH—At the **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57: Derain, Dufy, Picasso, Vlaminck, and others of the Paris school. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 1.... **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57: Rouault, Picasso, Matisse, Bracque, and several others. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 15.

ARNOLD FRIEDMAN—An Impressionist whose landscapes are sometimes as successful as his French predecessors': Marquié, 16 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 22.

HARRY GOTTLIEB—Oils, the first he has done in twelve years: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 22.

JUAN GRIS—Forty oils, gouaches, and drawings: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 22.

GROUPS—At the **LILIENFELD**, 21 E. 57: New York artists, including Lyonel Feininger, Borislav Bogdanovich, and B. J. O. Nordfeldt. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 22.... **KLEEMANN**, 65 E. 57: drawings, prints, and water colors by modern French and American artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 29.... **ARTIST ASSOCIATES**, 138 W. 15: small paintings by Robert Gwathmey, Eitaro Ishigaki, Helen Ratkai, Chuzo Tamotzu, and others of this coöperative group. Weekdays 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 22.... **DOWNTOWN**, 43 E. 51: new paintings and sculpture by Bernard Karfiol, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Julian Levi, and other members of the gallery's group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 6.... **ARTISTS'**, 43 W. 55: drawings and prints by Hans Boehler, Federico Cantú, Maurice Golubov, and others. Tues., 1 to 9 P.M.; other weekdays, 1 to 6 P.M.; through April 29.... **FINE ARTS**, 215 W. 57: annual show by the National Association of Women Artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1:30 to 6 P.M.; through April 30.... **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57: Milton Avery, Marsden Hartley, Abraham Rattner, and Max Weber. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 22.... **VALENTINE**, 55 E. 57: the Lee Ault collection of modern painting, which includes such artists as Degas, Cézanne, Tamayo, and Eilshemius; a benefit for the American Field Service. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 29.

J. M. HANSON—Eight large and occasionally complex paintings: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 15.

GERARD HORDYK—Paintings and gouaches: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., April 14.

WALTER HOUMÈRE—A merger of Abstract and Surrealist painting: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Mon., April 17.

BERNARD LAMOTTE—Paintings of Paris: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 22.

LONDON—Paintings, before 1800, and prints of scenes in and around the city: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 22.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Beautifully executed replicas of mosaics from the Hagia Sophia, and a showing of Turkish objets d'art of the fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 30.

MODERN EUROPEANS—Paintings, most of which have never before been shown, by Bracque, Dali, Hélion, Mondrian, and others: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 6.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition of modern Cuban painting (through May 7); also, modern American and European drawings (through May 10). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by Werner Drewes, Jean Xceron,

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Many deserve the credit—Generals, Admirals, Airlines and Aircraft manufacturers—but especially, we believe, credit is due to the air transport crews in the air and on the ground. Many of these are domestic airline crews, whose companies are playing a major role in global wartime air transport under the direction of our Army and Navy.

They are demonstrating that time and distance have been overcome as barriers to movement in all directions.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 22.

Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., April 14.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—The annual show of paintings and sculpture. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 25.

NINETEENTH-CENTURY AMERICAN—Fifteen paintings, from Rubens Peale to Eastman Johnson: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 22.

CAMILLE PISSARRO—Eight Paris scenes: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 26.

WALTER QUIRT—Oils by one of the firebrands of American Abstractionism: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 29.

SELF PORTRAITS—Karl Zerbe, Max Weber, Marcel Vertès, Sol Wilson, and other contemporaries: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 22.

ELIZABETH SPARHAWK-JONES—Twelve water colors by a romantic symbolist: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 15.

DOROTHEA TANNING—Surrealist paintings: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 22.

MARK TOBEY—New temperas: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 29.

STEVE WHEELER—Various abstract styles in India-print combinations: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 15.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8. Pictures and sculpture bought by the Museum during the past two years. Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 30.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting the final concerts of the season: Thurs., April 13, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., April 14, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sun., April 16, at 3 P.M. (Soloist, Nadia Reisenberg, piano, April 13-14.) . . . Young People's Concert, Rudolph Ganz conducting, Sat., April 15, at 11 A.M.

N.B.C. SYMPHONY—Arturo Toscanini conducting. Tues., April 18, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. Tickets can be obtained by buying War Bonds at 1270 6 Ave., at 50, 27th floor.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES—Adolph Busch and his Chamber Music Players. Fri., April 14 and, with Rudolf Serkin as piano soloist, Fri., April 21, at 8:45 P.M. (Town Hall.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Dorothy Holcomb conducting. Sat., April 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

NEW YORK LITTLE SYMPHONY—Joseph Baroné conducting. Fri., April 21, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

SALMAGGI OPERA—"Faust," Thurs., April 13. . . . "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Fri., April 14. . . . "La Forza del Destino," Sat., April 15. . . . "La Bohème," Sat., April 22. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Eves. at 8:30.)

NELSON EDDY—Baritone. Sat., April 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

BACH CIRCLE OF NEW YORK—Chamber music; soloists, Yella Pessl, harpsichord, and others. Mon., April 17, at 8:45 P.M. (Town Hall.)

ALEXANDER KIPNIS—Bass-baritone. Sat., April 22, at 8:30 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200, Ext. 773.)

ERICA MORINI—Violin. Sat., April 22, at 8:30 P.M. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16. For tickets, call ST 9-1391.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—**EXHIBITION GAMES** (for the Red Cross): Giants vs. Yankees, at the Polo Grounds; and Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, at Ebbets Field; Thurs., April 13, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **REGULAR SEASON**: Giants vs. Boston, at the Polo Grounds, Tues. through Thurs., April 18-20, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Washington, at Yankee Stadium, Fri. and Sat., April 21-22, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Giants, at Ebbets Field, Fri. and Sat., April 21-22, at 2:30 P.M.

CHESS—National Championship finals, Sat., April 15, through Sun., May 7. Sat. and Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; Mon. through Fri., 7 to 11 P.M. (Park Central Hotel.)

RACING—Weekdays at Jamaica at 1:45 P.M., through May 6. (The Excelsior, April 15; Wood Memorial, April 22.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:20 A.M. and 1:30 P.M., and Sat. between 11:01 A.M. and 1:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WAR EXHIBITIONS—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including a bazooka. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 50: the development of the United States Navy from 1776 to the present, shown by four hundred miniature models of ships, including every type of naval vessel now in active use. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through June 30.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36—Religious symbolism, shown in a collection of illuminated manuscripts dating from the ninth through the sixteenth centuries. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 20.

PHOTOGRAPHY—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: snapshots by amateur camera fans from the 1880's to the present. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through May 10. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 50: the annual press photographers' show, featuring war pictures taken by servicemen. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through April 23.

BENEFIT—The Canteen Ball, for Madison House and the Anzac Club: Waldorf-Astoria, Thurs., April 13, at 9 P.M. (For tickets, call PL 3-8881.)

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—Modern paintings by Soutine, Kisling, Rouault, and others, collected by Richard Davis: Thurs., April 13, at 8:15 P.M. . . . Tapestries and Continental silver, owned by the late Yovan Doutchitch, Gertrude and Emil Turnovsky, and others: Fri. and Sat., April 14-15, at 2 P.M. . . . The Charles Dickens collection formed by the late Herman Le Roy Edgar: Tues., April 18, at 8:15 P.M., and Wed., April 19, at 2 and 8:15 P.M. **KENDE GALLERIES**, at the Jay Gould house, 579 5 Ave., at 47—Paintings from the fourteenth through the nineteenth centuries, owned by Mark Leopold: Fri., April 14, at 8 P.M.

ON THE AIR

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., April 16, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Chicago Symphony, Desiré Defauw conducting, Sat., April 15 and 22, at 3 P.M., WEAF. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra: Saul Caston and Harl McDonald conducting, Sat., April 15; Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., April 22; at 3:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony: Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., April 15 and 22, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . Metropolitan Opera (on tour): "Faust," with Raoul Jobin and Licia Albanese, Sat., April 15, at 2 P.M.; "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Kerstin Thorborg and Leonard Warren, Sat., April 22, at 2:30 P.M.; WJZ. . . . Ballet Theatre, Sun. and Tues., April 16 and 18; Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, Fri., April 14 and 21, and Wed., April 19; at 8:40 P.M., WNYC.

SPORTS—Baseball, opening day, Tues., April 18: Giants vs. Boston, at 2:30 P.M., WINS; Philadelphia vs. Dodgers, at 3:15 P.M., WHN. . . . Racing: the Excelsior, Sat., April 15; and the Wood Memorial, Sat., April 22; at 4:15 P.M., WOR; the Bowie, Sat., April 15, at 4 P.M., WEAF.

MOTION PICTURES

COVER GIRL—Long and lavish, with music by Jerome Kern and lyrics by Ira Gershwin. Gene Kelly, Rita Hayworth, Phil Silvers, and many beautiful women are in the cast. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

A GUY NAMED JOE—A thoughtful and amusing, though somewhat fantasy-ridden, picture about life in the Air Forces. Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Sat., April 15.)

JACK LONDON—The emphasis is on London's experiences with the Japs. Michael O'Shea and Susan Hayward. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., April 19. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., April 15-17. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. and Wed., April 18-19. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., April 18-22.)

JANE EYRE—Orson Welles, as Rochester, is at his weirdest, but Joan Fontaine is all right as Jane. There's also Henry Daniell and Sara Allgood. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs., April 13. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Tues., April 15-18. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Wed. through Sat., April 19-22.)

LADY IN THE DARK—A lady editor's dream world, in color, with costumes to end all costumes. Ginger Rogers and Ray Milland. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

LIFEBOAT—Alfred Hitchcock's admirably done film about some Americans and a German in the same boat. With Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, and Walter Slezak. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., April 14. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; and 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., April 19. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Wed., April 15-19. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., April 16-17.)

MADAME CURIE—A convincing screen biography of the discoverer of radium. She and her husband are

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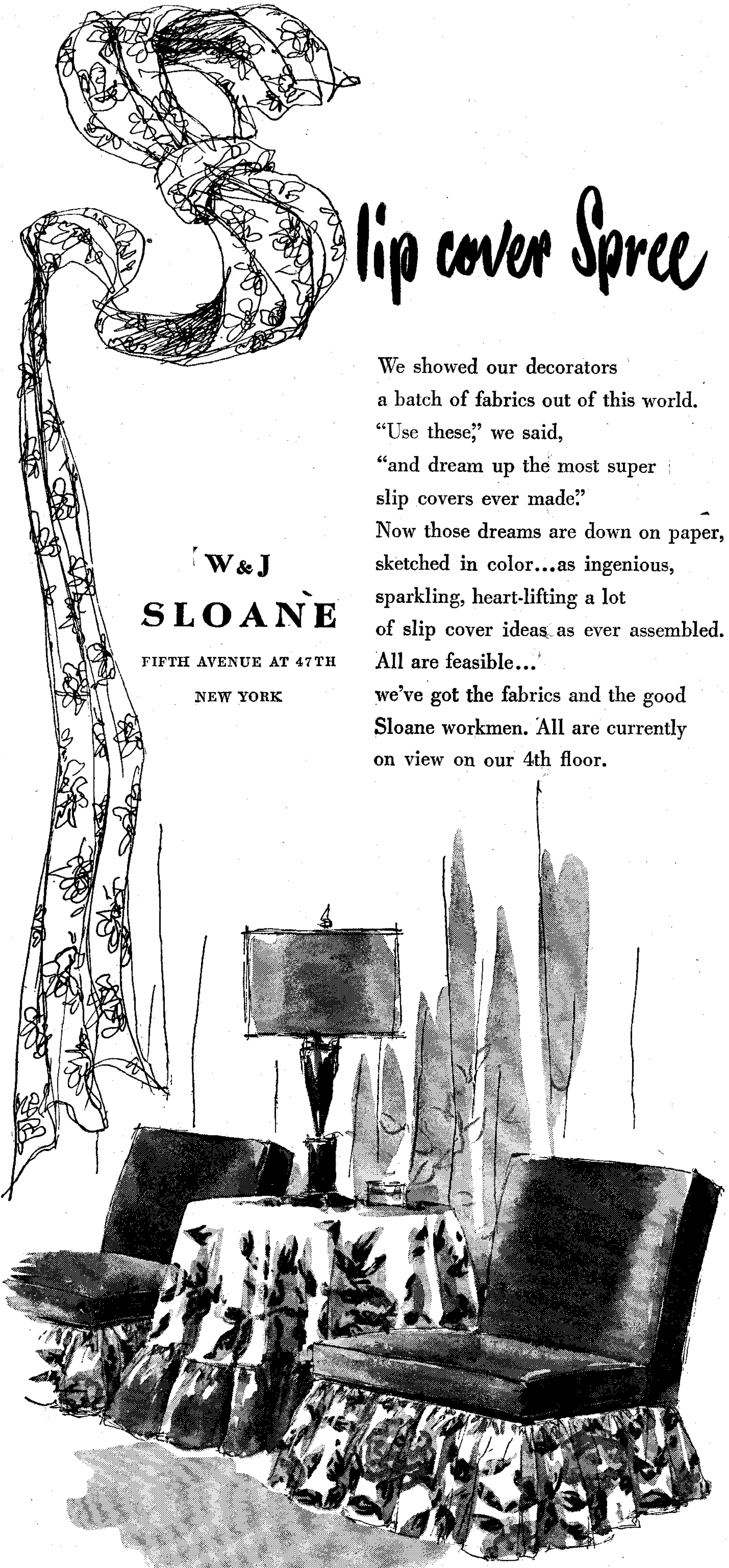

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

played by Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., April 17-18. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. through Thurs., April 18-20.)

Memphis Belle—An exciting Army documentary about a bombing mission over Wilhelmshaven. (World, 153 W. 49; through Mon., April 17. . . . Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., April 19.)

Passage to Marseille—Disjointed and a bit too thrill-packed, but the cast is impressive. Humphrey Bogart, Michèle Morgan, Claude Rains, Peter Lorre, and Sydney Greenstreet are all involved in a story about the Fighting French. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

See Here, Private Hargrove—Not altogether like the book, the changes being mainly for the better. Robert Walker, Donna Reed, and Keenan Wynn. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

The Song of Bernadette—A tasteful and well-acted, if somewhat dreamy, film about a young girl's miraculous experiences at Lourdes. Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price, Gladys Cooper, and Lee J. Cobb. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

Standing Room Only—An agreeable comedy about the housing shortage in Washington. Fred MacMurray and Paulette Goddard. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. and Wed., April 18-19.)

The Sullivans—The story of the five brothers who were killed in the Pacific. Thomas Mitchell, Selena Royle, and Anne Baxter. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., April 17.)

REVIVALS

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; starting Sat., April 15.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. French and racy, with Louis Jouvet. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Fri., April 14.)

Catherine the Great (1934)—Romance and ruin in imperial Russia, with Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., April 13.)

Elephant Boy (1937)—An elephant hunt in India. With Sabu. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sat. through Fri., April 15-21.)

Four Feathers (1939)—Kitchener in Egypt, by Korda, with Technicolor. Ralph Richardson and June Duprez. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sat. through Fri., April 15-21.)

Go West (1941)—Life on the wild plains interpreted by the Marx Brothers. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; and Olympia, B'way at 107; Tues. and Wed., April 18-19.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—German prisons in the last war. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., April 18.)

The Heart of a Nation (1943)—The history of a French family, and France, from the 1870's to the present. In French, with Michèle Morgan, Raimu, and Louis Jouvet. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., April 19.)

The Hound of the Baskervilles (1939)—A deft adaptation of the old thriller, with Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., April 18-20.)

If I Had a Million (1932)—The first and most famous of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; starting Sat., April 15.)

Major Barbara (1941)—Bernard Shaw's film version of his Salvation Army comedy. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., April 14-17.)

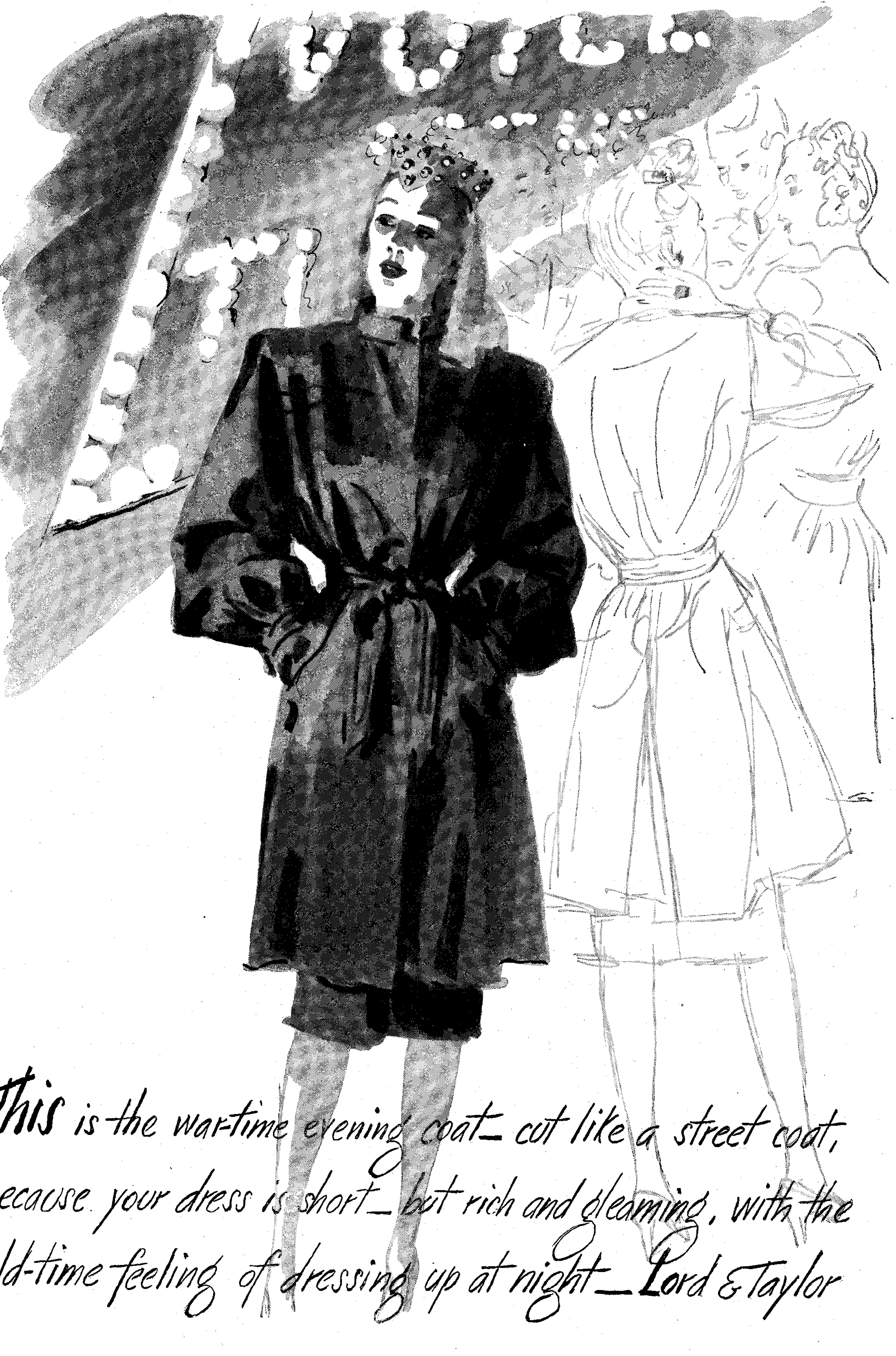
Our Town (1940)—The Thornton Wilder play. Frank Craven, Martha Scott, and William Holden. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., April 14.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., April 13.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—Walt Disney's first full-length cartoon. (Manhattan, B'way at 51.)

Stolen Life (1939)—Elisabeth Bergner as twins. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., April 16-17.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule. THURS. AND FRI., APRIL 13-14: "Mother" (1926), Russian film. SAT. AND SUN., APRIL 15-16: "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" (1932), with Paul Muni. MON. AND TUES., APRIL 17-18: "Wild Boys of the Road" (1933), directed by William Wellman. WED. AND THURS., APRIL 19-20: "Professor Mamlock" (1938), social film.



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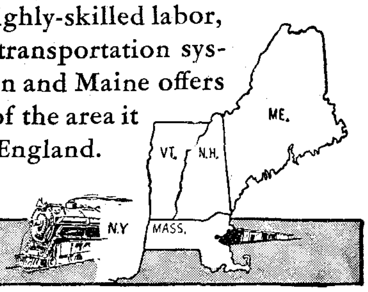

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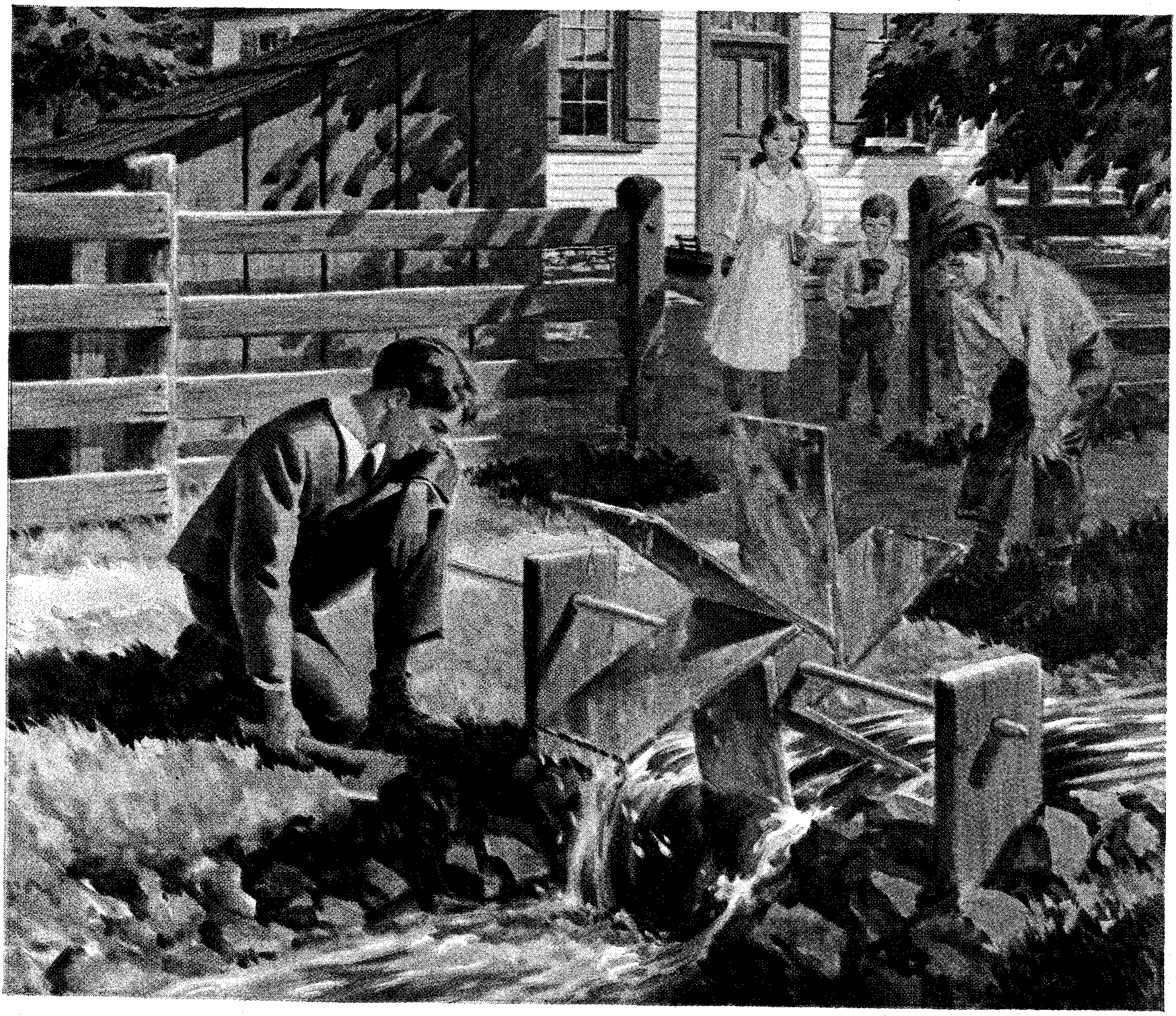

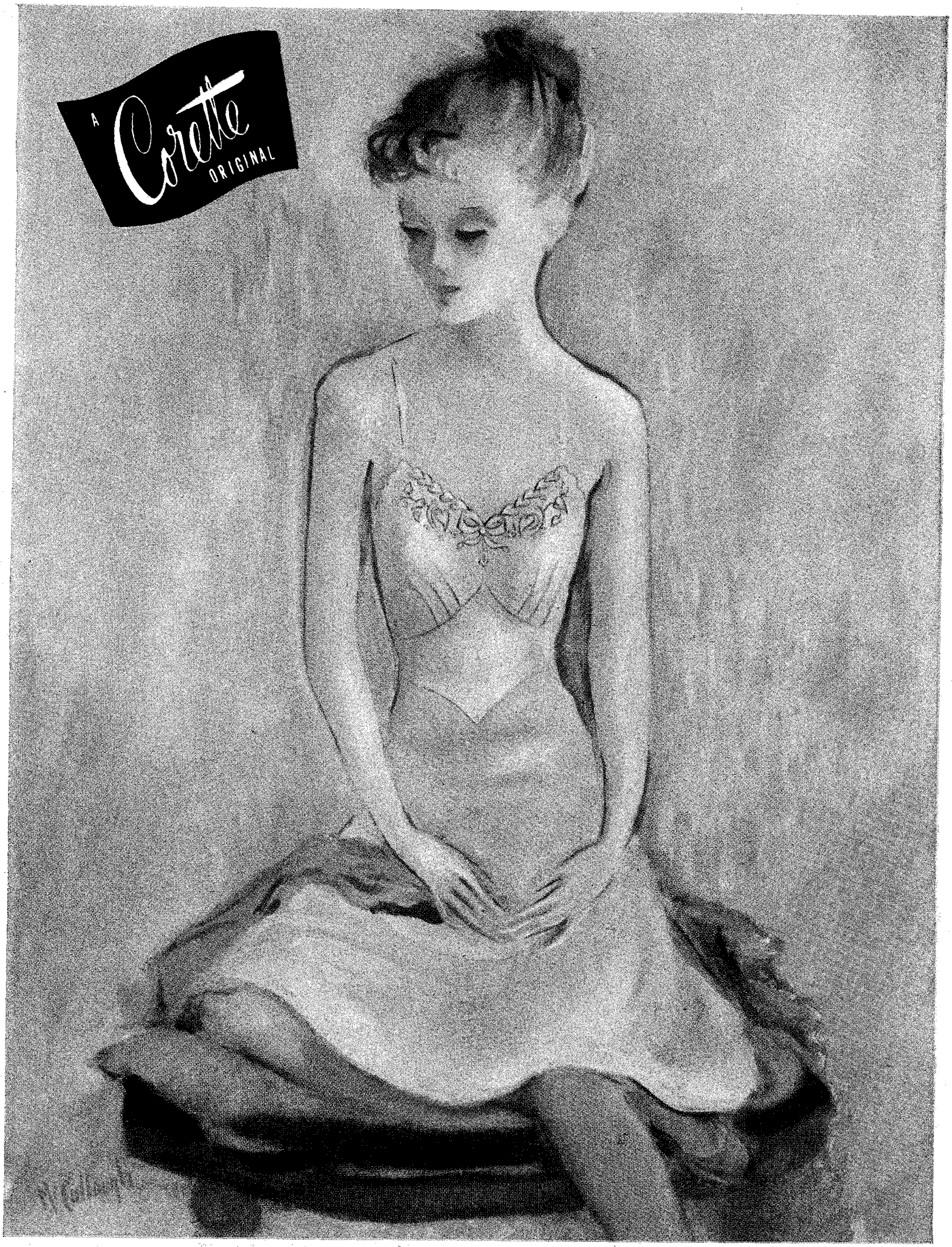

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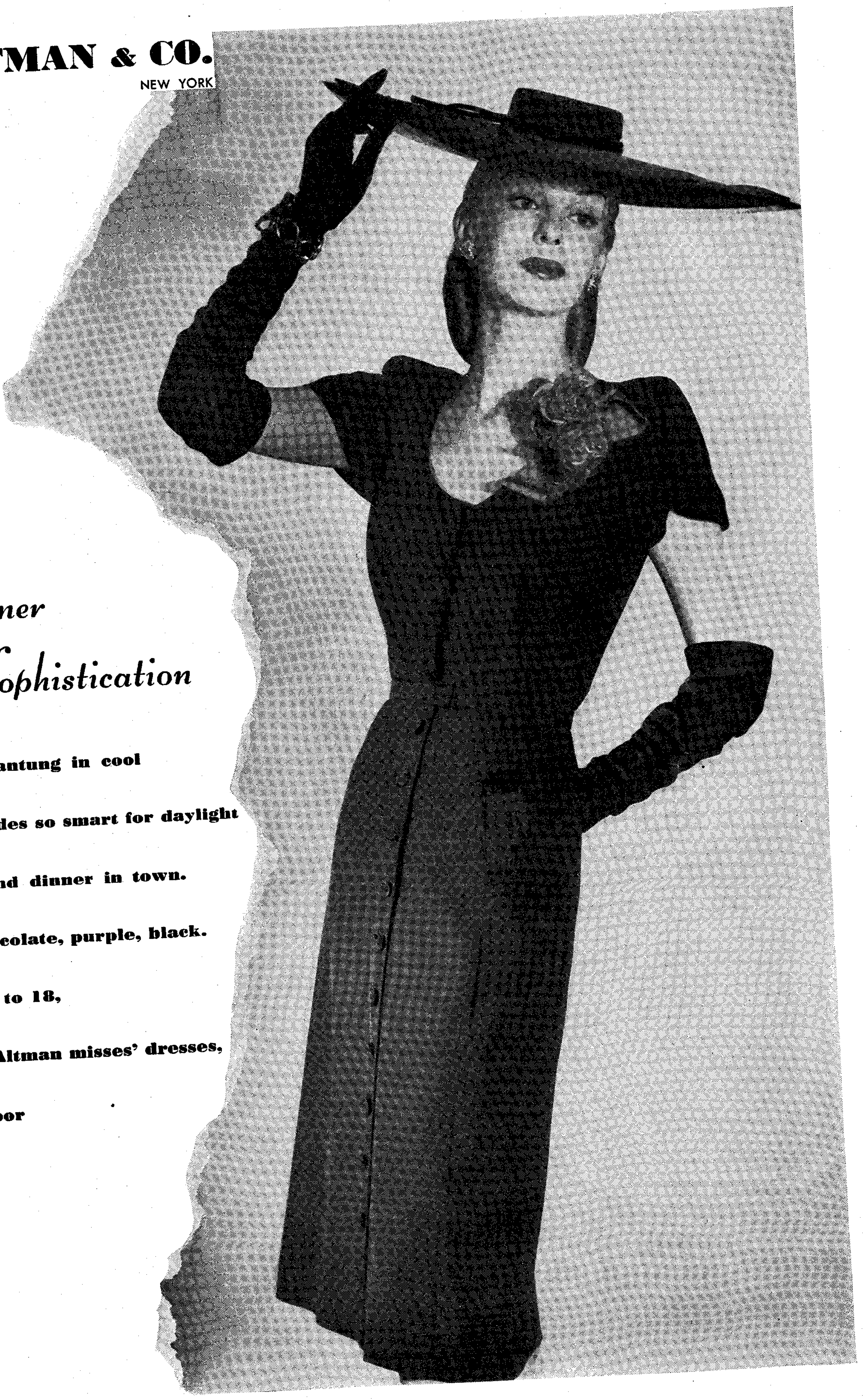

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LORD CRANBORNE pointed out last week that when the Allies meet to reconstruct the Atlantic Charter, the fixing would be done by the powers. Small nations, he said, would not be included in the talks because to include them would be to "cause confusion." Seems very probable it would. Complications are bound to arise when you consult *all* the interested parties in any affair. Nevertheless, we strongly recommend this sort of confusion. There are really two types of confusion which should be recognized nowadays—there is the confusion of representation (which is a rather hopeful and honest confusion), and there is the confusion of exclusion (which is a familiar system of trouble and which has brought us to the utter confusion of the past three or four years). The powers would like to avoid the embarrassment of having to compose a global document in the presence of others. But if a big nation finds it confusing to write a charter when little nations are in the room, imagine the confusion a little nation feels reading a finished document it has never even seen a draft of.

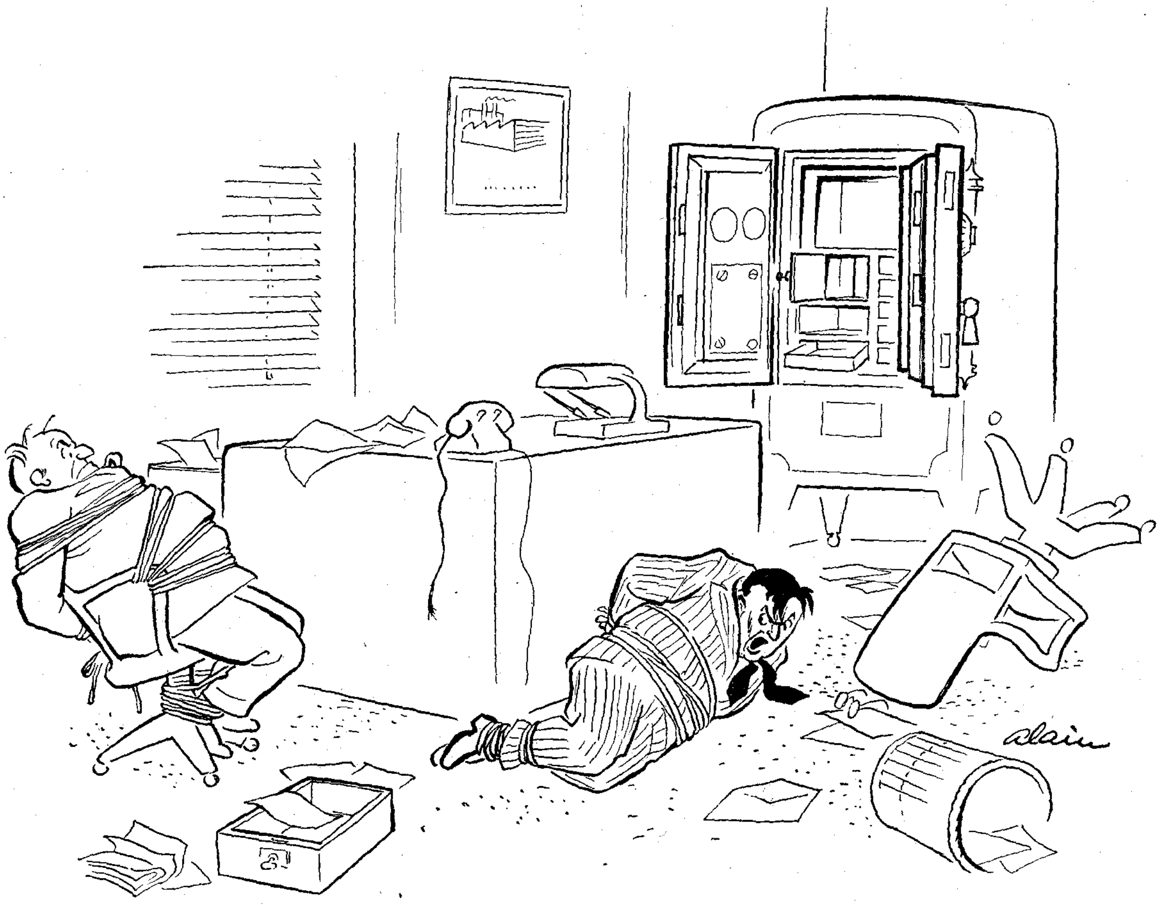
NOTE FOR A CIVICS COURSE: On Tuesday, April 4, 1944, it was reëstablished that democracy in America is not an abstract theory but a living, masticating reality. The Office of Price Administration enjoined the Café Chambord from raising the price of Partridge Flambé Château de Chambord from $4 to $5 and enjoined the Romanoff Pharmacy, on University Place, from jacking up the price of a ham sandwich from twenty cents to a quarter.

NOTE TO THE COLLECTOR OF ETERNAL VERITIES: Both the New York State Treasury and the United States Treasury underestimated their incomes recently. Governor Dewey admitted the other day that the State had taken in fifteen million dollars more than he had reported for the 1943-44 fiscal year. And the Morgenthau outfit in Washington admitted that the March receipts from taxpayers were well in excess of the estimate. Some penalty involved here, perhaps?

THERE is a man working for Time, Inc., who has a very dangerous idea. We met this renegade in a saloon the other night and listened to him for a long while as he talked of life in Luce's clean, appalling tower. Looking nervously over his shoulder, he told us of an atmosphere as brisk and antiseptic and charged with muted suffering as a dental clinic, of a queer, lost race of men who have come to speak only upside down and backward, of vast and by no means impossible projects to remake the world beautifully in the image of Yale, of new schemes every day to put the lonely, desperate art of communication on a business basis, with Timen on the top. Most of all, however, he was troubled by a terrible air of omniscience that seemed to him to mark every man, woman, and child on the payroll, from the tiniest Timan to the boss himself. His eyes were wide and wild as he told us this, draining the green stuff in his glass. "It's all right, though," he said at last. "I know how to fix them. One of these days I'm coming out of my office and I'm going to stand in the hall and, as loud as I can, I'm going to shout, 'I don't *know!*' " He looked at us blankly, lost in his furious dream. "The whole damn thing will just come tumbling down," he said.

"I DON'T see why I should work to support the Writers War Board, the Office of War Information, and all such New Deal piffle when men are dying and there is work to be done at home," said Rose Wilder Lane, the novelist, in announcing that henceforward, until the defeat of the present administration, she would live on her Connecticut farm, do no more work except a monthly column which would bring her sixty dollars, and live on home-preserved pork, fruit, and vegetables. The air is thick with piffle and counter-piffle, but Miss Lane looms heroically through the murk of battle. Be she friend or foe, a lady willing to risk a lonely and lingering death from botulism in an ivory tower commands our respect.

THE lady's complaint that her taxes are going to support certain government agencies of which she disapproves has reminded us of an old plan of ours whereby the taxpayer would be permitted to earmark his payments for whatever federal department, bureau, agency, or commission captured his fancy. As it is now, the voters' wishes about how their money should be spent filter haphazardly through the twilit intelligence of Congress, which has all the fun of handing out the dough. Bureaucrats who want a bigger Congressional appropriation have to put on little stunts and advertising campaigns, and these might just as well be aimed directly at the voters. Our arrange-



"What makes me so damn mad is the thought of that big order they gave us first."

ment would be practically self-operating and would result in an equitable division of the swag. An investor who had got stung in the market would earmark his taxes for the use of the SEC, and if a lot of investors get stung in any tax year the SEC will have the means to remedy matters. The townsfolk of Plover's Creek and Four Forks can purchase themselves new post offices or bridges without troubling the representatives of a hundred and thirty million other people who just don't give a damn. Hypochondriacs who get a bellyache from taking patent medicine and travellers whose trains are not on time can vengefully divert their tax money to the FSA and the ICC. And so on. Ninety-nine out of a hundred taxpayers would happily divide their taxes between the Army and Navy, and those who didn't want to would have no kick coming, and the *Daily News* would eventually dry up and blow away.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Tahiti, after being cut off from supplies for quite a while, finally has received a shipload of goods for civilian consumption. A great part of the cargo space was devoted to feather dusters and canned shredded coconut.

In the Sears Roebuck catalogue, the advertisement of Lloyd C. Douglas's current best-seller is to be found among the pages devoted to women's quilted bathrobes.

A cleaning-and-dyeing establishment up in Yorkville has posted on its window a striking and incontrovertible thought: "Dying Saves Buying."

A businessman we know decided that inflation was here when he found that his office boys no longer pitch pennies during their lunch hour. They pitch nickels and dimes.

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Stormy Weather

NEITHER snow nor slush kept one old lady we noticed last week from the swift completion of her appointed rounds. She carried with her a length of light board, painted green, with a leather thong attached to one end of it. At each bepuddled gutter she came to, she simply placed one end of the board on the sidewalk, lowered the other end outward by its leash until she had bridged the wadi, and stepped across to the shallows in mid-street.

Another lady, flagging down a bus that was plodding uptown through the storm, inquired of the driver, "Are you going straight up the Avenue?" Pathetically, he replied, "I'm doing my best to, Madam."

Studio

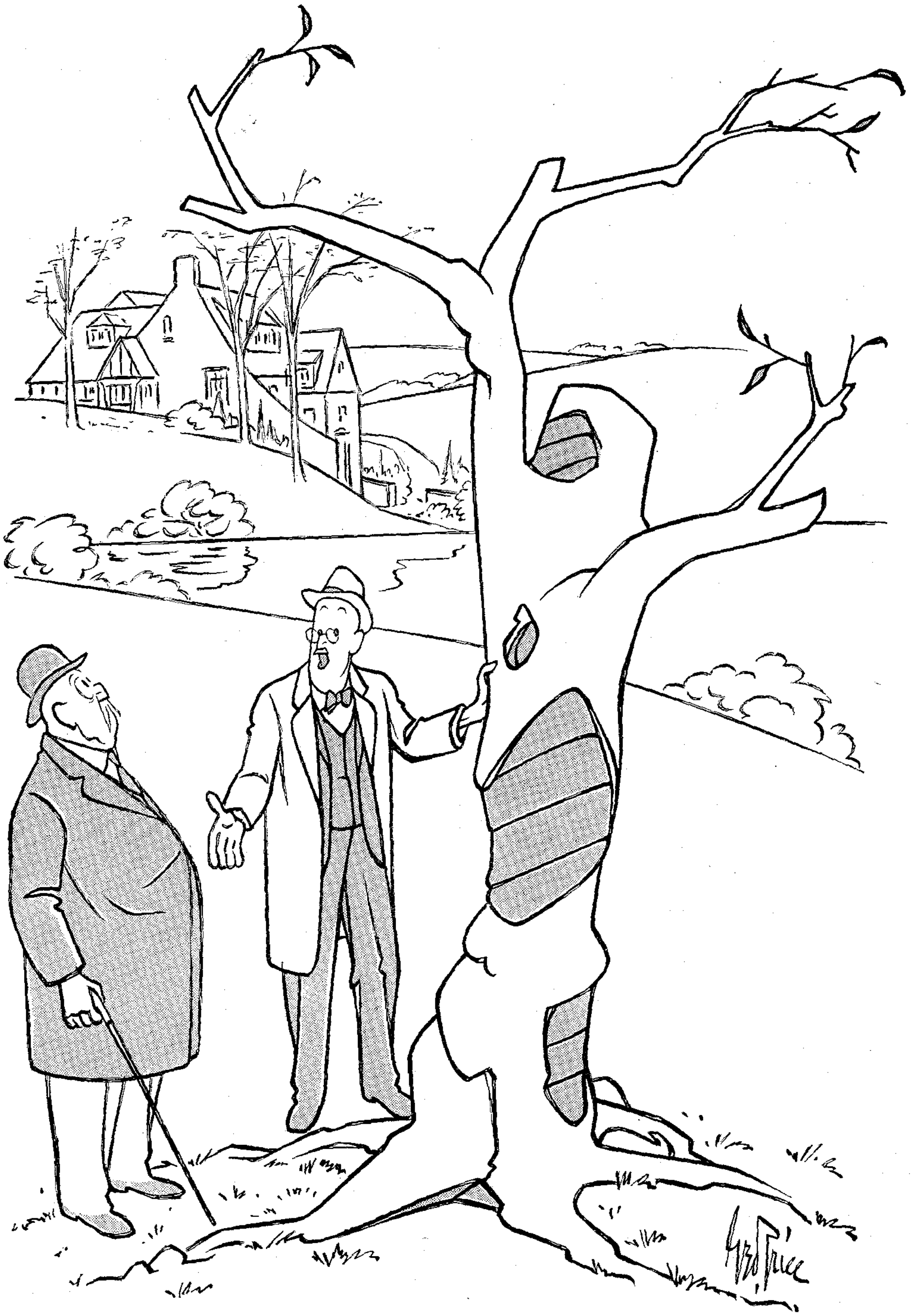
PIET MONDRIAN, the famous Dutch nonobjective painter, died here in February, and since then his heir and executor, another painter named Harry Holzmann, has been keeping his studio and its furnishings intact so that artists and students can visit the place and glean what information they can about the master's methods. We went up there the other day, by appointment, to have a look around. The studio is at the top floor rear of a remodelled brownstone at 15 East Fifty-ninth Street. When we arrived, Mr. Holzmann was there to receive us. He is a tall, lean, slow-spoken man of thirty-odd, and he was Mondrian's closest friend and most ardent disciple. He has been taking his obligation to his dead friend's memory very seriously. "I don't know," he kept saying as he showed us around. "I don't know if I'm doing too much or too little, keeping the place up like this. I can't do it forever, of course; I don't want to be silly about it. But I can't help feeling that as long as people want to see the place, really interested people, it's my duty to give them the chance."

In his art, as you probably know, Mondrian was about as "pure" as they come, having reduced his paintings to a series of arrangements of straight lines and rectangles in the three primary colors—red, blue, and yellow—on a white background. The apartment, which consists of a bedroom, studio, kitchen, and bath, reflects the same uncompromising attitude. All the walls, all the furniture are white, and the only decorations on the walls are an occasional cluster of small red, blue, and yellow squares cut out of cardboard and pinned to the plaster. They are just pinned there, Holzmann explained, because Mondrian liked to move them from time to time and study the arrangements. He used much the same process in planning his paintings. The last picture he worked on was still on his easel and we noticed that although the background and some of the design was painted in, the rest was a crisscross of strips of tape—red, blue, and yellow—pasted lightly to the canvas. "He'd keep moving the strips around till he found an arrangement that pleased him," said Holzmann. "Then he'd take them off and paint that part in. He'd been working on this one for nearly two years off and on. He had it almost finished."

Mondrian made a good deal of the furniture himself, partly to economize (in spite of his eminence, he never made much money) and partly because he liked to tinker, and he showed a lot of ingenuity in using odd bits of material, such as old orange crates, lengths of lath, and so on. There was an almost monastic air of strict minimums about all the furnishings—in the bedroom a cot, a small writing table, a canvas-backed camp chair, and a set of bookshelves made of orange crates nailed together; in the studio another table, a few stools, racks for painting materials, and a stand for the artist's palette. No easy chairs. Nothing even faintly resembling an easy chair. Mondrian didn't approve of them. "What he used to say was, 'If you want to relax, lie down,' " Holzmann told us, and grinned. "He had another saying: that if the chairs were uncomfortable, visitors didn't stay so long. Not that he didn't like people," Holzmann went on quickly. "He did. He liked people. He liked parties. We used to take him to Café Society Downtown—he loved swing, you know—and there he'd sit, a man going on seventy-two years old, having a hell of a time watching everyone dancing. But when he was up here working he wanted to work.

"I don't know what to do about the place," Holzmann went on. He explained that he had opened the studio to the public on two afternoons the previous week. The first day was by invitation only, and for the second he put a notice in the papers and let anybody in. In all, about three hundred people had turned up. "Mostly students," he said, "which I thought was interesting." Since then, he had opened it only by appointment and the number of visitors had dwindled. "Maybe that's all that *are* coming," he said, looking at us doubtfully. "I don't know. I'll have to close it up sometime, of course." Touching on Mondrian's death, he told us that the man's aversion to interruptions and his retiringness may have had something to do with what happened, for he lay ill with influenza four days without even his fellow-tenants, some of whom knew him well, being disturbed by his nonappearance. It was Holzmann who discovered him and got him to a hospital. But by that time the flu had turned into pneumonia, and he died of it six days later.

"One of the great painters of the world," Holzmann said, "dying in that fashion." There was a spectacle case lying on the painting stand next to the easel, undoubtedly where Mondrian had put it, and Holzmann walked over as if to pick it up. He didn't touch it, however. Instead, he stood looking at the unfinished painting for a moment. "If we'd known he was sick just a day



"Only its tremendous will to live pulled it through."

or two earlier, we might have saved him," he said.

Incorrigible

LATE last Friday, a seedy little man entered a Third Avenue bar-and-grill and asked for a beer. He had a notable black eye and the bartender, a large, jolly fellow, remarked on it. "Cheest, Charlie, you certainly stopped one this time," he said. "Who give it to you?" The customer took a moody sip of beer and replied, "You did, last night." The bartender laughed long and loud. "Did I give you that? No kidding, did *I* hang that on you?" he chuckled. Then, turning to the others at the bar, he wiped the tears of laughter from his eyes and said happily, "Cripes, I'll never learn."

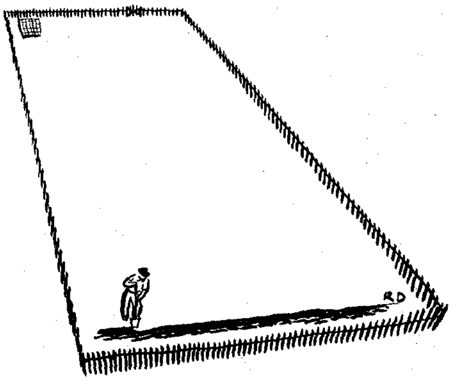
Our Own Baedeker

COUNT DRACULA, the vampire, has given the Carpathian Mountains a bad name, at least among readers of sensational fiction; but actually the worst you can say of the inhabitants of the Carpathians is that they trim their corns only by the light of a new moon instead of whenever they feel like it. Well, maybe they drink a drop more than is good for them, too, but you know hillbillies. The local tipple is a rather raw distillate of potato mash, not unlike some of the stuff we got during prohibition. It is only fair to add that Tokay, according to some connoisseurs the greatest of white wines, comes from the town of Tokaj, on the Hungarian slopes of the Carpathians. By a national statute, only wine from grapes grown on a certain plateau near the town, an area about half the size of New York City, can be called Tokay. The annual yield is—or was, before the Germans occupied the region—about 2,650,000 gallons, of which less than one per cent is Aszu, the premier Tokay. The Carpathian peasants are not gourmets; at any rate, we would hesitate to apply the term to people who eat raw wolf meat soaked in spirits and regard sandwiches made of American toothpaste as a delicacy.

After the Alps, the Carpathians are the largest range of mountains in Europe. They stretch in an eight-hundred-mile arc from a point in Austria north of the Danube to a point in Rumania, varying in width from sixty to two hundred miles and covering an area about one and a half times as big as New York State. In height, the mountains are comparable to the Great Smokies in North Carolina. None of the peaks are high enough to have year-round snow; there are lots of fine beech and pine forests, through which roam bears, wolves, and lynxes. Travellers used to report finding traces of the last war in the forests—rusty barbed wire, abandoned cannon, graves, and ruined cottages. A unique feature of the Carpathians is salt water in the lakes and marshes. Back in the Bronze Age the inhabitants dammed up the mountain streams to make fish pools, and the still water soaked up salt from the clay bottoms. Trousers for men began as a Carparthian fad. They were worn by the Scyths, a marauding tribe which paused thereabouts, and the idea was picked up by the Celts and spread westward.

Sunflower seeds constitute one of the principal crops in the Carpathians. The natives extract from them an oil which they use in lamps, and the by-product is used for cattle fodder. There are few towns in the Carpathians, and those which exist are polyglot. Take Užhorod, in Czechoslovakia, which has only twenty-seven thousand inhabitants. Before the war eighteen daily newspapers, in eighteen languages, were published there, and one observer heard fourteen languages spoken on the street during a stroll: Czech, German, Hebrew, Magyar, Polish, Rumanian, Russian, Ruthenian, Slovak, Ukrainian, Yiddish, English, French, and Bulgarian. As you'd expect, an ornament of almost every town is a Bata shoe shop. If you asked us to name some famous people from the Carpathians, we'd be thrown back on Count Samu Teleki, an African explorer; Alexander Csoma, who compiled the first dictionary and grammar of the Tibetan language; and Kazimierz Przewa-Tetmajer, known in a fairly limited circle as the Polish Walt Whitman.

The only authenticated talking dog in history lived in the Carpathians—may still live there, for all we know. When asked, for instance, "Who feeds you," he would reply, "Mamma." The journalist Zsolt Harsányi, who interviewed the dog for the *Hungarian Quarterly* several years ago, said, "I found that he formed the letter M with his lips, exactly like human beings." This was a sheep dog of a type called *puli*, which look like disreputable poodles. The *pulis* are among the brightest of dogs. Most of them normally understand about fifty words of command. If you say to a Carpathian shepherd, "That's a smart dog you have," he'll reply, "That's no dog, that's a *puli*."



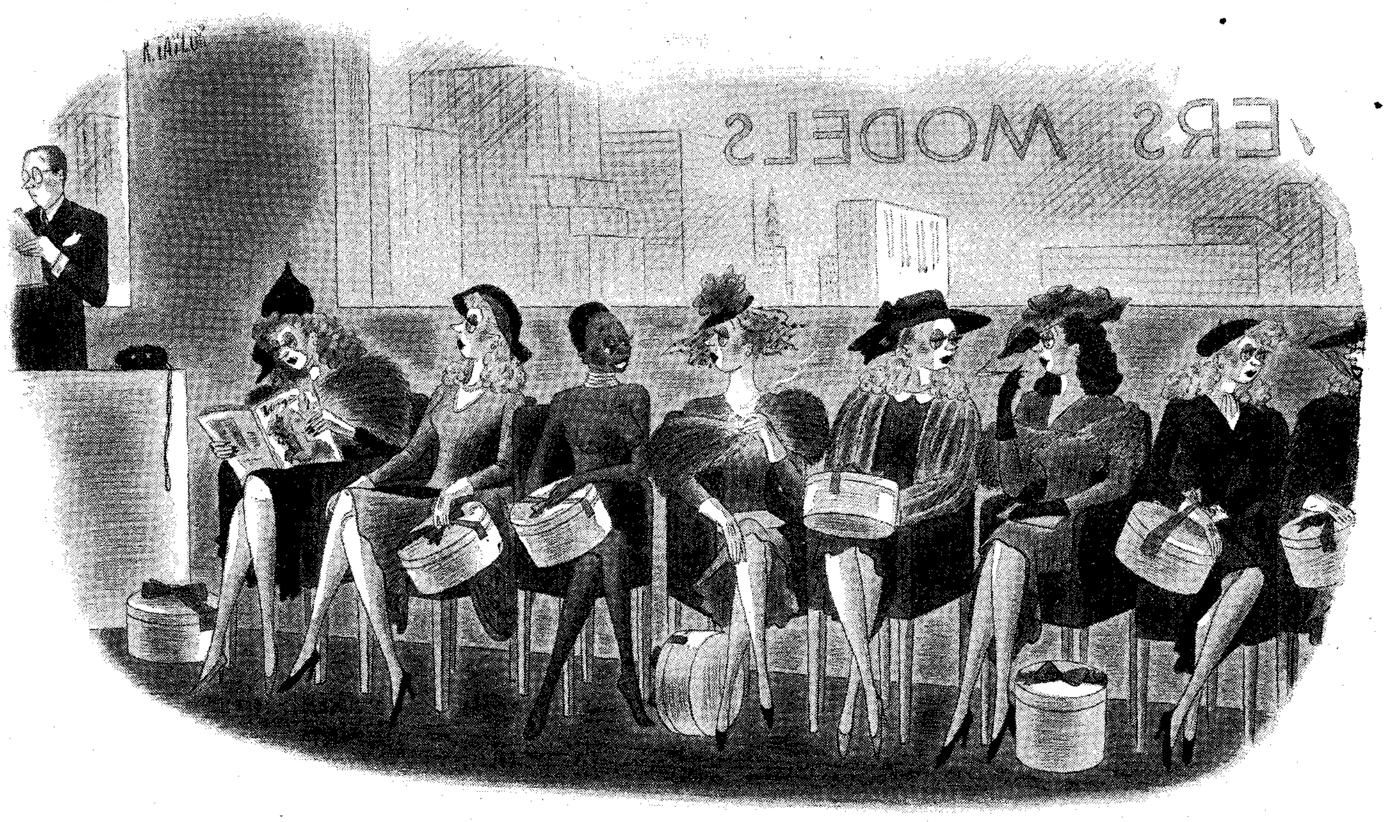
City Lights

A SOLDIER friend of ours, up from the South, told us that he got invited to dinner in someone's home down there. When he arrived, his hostess introduced him to her twelve-year-old son. The lad looked up from a book long enough to grin and then went on reading. "I'm taking him on a trip to New York next week," his mother said, "and he's reading up on the city." Later our friend got a chance to look at the title of the book. It was "Adrift in New York," by Horatio Alger, Jr.

Desert Dust

ONE day last week the *Times* dramatic page carried a small ad reading: "Mr. J. M. Regarp has written a play with a social background. The talented author is still with the UNIVERSAL HAT WORKS and the theme for his drama was derived there." Along with this text was a dim, tiny photograph, presumably of the talented author himself. This is the sort of thing that keeps us alive, and certain routine preliminaries soon brought us face to face with Mr. J. M. Prager (just spell it backward), a short, round-faced man in his early forties, a hat designer, poet, and playwright, of 1521 Sheridan Avenue, the Bronx. It was there, in his living room, that we met him, just after he came home from work. He told us that he wrote his drama in Yiddish under the title "Dust of the Desert" and that a group of his friends, impressed by the beauties of the work and fearful lest the world be denied them, had not only arranged for the play's translation into English but had surprised him by jointly taking the ad in the *Times*. Their intention, of course, was to arouse the interest of Broadway producers, but none had been aroused at the time of our call.

" 'Dust of the Desert' starts at eight-



"Practically all my calls come from the 'National Geographic.'"

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thirty and ends at eleven, prompt," Mr. Prager told us. "Opening scene is factory party for young workers being drafted for the war. Here is colorful gay music and dancing, everybody wishing well everybody else until suddenly one worker, not drafted, calls a halt to the revelry. 'Is filthy dirty war and none of our business!' he shouts, and the drafters grow pale and shudder until—until another worker mounts the platform and describes roots of Fascism and fruits of appeasement. What a scene! The appeaser sneaks humiliated from the party! The curtain falls!

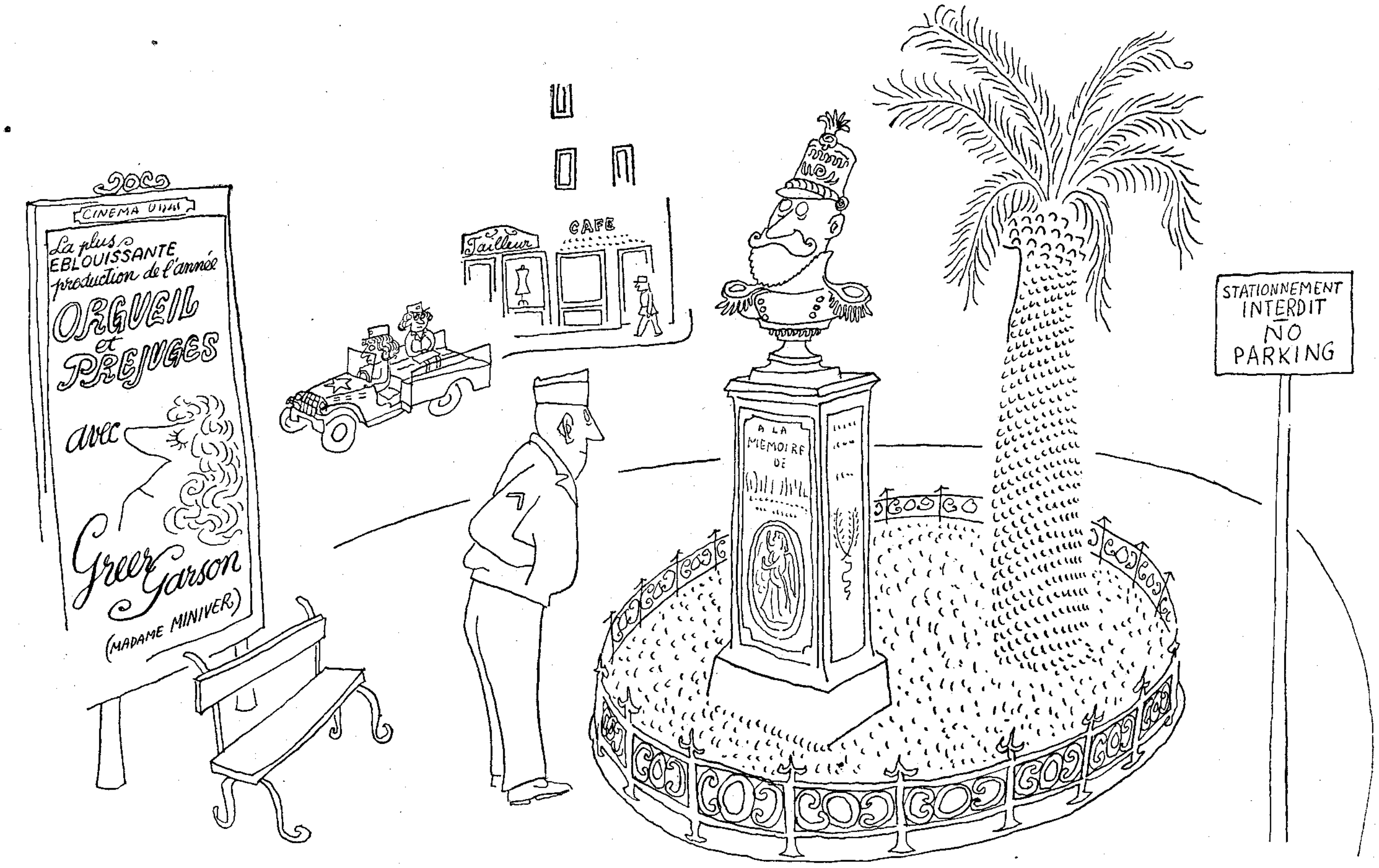
"The second scene of 'Dust of the Desert' finds us," Mr. Prager continued, "in North Africa. Is the very middle of the war. Bombs, shells, howitzers, wounded boys, and a nurse. Like real life, there is entire change of characters with the exception of the appeaser worker from scene one. Is now drafted, ha ha, and captured by the Nazis. In the prison camp he sees for himself the Nazi terror. And what drama when the Nazi guard drops the gun!" Mr. Prager paused for breath and we suggested he tell us something about himself and the Universal Hat Works. He said that five mornings each week, for the past four years, he has taken the subway and the Pennsylvania Railroad to the factory in Linden, New Jersey, where he is a designer of women's hats. He has written hundreds of poems in Yiddish and, in addition to "Dust of the Desert," three other unproduced plays, all with social backgrounds. He writes mostly at nights and while travelling to and from work. He always carries pencil and paper. "I am an inspiration writer," he said. "Sometimes I dream a whole scene genuinely intact and hop out of bed to get it down fast." He feels that his hundred and fifty fellow-workers at the factory recognize him as a creative artist. "I am a worker myself," he said, "but I can't talk to those other workers. So it's 'hello' in the morning and 'goodbye' in the afternoon." His boss knows that he is Regarp of the *Times* advertisement, and stopped by his work table the morning it appeared to wish Prager well and request that he give him ample notice if he was leaving.

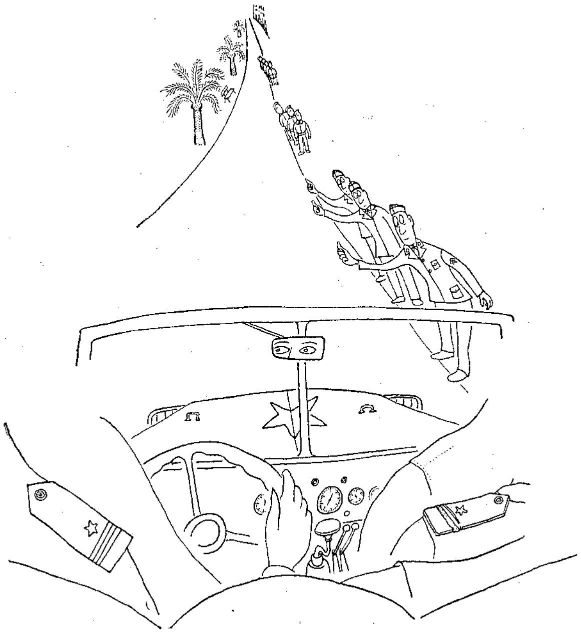
Prager was born in Minsk, and, before coming to this country some fifteen years ago, had achieved prominence as a poet, his works having appeared in Yiddish journals under his first two initials, J. M. His father was an itinerant editor, and when Prager last heard from him was publishing a religious magazine in Poland. No word since the war started. During his first years here, Prager played character rôles with Maurice Schwartz's Yiddish Art Theatre, subsequently branching out for himself as a monologuist and singer. He feels that hat designing is less unpredictable than the theatre, and it gives him more time for his literary efforts. He has a wife and two children, the elder of whom, Esther, wants to go on the stage. She is now rehearsing for an amateur appearance next month in "Our Town," by T. Redliw.

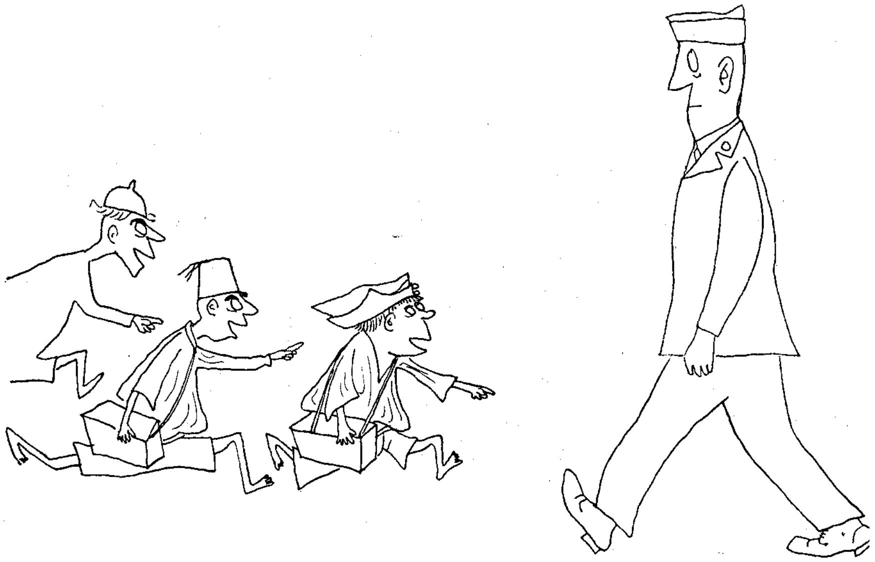
"Around eleven P.M. 'Dust in the Desert' becomes spectacular tableau," Mr. Prager resumed. "There is this nurse in the wilds of Tunisia with the love element, and the appeaser fellow has encountered the Arabs, likewise Italian anti-Fascists with American doughboys and Red Army heroes. Meanwhile clouds of sand swirl . . ."

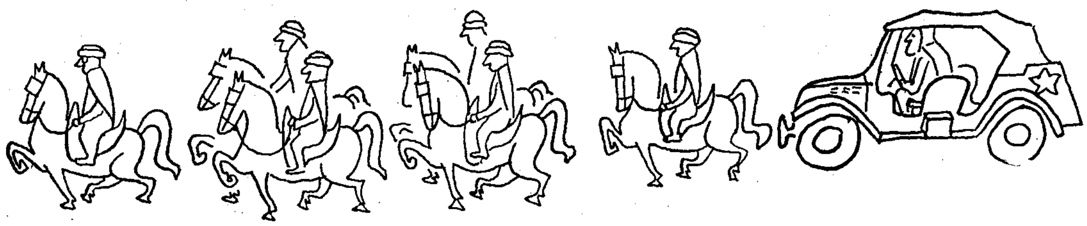
Many Reasons

A COUPLE of high-ranking Navy officers stepped smartly out of a conference room in the Navy Building in Washington, obviously fresh from a conference. One of our agents was fortunately at hand to overhear the larger of them remark, "Well, I'm glad I was able to support him. It's not just that he's a classmate—he's *right!*"

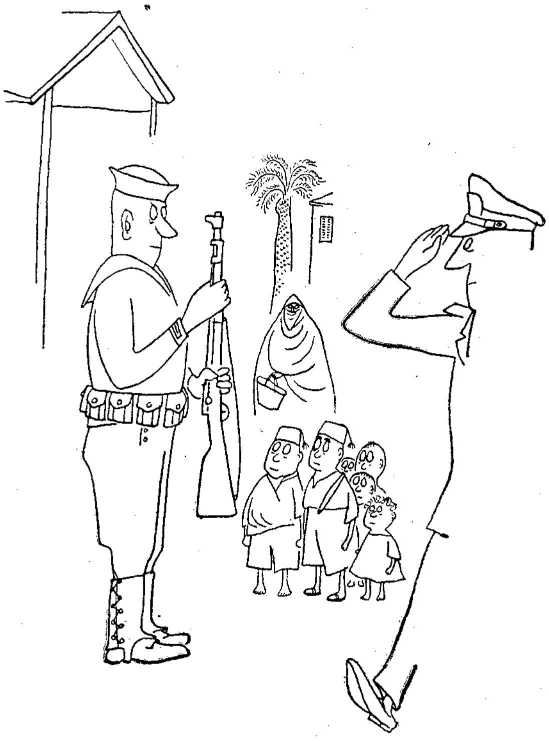

CINEMA
La plus EBLOUISSANTE production de l'année
ORGUEIL et PREJUGES
avec
Greer Garson
(MADAME MINIVER)
Tailleur
CAFE
A LA MEMOIRE DE
STATIONNEMENT INTERDIT
NO PARKING

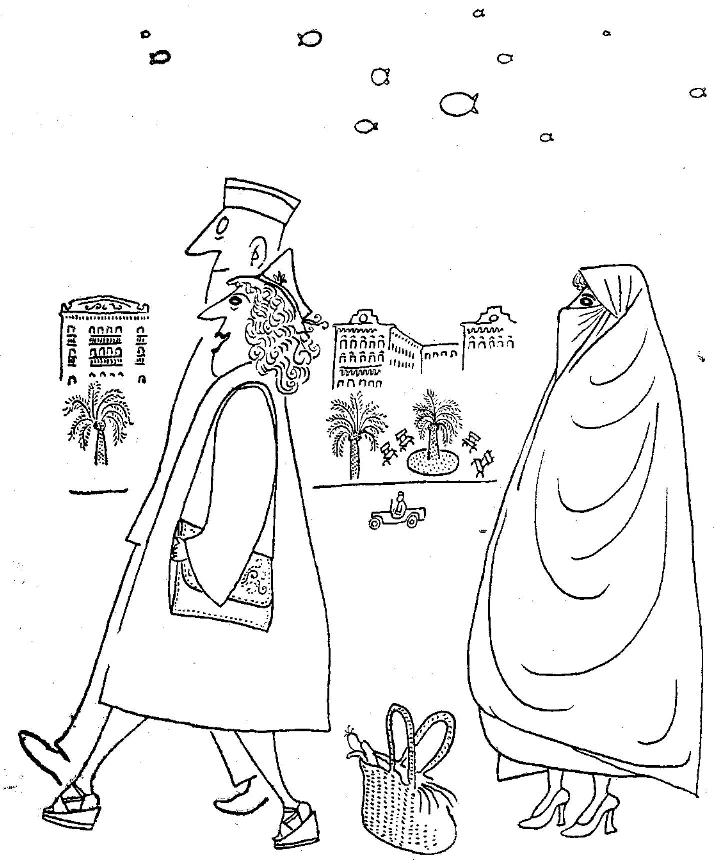


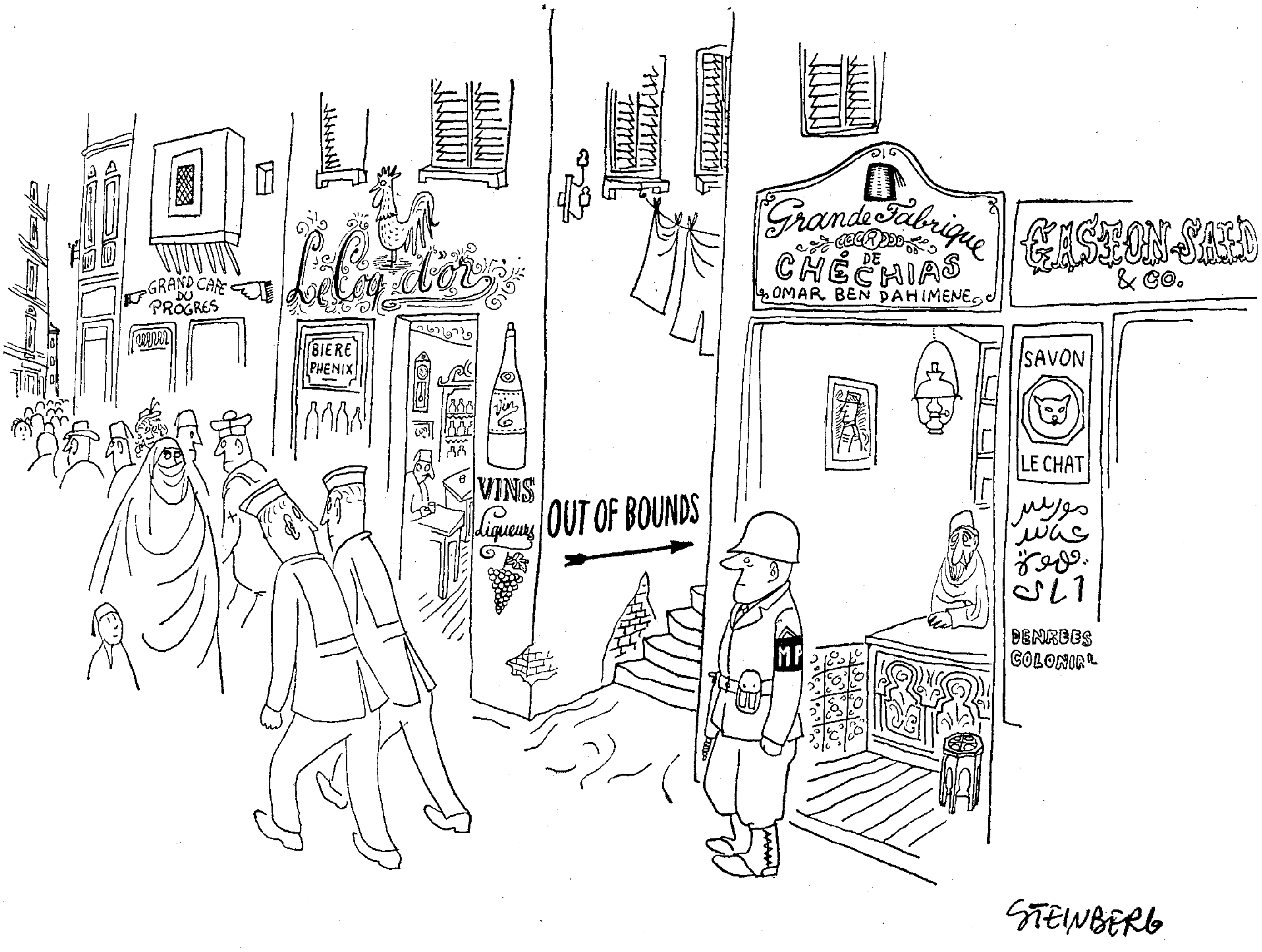




NORTH AFRICA






GRAND CAFE DU PROGRES
Le Coq d'or
BIERE PHENIX
Vin
VINS Liqueurs
OUT OF BOUNDS
Grande Fabrique DE CHECHIAS OMAR BEN DAHIMENE
GASTON SAID & CO.
SAVON LE CHAT
DENREES COLONIAL
MP
STEINBERG

THE BIG DAY

As I walked along Fenchurch Street on my way to work in the morning, I could see the Courier Building at the end of the street. A new American flag was going up the staff and fluttering in the sunlight. It had rained during the night; the air was clear and fine. I said to myself that it was about time we had a new flag. The old one was blackened by soot and torn by the winds.

In front of the building stood two signs, marking off a space of about twenty feet along the curbing; they said "No Parking Between Signs." They had not been there the night before. A man with rags hanging out of his pants pocket was polishing the heavy double doors of glass and metal. They shone in the morning light. The man held one door open so that I could go in without leaving fingerprints where he was polishing.

One of the janitors had just washed the marble corridor from the doors to the elevators. He said "Good morning" and I said the same.

"Is it all right to walk there?" I asked.

"O.K. now," he said. "It's dry."

There was another janitor sweeping out the elevator. He had already removed the cigarette butts that stood untidily most of the time in the sand-filled receptacles at either side of the elevator doors. The metal walls of the car had been polished and so had the hand rails. I did not touch them.

"Morning," I said to Eddie, the aged elevator man.

"Morning," he answered.

When I stepped off at the eighth floor, where the editorial offices are, I looked down the corridor ahead of me and saw Mr. Wheatstone, the assistant to the publisher's assistant, standing on a chair in front of the door of the editorial library. Mr. Hickey, the head janitor, had just handed him a sign, which Mr. Wheatstone hung on an iron bracket beside the door, covering the sign that was already there. The permanent sign said "Editorial Library." The temporary one said "Stockholders Meeting."

Then I remembered that the annual meeting was held at about this time of the year.

"Good morning, gentlemen," I said, but they were too busy seeing that the sign hung level to notice me. I went into the office at the end of the corridor, took off my coat and hat, and began to read the paper, scouting for ideas for editorials. After a time, Wood, one of the reporters, looked in and said, "Going to the stockholders' meeting?"

"No," I said, "I'm too busy."

"I hear they're going to vote us all a bonus," Wood said, with a straight face.

"If they do, you can have mine," I said.

"The bastards. What's new?"

"Nothing."

"Seeing you," he said, and went away.

There were no subjects for editorials, or none I fancied. I went into the editorial room and through a side door into the editorial library to cross to the Sunday department to return a quarter I had borrowed from the fashion editor. The editorial library is often empty, but there were people in it now. One of them was a skinny Negro janitor with two gold teeth in front, who usually works nights. He was rubbing the long walnut table with a piece of cheesecloth. Miss Thomas, the secretary to the chief editorial writer, was dusting the shelves of books that covered the walls. She carefully pushed books in or pulled them out to get them all in line. When she came to the illuminated globe, she dusted that.

Mr. Goodman, the treasurer, was placing chairs at equal intervals around the table.

"Good morning, Mr. Goodman," I said jovially. "Up for reëlection today?"

"Good morning," he said, preoccupied. He measured all the chairs with eye and hand. Then he went to the other end of the room, where a framed picture of Burrage Beecher Smith, the president of the company, is hung. He lifted the lower left-hand corner slightly. He stepped back. He stepped forward and lifted the lower right-hand corner. "How about the windows?" he said to the Negro janitor.

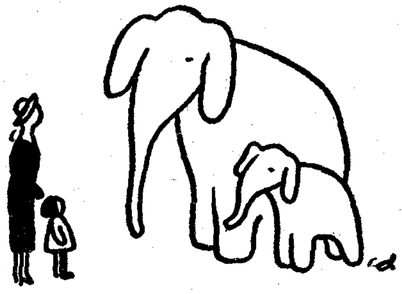
"Yes, sir."

"It rained last night," Mr. Goodman said. "Were they washed this morning?"

"Yes, sir. Bright *and* early. Ain't they look like it?"

"They're all right."

A boy from the stockroom came in with pads and pencils. Mr. Goodman put a pad at each place along the table, placing it carefully so that it was parallel with the edge of the table. He tested the pencils with his thumb and sent three of them out to be sharpened again. There was already a heavy glass ashtray, engraved with a "C" for *Courier*, at each place, on a rubber doily.



Mr. Goodman went to the light switch and turned the lights on and off several times. "Did they put new bulbs in?" he asked the janitor.

"Yes, sir. I seen 'em. Anything more, Mr. Goodman?"

"No, I guess not. Just before ten o'clock, sweep down the corridor again."

"Yes, sir."

I tried to continue through to the Sunday department, but the door on that side was already locked.

"Have to go around," Mr. Goodman said. "We can't have people barging through."

I went back without repaying the quarter. Some of the other editorial writers had come in and I spoke to them and then I wandered out through the corridor. The skinny Negro janitor was washing fingerprints off the walls.

"Big day," he said, grinning.

I went up into the composing room and looked around restlessly. Tom Malley, the superintendent of the composing room, was reading a proof at the bank, and I stopped and looked over his shoulder. The proof was slugged "Read with copyholder" and the story under the slug began:

> The Courier Company annual meeting took place this morning, and the following directors were elected: Burrage Beecher Smith, Walter R. Gross . . .

The story always appeared under an ostentatiously small head on Page 1, and the rewrite men always deplored the non-professional style of the writing, but nobody ventured to alter the style because the piece had been written by Mr. Smith. It appeared the same way every year. Even the names were the same. Once the story had got into the paper with Mr. Smith's first name spelled "Barrage" instead of "Burrage." They had had to stop the presses and there had been an investigation, but nobody had been fired.

When I went down to the eighth floor again the janitor was sweeping the corridor. I looked out a window of the editorial room and saw a long, black, shiny car drawing up between the signs in front of the building. A chauffeur got out and opened the door, and a stockholder descended.

He came down the corridor presently, saw the sign before the library, and opened the door and went in. He was a small man, wearing a hat that seemed to rest on his ears. I didn't recognize him. Other stockholders arrived. One of them was tall and had a deep voice that echoed through the corridor, and Miss Edson, the publisher's secretary, went before him, like a tug bringing a great liner to dock.

"Here?" he boomed, making a motion toward the door of the treasurer's office, which had the sign "Treasurer's Office" on a bracket outside.

"No, sir," Miss Edson answered.

"There?" he boomed, staring down toward me.

"No," she said, smiling. "Here." She pointed up at the sign "Stockholders Meeting."

"Oh, yes," he said, and went in.

After a while, Mr. Goodman dashed across the corridor from his office, pushing a small truck with ledgers on it, and disappeared through the door into the stockholders' meeting. The boy from the stockroom came down the corridor whistling "Mairzy Doats," glanced at the sign, and fell silent.

I looked again for subjects for editorials but didn't find one, and after an hour I walked out to the bubbler in the corridor and drank. Then I rode upstairs to the newsroom. I spoke to the radio editor. The City Hall man told me a joke. I watched the girl copyboys, thinking how things had changed. The managing editor was standing at the desk of the city editor. The two men seemed to be waiting for something. The telephone on the desk rang. The city editor picked it up.

"Let 'em roll!" he said to the managing editor.

"Let 'em roll!" cried the managing editor toward the copy desk, and somebody holding a telephone open there said, "Let 'em roll!"

ON the day of the annual meeting, as on the occasion of a heavy fall of snow that would delay the delivery trucks, the press time of the first afternoon edition was advanced an hour, more or less, depending on when the stockholders finished their business.

In a moment the hum of the presses rose through the building, faintly. Then a boy from the pressroom hurried in with a dozen copies, and the managing editor and the city editor quickly checked the story of the election of officers at the meeting of the stockholders.

"O.K.," the managing editor said.

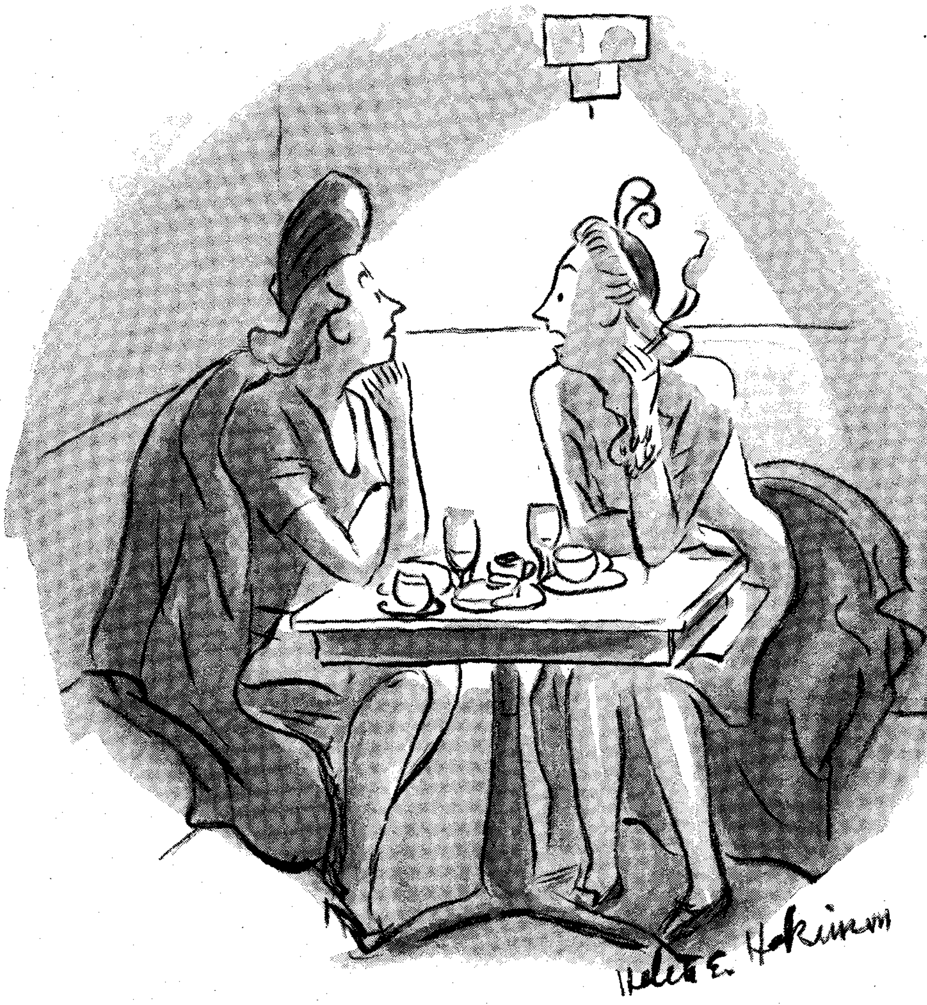
One of the girl copyboys took the other papers and ran toward the elevator, which was waiting. I got in with her. She skated down the corridor and handed the papers in at the slightly open door of the library. The door closed. I listened. There were no cheers as the stockholders read their names, but there was a silence of satisfaction, I thought.

They came out after a while, smiling and nodding. The man with the booming voice said, "Going my way, Tom? Let's go to the club for lunch." Then the corridor was empty again.

Abruptly Mr. Goodman came through the wall, pushing the small metal truck of ledgers, and vanished into his office. Mr. Wheatstone reappeared with the chair and removed the sign "Stockholders Meeting." Then he unlocked the side doors of the editorial library.

I went in. The room was empty. The pads and pencils were gone from the walnut table. Fingerprints could be seen on the polished surface. The chairs were pushed back irregularly. There were cigar butts in the crystal trays and the aroma of excellent cigars was thinning in the warm air.

—George Loveridge



"Lieutenants and captains like to get married, but majors just don't seem to care."

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TROUBLED OIL

Time was when oil was poured upon
The turbid, troubled waters—
Oil, which we know may be anon
Quick cause for future slaughters.

Oil, coveted by great cartels
And ruffling to Allies,
Disunity dug deep in wells,
Craved fuel, disrupting prize.

What shall we pour upon the oil
We buy and lend and lease?
Or are we to watch the caldron boil,
In it our hopes for peace?

—Irwin Edman

WILD HORSES

"THE jurors will now retire for their deliberations," said the judge. Now, at last, here was the great, all-important moment. Mrs. Hinnock felt the power and dignity of her responsibility as the jurors moved, in ones and twos, up a little flight of steps to the jury room. As the sole woman juror, she walked modestly alone, trying to keep close behind the foreman, her shepherd. "Quite a responsibility!" she whispered to a youngish man behind her.

"Pardon?"

"I say it's up to us now, isn't it?"

He looked politely vague.

"To *vote*, I mean," she added.

"Oh. Quite."

Good gracious, she thought, if he doesn't know what he's coming upstairs for, why is he here?

The foreman sat down at the end of the long table in the jury room. Mrs. Hinnock hesitantly touched the back of the chair on his left, but was too timid to sit in it. She sat second from the head on the foreman's left. How oddly they all seated themselves at the table: not close to it, but with their chairs pushed back, as though they were present in spirit only. The key turned momentously in the door as the tipstaff locked them in from the outside.

"Well," she said nervously, glancing at the foreman and giving a little laugh. He was a big, bony man, with spectacles; now that she could take a full look at him she saw that he looked quite a bit like her Uncle George. This made her feel more at home. From his pocket he brought out a small tablet, ripped out some sheets, and proceeded to fold and tear them into little pieces.

"What're you doing?" called out a little man at the other end of the table. "We don't need no ballots. Let's vote, let's vote. Raise our hands. All for the plaintiff raise their hand. And so forth. I want to get out o' here."

"Me, too," said a hoarse voice.

"Sure, we all want to get out," said the man directly across from Mrs. Hinnock. "We're not in love with this place that we should want to stay here for the duration. But not so quick. Let's have a little discussion here. I, for my part, want to see those doctors' certificates and—"

"Discussion? What discussion?" the first man broke in. "No two sides to this case. This here case, it's only one way to vote."

Mrs. Hinnock nodded in delighted agreement. She had not dared hope for such a clear-sighted view from this rough little man. All through the three days of the trial she had noticed his lack of attention: he had chewed gum, watched the clock, played with his key ring, made remarks to the men sitting next to him.

"Doctors' certificates—what do you want with the doctors' certificates?" somebody called out.

"We *know* how badly hurt he was!" Mrs. Hinnock heard herself assert loudly.

"Yeah. That don't cut no ice." The little man at the end gave Mrs. Hinnock a look of approval. "The little woman's got the right idea. How many's for the plaintiff and how many for the defense? That's all we want to know."

"I think first an expression of opinion all around," said the foreman, in a low voice not much above a whisper. "That's the fair way. Then the ballots."

"Hell! Why take up the time?" called out the little man at the end.

"Please!" said the foreman, his face flushed with the embarrassment of speaking aloud in public. "There are ladies present."

"Oh no, don't let me interfere one bit," begged Mrs. Hinnock.

"I think the ballots," said the foreman, "but if the consensus of opinion is to the contrary, then I . . . You speak first," he said, indicating the man at his left.

"Well, as I see it," said this man, Juror No. 2, "the old man was in the wrong—"

"Oh no, no, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Hinnock. "Not at all. You don't understand."

"Wait, please," said the foreman.

"I say the old man had no business to run out in the street after his dog," the other continued. "So he was in the wrong. *But*, that bus didn't even slow up for him. You can't tell me that driver put on his emergency. I think there was considerable negligence on both sides."

"Of course there was, of course there was!" said Mrs. Hinnock excitedly. "But even so—"

"Now, Madam, you," said the foreman.

"What I think is . . ." began Mrs. Hinnock passionately. But seeing them all quiet and waiting, she found herself suddenly overcome with stagefright. Her ears prickled. She couldn't think of words. "That is—for the old man, I mean!" she got out hurriedly. "I'm strongly on that side. I think it's perfectly disgraceful the way that other lawyer tried to pick flaws in everything he said, and—"

"What's he paid for?" asked a voice from across the table.

"Yes, I know they're supposed to do their duty," said Mrs. Hinnock, "but all those questions he kept asking. 'How many feet were you from the curb?' 'Did you look to see if you had the light?' How could Mr. Barnes bother about things like that when his dog was out in the street?"

"Next," the foreman said.

"For the defense," voted the man at Mrs. Hinnock's left. "Sentimentality is no argument."

"Defense," said his neighbor.

"Same here," croaked the hoarse-voiced man who sat next to him.

"See? Let's bring it to a vote!" insisted the little man at the foot of the table. "Why waste time? I want to get out of here."

"Hold on a minute, Mr.—Kelly, is it?" said the man next to the end.

"That's me!"

"For me, all this talk about the dog confuses the issue. Let's leave the pooch out of it for a minute. This is a plain negligence case. What we want to investigate is, who's most at fault?"

"My point exactly," said Juror No. 2. "Negligence on

RUM
RUM
RUM
RUM
Garrett Price

both sides. Even on steam engines they stop if a man gets on the track. This bus driver's a killer."

"He'd go up on the pavement after his own grandmother!" shouted the man next to Kelly.

"I'll say!" said Juror No. 2.

Mrs. Hinnock nodded happily. "And the disagreeable way he answered questions," she said. "So surly! Not one bit sorry or anything."

"Well, the money wouldn't come out of his hide anyway, Madam," a man across the table explained to her. "It's the insurance company."

"That's it exactly," put in Mrs. Hinnock. "It's a poor man versus a big insurance company. That's just what it is. It makes me boil!"

"God! It's a cinch to spend somebody else's money, ain't it?" called little Mr. Kelly from the foot of the table. "S'pose he was suin' you, lady—then what?"

"Well, my goodness, if I were at fault I most certainly would pay!"

The little man burst into laughter.

"No. *You* wouldn't, maybe—I know that. But I would!" Mrs. Hinnock snapped, her lips quivering with hurt feelings.

"Next," said the foreman hastily.

They had to nudge the youngish man who was sitting, in cold withdrawal, looking down at his hands on the table.

"*You*, chum," said Mr. Kelly.

"I? For the defendant, of course."

"Shake!" said Mr. Kelly, holding out his wiry paw. The young man ignored it.

"Next," the foreman continued. "Next." "Next . . ." To Mrs. Hinnock's growing consternation, the opposite side of the table presented a solid front for the defense.

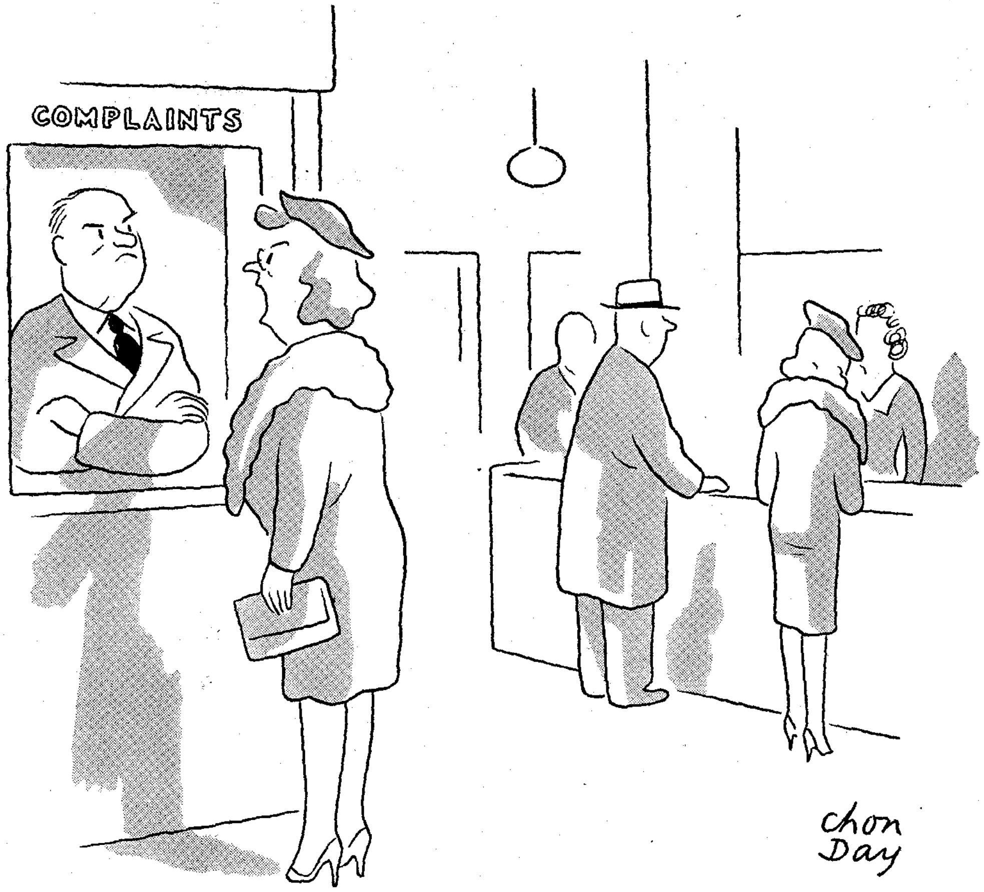
"HOW many we got now?" Mr. Kelly held up his hand. "How many for the defense?" Seven hands were held up. "Eight we got," he said. "We only need two more, then we can get out o' here."

"But our foreman hasn't said yet," pleaded Mrs. Hinnock, in a panic. "Won't you say?" She fixed her eyes on him desperately.

"I am voting for the plaintiff," he announced.

"Oh, *good!*" Mrs. Hinnock's relief was so strong that she made bold to touch her neighbor, Juror No. 2, on the sleeve. "Let's talk the others into it," she whispered. "Come on!"

He smiled noncommittally. "It doesn't pay to get all worked up over it," he told her. "It's just a case."



"Who do I complain to about you?"

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"Just a case!" she said, outraged. "But it's up to us! Who will if we don't? Who'll care?"

He took out a cigar, lighted it, and seemed to retire behind it.

"Look, you folks," said Mrs. Hinnock, leaning forward in her chair to look around the table, "if he'd run out in the street after a little *child* you'd all feel differently about it, wouldn't you? Well, just because it happens to be only a dog—"

"On juries, Madam," said the man at her left, "we don't *suppose*. We take the facts as they're given to us."

"All right!" she answered hotly. "The facts are that a poor old man loved his dog so much that he ran out into traffic to save him from getting run over, and a great big bus comes up and nearly kills him. Aren't those facts?"

"Stated in a highly prejudiced way, yes," said the man at her left.

"*Part* of the facts," said another.

Several men now began to talk at once, and the room rang with loud voices.

"Let's take another vote," called out Mr. Kelly, pounding on the table. "We only need ten to two. Come on, you other guys. All those for the defense, put up your hands." Eight hands were raised. "Naw, that's the same as before. Stick 'em up! Let's get out of here."

"Now for the plaintiff," said the foreman, raising his own hand. They were still four.

"Oh, heavens, I wouldn't have *dreamed* . . ." Mrs. Hinnock turned for consolation to Juror No. 2. "Why, I thought *of course* everybody'd be for the old man. You talk to them some more," she begged. "You argue so nicely."

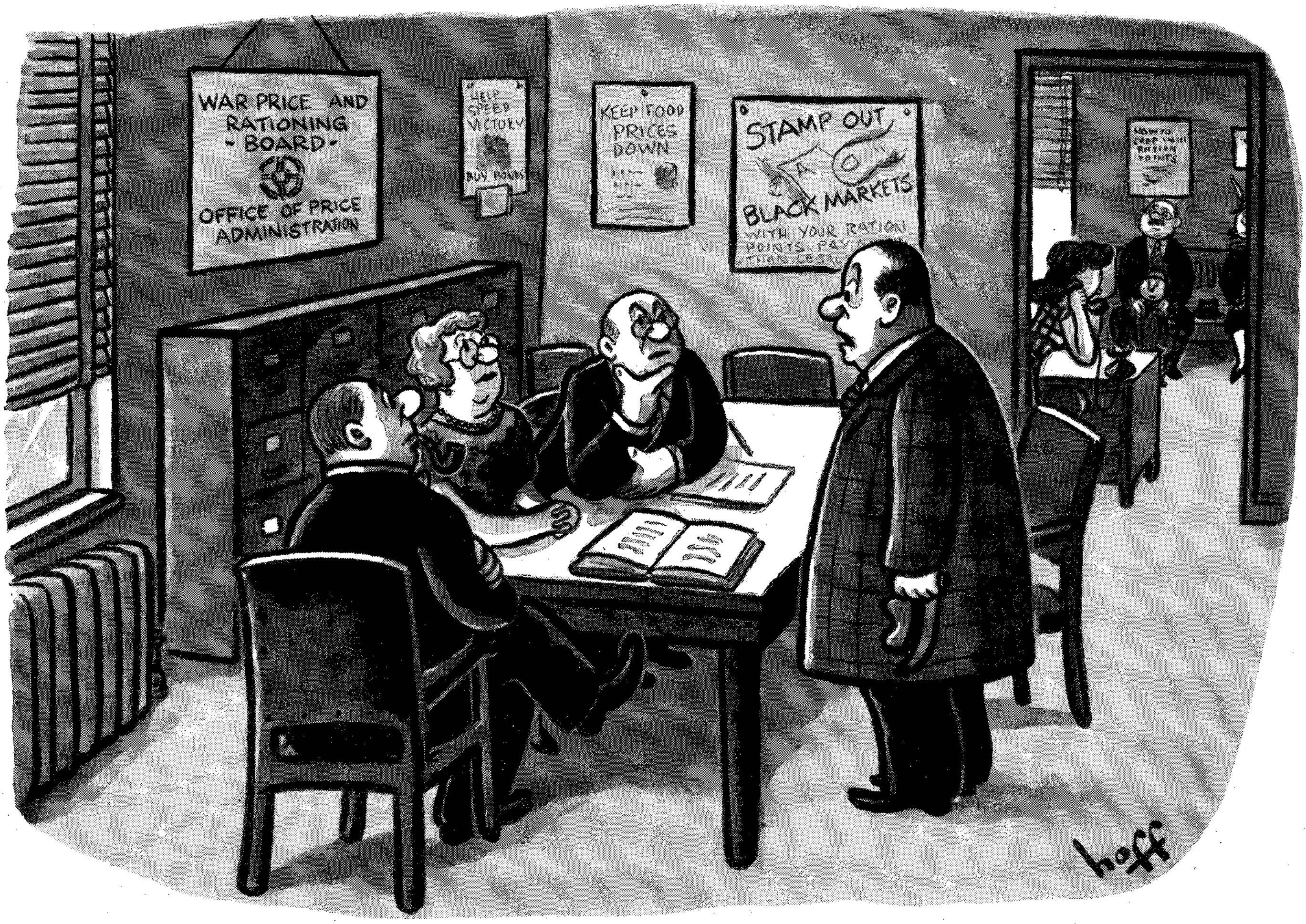
He took out his watch and looked at it. "Just one or two little points," he murmured, "I'd like to see clarified, but—"

"Well, tell them, tell them! Out loud. . . . Listen!" she called out. "This gentleman wants to—" But the table was by now a bedlam of harangue.

"These insurance companies really go to town," said one voice. "First thing they find out, what's your past life? Then they—"

"Once I broke my leg in a train smashup. Well, they began and they quizzed my father and my mother, my grandparents, my Sunday-school teacher—"

"They got ways," another said proudly. "They got the best lawyers, money, everything. I got a nephew works for an insurance company. Smart boy,


WAR PRICE AND RATIONING - BOARD -
OFFICE OF PRICE ADMINISTRATION
HELP SPEED VICTORY
BUY BONDS
KEEP FOOD PRICES DOWN
STAMP OUT BLACK MARKETS
WITH YOUR RATION POINTS PAY
hoff

"I'm hungry!"

too. He's in the Air Force now, but—"

Mrs. Hinnock remembered a little piece of milk chocolate she had in her handbag. After a while I'll eat it, she thought, for she felt weak. Then maybe she would be able to think and argue better.

"My own car's insured for fifteen thousand," said one man. "But I drive careful as a hawk, just the same. I never bumped my fender, even. Like I said when they queried me for the jury, I never had no accident. Rub wood," he added, grinning foolishly. "Because some pedestrians are crazy, that's why. I'd rather see a *dog* in the road than some of these numskull jaywalkers."

Mr. Kelly jumped up from his seat at the end of the table and went and threw the window up as far as it would go.

"He wants to get out," somebody said. "Hey, you can't get out that way so good."

"Argue it out and send me a telegram," called Kelly, taking long breaths of the cool air.

Another man got up and went into the washroom.

"Well, what can we do?" Mrs. Hinnock implored the foreman above the hubbub. "Let's *do* something!"

He looked sternly around the table. "Would any of them consider a compromise, do you suppose?" he asked, his voice carrying only to the three or four nearest to him.

"Listen! Please!" Mrs. Hinnock cried. She beat her fist on the table to attract attention. "Our foreman . . . "

One or two men stopped shouting and looked up.

"I thought maybe some of you gentlemen would come halfway if we come halfway," the foreman said doubtfully.

"No halfway to it!" shouted one. "It's yes or no."

"But I mean—" The foreman hesitated. "Now this old fellow Barnes asks five thousand dollars' damages—"

"Yeah. Can you beat that?" one of the men sitting next to the foreman shouted close to his face. "Highway robbery!"

"Here. Here are all the bills and things," said Mrs. Hinnock eagerly. She reached out for the welter of paper exhibits in the middle of the table, pushed some of them over toward the foreman, and took the rest herself.

"I could ask for five grand, too, if I wanted to!" shouted Mr. Kelly from the window. "Oh Mommer, I sprained my finger last week! Ask—anybody can ask."

"But his hospital expenses alone came to over two thousand," Mrs. Hinnock said as loudly as she could.

"Those doctors have it soft," said a man across the table. "Twenty-five dollars they get just to sit down in the witness chair for five minutes. Highway robbery."

"Why so? They're busy men," Juror No. 2 said.

"Ain't we busy men?" inquired Mr. Kelly.

" 'Jeremiah K. Barnes,' " Mrs. Hinnock read from one of the bills. " '63 Greene Street.' The poor fellow. Poor old man. And then his dog killed, in spite of everything. A fine opinion he'd have of life if, after all that, the jury too—"

MR. KELLY left the window and stood teetering back and forth, his hands in his pockets. "You two guys on the fence, have a heart!" he said. "Eventually—why not now?"

"No, no, they're going to hold out. Let's all hold out!" said Mrs. Hinnock excitedly. "Wild horses couldn't make *me* change!" She began to feel the way she did on election nights when the returns started to come in over the radio. Or as she had back in childhood when she played wildly at Prisoner's Base. "First one to give in's a nigger!" she called out. Then she blushed at this anti-social sentiment. She was thankful that no one seemed to have heard her. The two men at either side of her were talking across her about rabbit breeding. "Ugh!" she cried involuntarily, hearing repeatedly the awful word "pelts."

The bright ceiling lights and the loud voices had already given her a headache. She felt in her handbag for the little piece of milk chocolate. But after much frantic delving she found only an empty brown wrapper. With a sinking feeling, she remembered now that she had eaten the chocolate in bed the night before, as she lay awake thinking of old Mr. Barnes.

"You, Missis," said Mr. Kelly. He had come up and squatted on the arm of the chair next to hers. "First time you ever sat on a jury?" he asked. A slight peppermint scent came from his breath. He's not a *bad* man, really, she thought—just wrong-headed.

"Yes, it's the first time," she answered belligerently.

"I been on 'em twenty, twenty-two years."

"Well, a person wouldn't think it, the way you—"

"I been on 'em where you got to have twelve votes, not just ten. That's where you see the tooth-pullin', by God."

"Oh, all this horrible racket!" Mrs. Hinnock put her hand to her forehead. "It makes my head ache."

"You want to get out of here?" he asked slyly. "O. K., so do I."

"No, I don't," said Mrs. Hinnock. "I want to see that poor old man get his money, that's what I want!"

"You got a soft heart, I see that, but—"

There was a commotion at the other end of the table. "Take another vote," somebody called.

"Yeah?" asked Kelly, his face brightening up. "All for the defense," he commanded. He raised both his hands.

There were now nine in the majority. Mrs. Hinnock looked down the table with scorn at the man who had changed his vote.

"Come on—three more—make it unanermous," said Mr. Kelly.

"Not if I sit here till Doomsday!" said Mrs. Hinnock.

"Reason I want to get out o' here," said Mr. Kelly to the room at large, "the Missis gave birth this morning—"

A roar went up from the table.

"That's the truth!" said Kelly. "A little girl. We got three boys awready. This is the first girl. What 'at means to me!"

"Congratulations!" "Good for you, Papa!" "War baby, huh?" "Good omen for peace." The centre of comment, Mr. Kelly went triumphantly back to his seat. "That's why I'm in a damn big hurry," he said.

Juror No. 2 stopped talking about rabbits and looked at his watch again.

"What time?" asked Mrs. Hinnock.

He showed her. Seven thirty-five. No wonder she felt weak. "Well, we didn't come in here till way after six," she said. "I feel so faint. I was just wondering if we could all go out and eat something and then come back. I could argue—"

"Waste a whole hour eating?" He laughed and laid his dead cigar on the ashtray in front of him.

"But you're going to hold out, aren't you?" she asked him tensely. "You're not going to give in?"

He chewed on his lower lip and looked around the table doubtfully.

"But it's so *important*," she pleaded. "He can't argue for himself. He's not up here. And honestly, I feel so—well, I feel I'm no good at all for him as a defender. I thought they'd talk quietly, you know. I thought they'd really argue, and listen, and everything—like in a debate." She pressed her hands together. "Oh, I could cry," she murmured to herself, "I could just cry." She looked around at the faces. They were so different from the way she had imagined jurors' faces would look. Not serious, or responsible, or interested—just a lot of men, that's all. Just sitting there talking loudly, laughing, telling anecdotes. It was the old man's great chance, his day in court, and they were flicking him off like a dead fly.

"I think it's terrible, terrible!" she said in a choked voice.

Nobody seemed to hear her.

"Did I understand you to say you're a musician?" one man asked another across the table. "What instrument?"

"Trombone," the hoarse-voiced man replied.

"I play a clarinet myself." The two retired to a corner to discuss their art.

"Come on, come on, let's get out of

SOLDIER, SAILOR

The soldier standing where the city roars,
The common seaman fronting aimlessly
A sea of traffic: stolid flesh whose wishes
Are mostly shallow, with vulgar memories—
Why should it seem he soars
To a legend's height?
Trim and shipshape, intent on what the hour
Can give or promise, warm hand curved around
A glass or a girl's waist, he wears the future
As lightly as a flower.
These are not gods from the machine, but men
Simple and confused as those whose following eyes
Admire, exalt, or pity.
Though they will pay and pay again, must pay
Till every pocket's bled and every vein
Is empty—not that wealth of agony
Sets them apart there, makes us look at them.
Ask what it's spent for. Ask history
What will be done with the old ironies
Thrown on the scrap heap.
And ask what giants' meat
Manhood is fed on in the danger zone.
Here is no answer. Here is only a soldier
Or sailor, without mystery.
Yet why, as he stands here or walks away,
Does he take on a stature taller than
His simple flesh and bone?

—Babette Deutsch

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here!" shouted Mr. Kelly. "How about up there at Dead End?" He stood up and looked at the silent foreman, Juror No. 2, and Mrs. Hinnock. "We can't monkey around here all night!"

"All right. Take another vote," said the man next to Mrs. Hinnock. Avoiding her eye, he put his scarf around his neck.

"For the defense," called Mr. Kelly, raising his hand.

There were now ten hands.

"All over," said somebody.

There was a general rush to put on overcoats. Mr. Kelly ran to the door and pounded on it. "Want to make it unanimous?" he called over his shoulder.

"No, never!" cried Mrs. Hinnock.

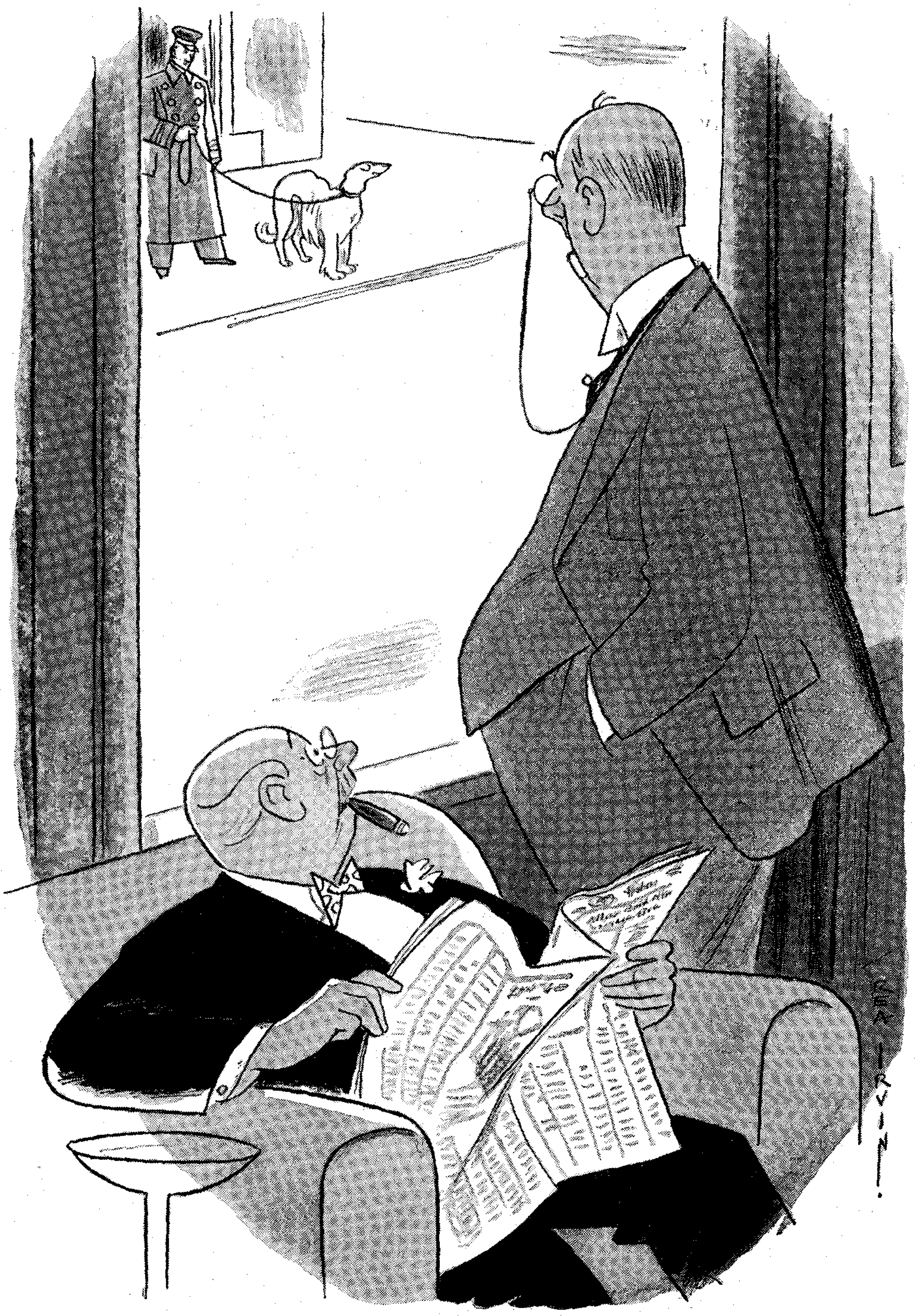
The foreman, too, shook his head.

The door grated open. "Decision," announced Mr. Kelly.

"All right, wait a minute," said the attendant. He locked them in again.

Grief-stricken, Mrs. Hinnock worked numbly at the buttons of her coat. "Oh, how can I face Mr. Barnes?" she asked the foreman. "How can I bear to face him?"

"Not till tomorrow morning," Mr. Kelly reassured her. "Judge's gone home now. We'll just sign a sealed verdict, that's all. Then we get out."



"Y'know, he hasn't had the little black dog out once today."

The tipstaff returned with a blank form and an envelope. "Be in court tomorrow morning at ten o'clock," he ordered.

Someone borrowed Mr. Kelly's fountain pen, and they began to sign their names. First the ten names for the defendant, then Mrs. Hinnock and the foreman for the plaintiff.

"*We'll* use my pen," said Mrs. Hinnock with angry dignity. She wrote her name as large and black as she could, and handed her pen, as if it were a sacred emblem, to the foreman. Then she tenderly helped the tipstaff gather up all the exhibits. "I'm sick over this," she told him, "just sick!"

"Say—no hard feelings?" asked Mr. Kelly as they were going down in the elevator. He stuck out his hand to her.

"I just can't believe it, that's all, I can't believe it," she said, shaking his hand automatically. "All you men!"

OUT in the cold air of the street, Mrs. Hinnock walked along, shivering with weakness, as though she were just getting over a long sick spell. Tomorrow he would know. Tomorrow she would have to see his face when he heard the verdict.

She crossed City Hall Park and went into a drugstore on Broadway. "Hot chocolate," she ordered in a faint voice. "And a club sandwich."

Oh, what wouldn't she give, she thought, as she took the first sips of chocolate, to be rich, to be able to compensate, to sway the balance of man's inhumanity.

She got down from the stool and went over to the cashier's window. "Would you have a stamped envelope?" she asked.

Yes, he had. She took it back with her to the counter. Pushing her cup of hot chocolate to one side, she got her check book and fountain pen out of her handbag. She thought a long while, then, her hand trembling with emotion and her heart beating wildly, she made out to Jeremiah K. Barnes a check for fifty dollars. "Please excuse small amount," she wrote hastily on a scrap of torn paper, "but it's the best I can do at this time. Am outraged!"

She addressed the envelope and sealed it. Immediately she felt as gay as a young girl. —DOROTHY MCCLEARY

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From all available reports, the blame for the recruiting lag lies with those who have not joined.—*The Times.*

You sure all reports are in?

PROFILES

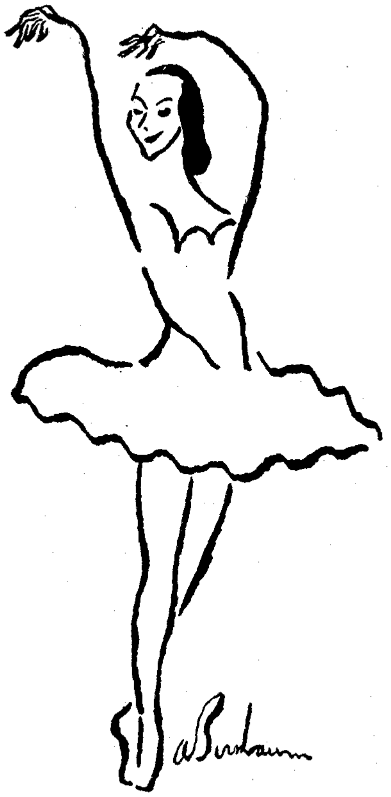
INHABITANT OF THE AIR

AFTER Taglioni, the great classical ballerina of the early nineteenth century, completed a tour of Russia, a number of her admirers in St. Petersburg bought a pair of her ballet shoes at auction, had them baked in an appropriate sauce, and ate them at a banquet. Alicia Markova, prima ballerina of the Ballet Theatre, which opened its spring season at the Metropolitan Opera House this week, has been called by many critics the greatest classical ballerina of all time, but, as far as is known, none of her admirers have eaten any of her shoes. When, many years ago, Pavlova, because of illness, cancelled an appearance in New York with a ballet company, two-thirds of her audience turned back their tickets, whereas when, last fall, an operation made it impossible for Markova to appear at all during most of the company's four-week season, there was no conspicuous returning of tickets. Ballet authorities, far from being discouraged by such facts, are happy to explain that Markova's inability to rouse her following to flamboyant gestures is one proof of her supremacy in the classical medium. Pavlova, they claim, was the triumph of personality over an uneven technique, whereas Markova, the pure classicist, has submerged her personality in an impeccable technique. She has a chilly and withdrawn quality, a severe elegance, a rigid sense of line and form, and a stubborn orthodoxy of style that make her, according to earnest students of the subject, unique among contemporary dancers. One critic has compared her lucid, precise performance, against the present-day background, of the *pas de deux* from Petipa's "The Bluebird" to the ritual of a Delphic priestess who has strayed into a group of jitterbugs, and he may well be right.

Contrary to what some patrons of the Radio City Music Hall think, classical ballet is not simply a formula involving given quantities of white tulle, pink spotlights, and Tchaikovsky. Very loosely defined, it is ballet based entirely on the five basic positions of the arms and feet established by the ballet masters of the Imperial Russian School, under whom, in the nineteenth century, classical dancing was perfected. In contrast to "modern" ballet, it is performed with restraint rather than bravura and with self-control rather than self-expression. Markova never departs from these five positions and never violates any other classical tradition. Ordinarily she is a quiet, even silent, young woman, but once, when the director of the orchestra of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, objecting to the slowness with which she executed the adagio in "Swan Lake," suggested that the audience might get restless and reach for their hats, she raised her voice. "Let them!" she shouted. "It's meant to be legato and I shall dance it legato. I refuse to *romp* through an adagio!" In moments of dejection, Markova complains that the times are against her. "Everything today has to be very bright, very quick, and very loud," she says.

Markova's anatomy is remarkably well suited to her being a classical ballerina. She talks about this blessing without self-consciousness and with all the objectivity and enthusiasm of Bob Feller discussing his pitching arm. Not long ago, working out in a studio in the presence of a new acquaintance, she paused in front of a mirror. "Take my torso," she said. "It's very long, you see, and very flat in front and in back. That's what gives the exaggerated impression of length—not my legs. Diaghileff used to call it the ballet torso. Nijinsky had it. Pavlova had it. It's wonderful for a ballet dancer to have it. Although," she added sadly, "I suppose it *is* better for dancing than for life." When Markova is onstage, she seems tall. Actually, she is only five feet two and a half inches and she weighs only ninety-eight pounds. Her hair, which is black and straight, is parted in the middle, in the traditional manner of ballerinas. She has a thin, pointed face, eyes that are soft and sad, and a sweeping nose which gives her the look of an etherealized Fanny Brice.

According to legend, the birdlike construction of Nijinsky's feet amazed physicians. Likewise, physicians—or at least physicians who go to ballets—have commented with some astonishment on the way Markova's arms are attached to her shoulders. There is something avian about this, too. When she suddenly lifts her arms from her sides, it is as if she were unfolding wings. A critic once described her as "a winged creature, inhabitant of the air." In addition to having this unusual wing arrangement, she has extraordinary toes, and she would as soon talk about them as about her torso.

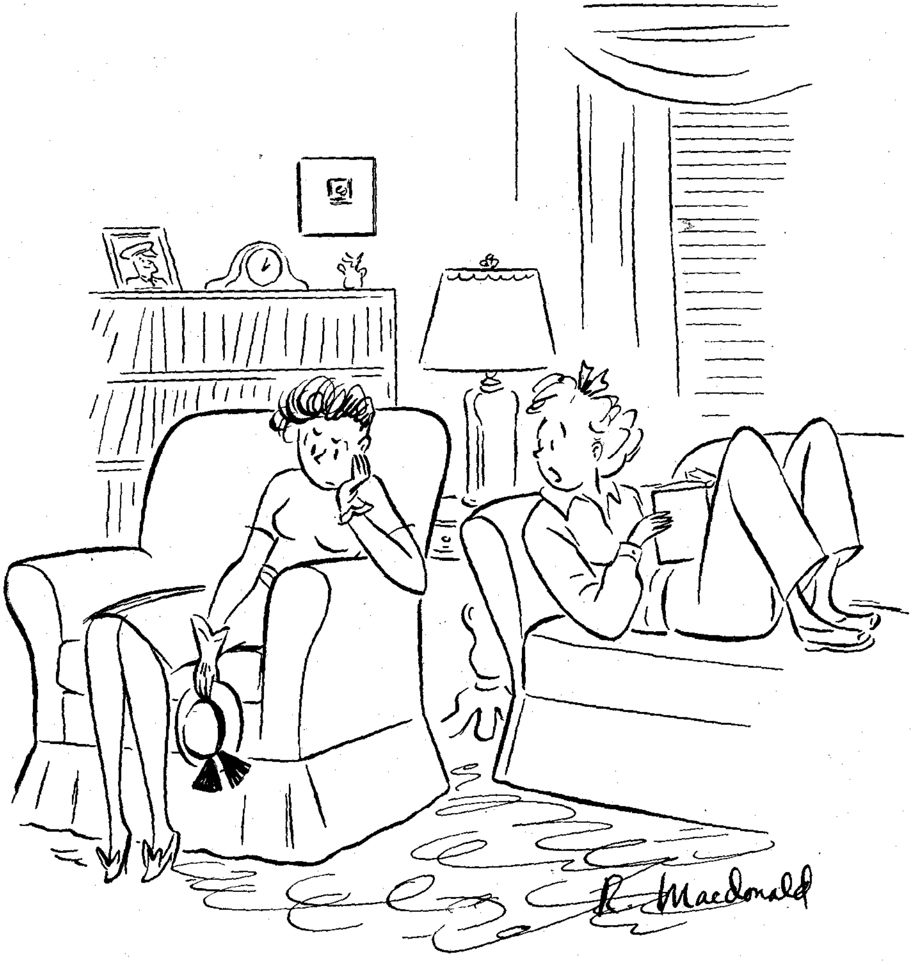


Alicia Markova

"Just look at it!" she will exclaim, staring in admiration at one of her big toes, which extend a full inch beyond her second toes. "On most dancers, you know, the first three toes are about the same length. I have only one toe to balance on. Just that *one toe!*" It is perhaps this peculiarity, as much as her wings, which creates the impression that when Markova rises on her *pointes*—as ballet folk call tiptoes—she looks as if she is about to take off into space. Antony Tudor, the English choreographer, recently passed judgment on Markova's physical attributes in explaining to an interviewer why he thought the Ballet Theatre is wise to cast Markova in only a few modern ballets. "Markova," he said, with that occupational relish for physiology, "is perfect in classical ballet because at the time it originated the dancers wore corsets and their movements had to start from the spine. But the trouble with modern ballet—my ballets, for instance—is that they also employ the diaphragm. Now, nobody would deny that Markova has a remarkable spine, but she simply hasn't got a stomach, and there it is."

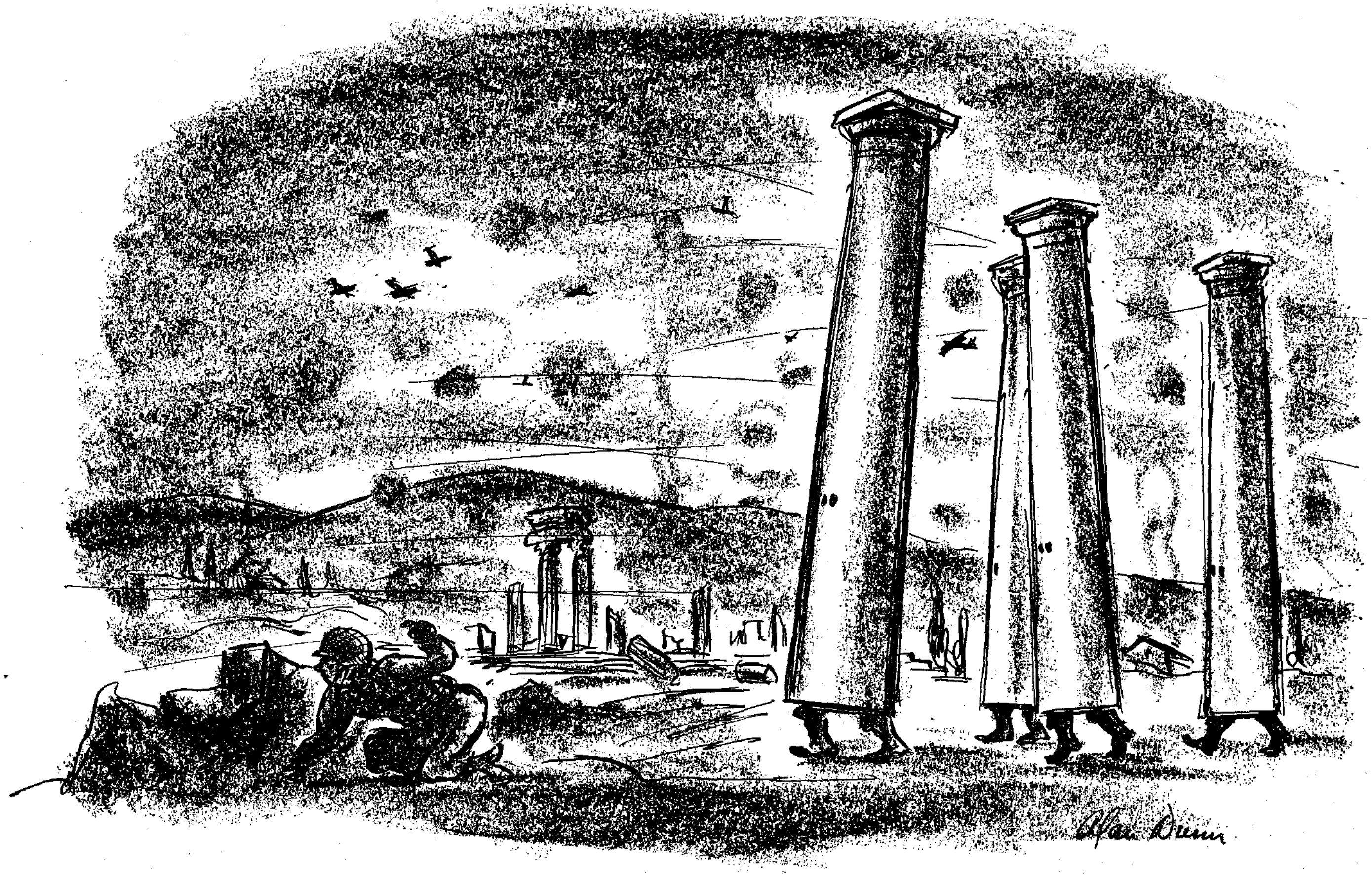
Unlike most other contemporary ballerinas, who smoke cigarettes, wear their makeup out to lunch, and in general behave like student actresses at a summer theatre, Markova conducts herself, when in public, in a manner that is distinctly *fin de siècle.* Even her trappings are old-school. She doesn't own a polo coat, a bulky silver-fox jacket, or a slave bracelet. She arrives at the theatre engulfed, as a ballerina should be, in mink and illuminated by diamonds. The title of *ballerina assoluta*, which, in Imperial Russia, was reserved for the dancer who stood first in the profession, has been conferred on her by her admirers as much because of the air with which she enters her dressing room as because of her *entrechat six*. It is a title she seems to believe, not without a certain objectivity, that she deserves and one that she prizes, since she has spent twenty-four of her thirty-three years working for it. "These kids!" she said recently, speaking, entirely without professional jealousy, about the younger dancers. "Look at them! Look at their legs—all ugly bumps. They force their careers, they force their muscles. It takes time for anything to mature, whether it's wine, cheese, or a ballerina." A dancer rarely reached the rank of ballerina in the Russian Ballet before she was thirty-five.

Markova's own legs are still as slender as they were when she was a ten-year-old prodigy. She was born Lilian Alicia Marks, on December 1, 1910, not in St. Petersburg, as a good many people seem to think, but on the north side of London, in Finsbury Park. Her mother was a pretty Irish girl from Cork and her father, a successful engineer, was an English Jew. There had been no dancers on either side of the family, and it is doubtful that Alicia, as she preferred to call herself, would ever have become one had her mother not realized with horror one day, as she watched Alicia walk along the beach of a seaside resort, that she was conspicuously knock-kneed. Mrs. Marks hastily took her to a London specialist, who said that her legs were too spindly for steel braces and proposed that she take up toe-dancing. Alicia, then nine, was enrolled in a Miss Thorne's dancing school, in London, and immediately startled her teacher by performing difficult steps with almost no instruction. A few months later she took part in a school recital in which she did a solo Oriental number in her bare feet. She scored a success and was engaged as the principal dancer for a Christmas pantomime. Billed as "Little Alicia, the Miniature Pavlova," she again did her Oriental dance and, in addition, appeared, with notable versatility, as a butterfly and as a poppy. She attracted considerable attention in the newspapers, and her parents decided to send her to a school in London run by Seraphine Astafieva, a former dancer in Diaghileff's Ballet Russe. Here the ten-year-old Alicia acquired the reputation of being an unbearably good little girl who rarely spoke above a whisper. "I was a terribly obedient child," she recalls. "I simply did what I was told." Anton Dolin, who is now Markova's dancing partner, was an older pupil at the school. One of his pleasantest recollections is of the times that he ordered Alicia to get up on her *pointes* and walked out of the room. In deference to his seniority, she would obey, remaining on her toes until she fell over from exhaustion. One morning, while the class was practicing the pirouette, a boy tripped and fell against her. "Clumsy little beggar!" he said. "Why don't you look where you're going?" The other students held their breaths as they waited to see what Alicia would do. She primly set her mouth and, without replying, ostentatiously did a faultless pirouette. While Markova was studying with Astafieva, Diaghileff saw her dance one day and, despite a distaste he had for children, wrote her a note saying, "Continue to study seriously and I will take you into my company when you are eighteen."



"Well, if they're identical twins, what difference does it make which one you were out with?"

In those days the incubation period for a ballerina was long and tedious. A career in the Ballet Russe before a girl was eighteen was not to be thought of. In 1924, when Markova was thirteen, her father died, and she thus became the chief potential means of support of her mother and three younger sisters—Vivienne, who now is a secretary to a government official in England; Doris, who dances there as a soubrette under the name of Doris Barry; and Berenice, who is a classical ballerina there. Markova decided to give up her ballet training and go into a revue. When Astafieva heard of her pupil's plans, she got in touch with Diaghileff, who was still in London, and reminded him of the interest he had expressed in the future of the child. Diaghileff dropped in at the studio with two of his choreographers, Balanchine and Nijinska, and Markova, her hands and face hastily washed, danced for them for two hours without stopping. After she had finished, Diaghileff told her that she could be a member of his company, then the most astonishing collection of artistic talent in existence. As



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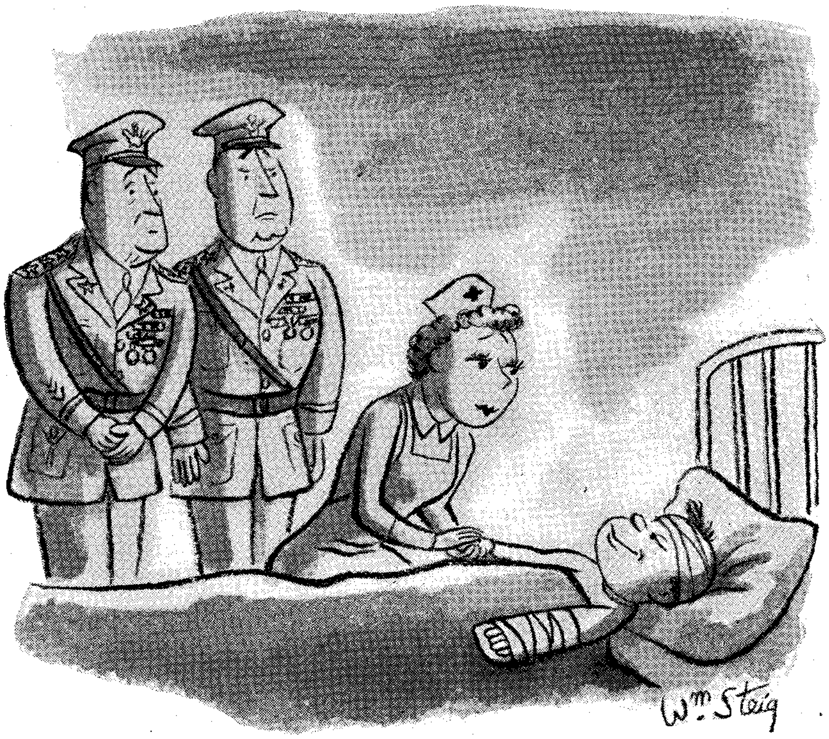
she remembers the incident, she was not particularly impressed. "I thought: all right, I seem to do this better than anything else, so I'd better do this," she says.

Markova had just turned fourteen when she went to Monte Carlo to join Diaghileff's company, the members of whose *corps de ballet* averaged thirty years. She was dressed in a sailor blouse, a navy-blue kilt, short socks, and button boots. Diaghileff's first instructions were to let her bobbed hair grow long and to change her name to Markova, and she considered both of these requests highly sensible, as she does today. During her first season with Diaghileff, she was presented by him as a sort of stunt. She danced an adagio in a *divertissement* from "Swan Lake," in what was advertised as the smallest costume ever designed for a member of the troupe. The next season, she found herself in the last place of the last row of the *corps de ballet*. When she finally got up the courage to ask Diaghileff if she was being punished for dancing badly, he said noncommittally, "My dear, you have plenty of time," and patted her head.

Markova is apparently the only surviving member of the Diaghileff company who looks back on those days not as a period of great glamour but as another woman might look back on boarding-school days. Diaghileff insisted that she be accompanied everywhere by a governess, who had orders to put her to bed at six-thirty when she was not dancing and to permit her to accept no invitations except to an occasional chaperoned tea. The rest of the company, to whom Diaghileff's loathing of children was well known, were baffled when he began calling Alicia "little daughter," took her to art galleries and concerts, and once allowed her to scold him when he kept her waiting a half hour in a hotel lobby. She was paid the standard salary of the *corps de ballet*—about twenty dollars a week—and she sent most of this home to her mother. Gradually, in the period between 1926 and 1927, Markova literally worked herself forward. She appeared first as a coryphée (one of three or four members of the *corps de ballet* who step out of line for a moment of their own), then as a soloist, and then as a ballerina. At last, in the spring of 1929, when Markova was eighteen, Diaghileff, after the Ballet had finished its London season, at Covent Garden, called her aside and told her that in the fall she would be the prima ballerina. A few months later, Diaghileff died in Venice and the company broke up. Markova felt that everything she had worked for was gone and that she would have to start all over again.

At the age of eighteen, Markova didn't have the flawless elegance she has today and, alongside the lush ballerinas of the period, she looked too thin. After Diaghileff died, things went poorly for her. In the course of the next couple of years she danced briefly in the ballet of the Monte Carlo Opera, but that was about all. In 1931, Frederick Ashton, the English choreographer, saved her from possible oblivion by insisting, despite a certain amount of opposition from other, plumper ballerinas, that she be engaged by the Ballet Club, one of several non-profit ballet societies which had been organized in London and were putting on public performances. She also danced for the Camargo Society, another of these groups. Markova surprised everyone by appearing not only in classical ballet but in Ashton's "Rio Grande," in which she danced the rôle of a prostitute, and in Ashton's and Buddy Bradley's "High Yellow," for which Bradley, a Negro, had to teach her how to do snake hips. Markova also appeared in Ashton's satirical ballets, most spectacularly in "Façade," in which she wore white linen rompers and a straw boater and did taps on her *pointes*.

Throughout this period of Markova's career, the critics were kindly but calm. Cyril W. Beaumont, a leading



DREAMS OF GLORY

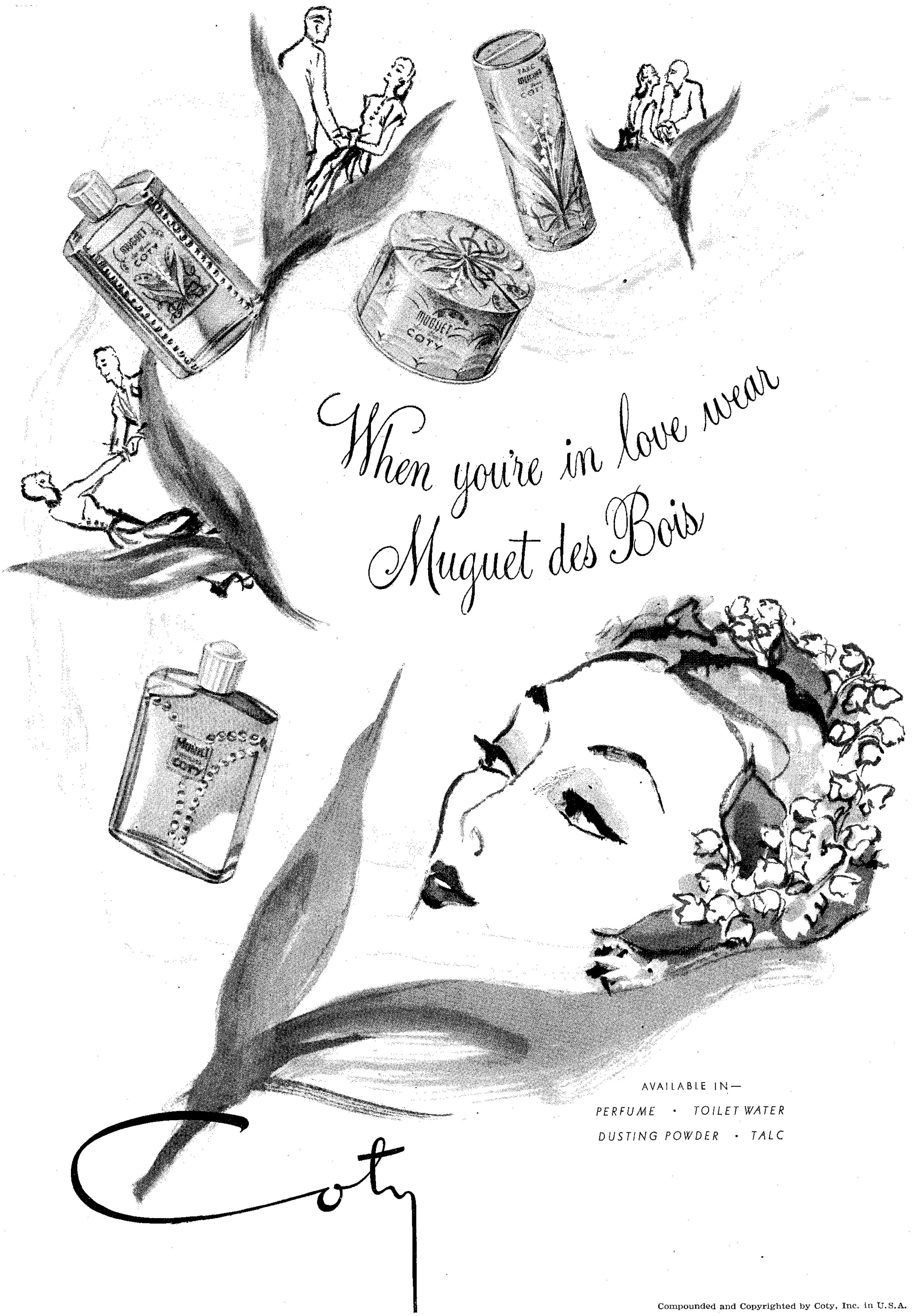
English authority on the ballet, described her performance in Ninette de Valois's "Bar aux Folies-Bergère" as "at once piquant and harmless as a salted almond," and that was about as far as any of the critics wanted to go. They unbent, however, when, in 1933, she became the first English ballerina to dance "Giselle," the most exacting of all classical rôles, and the entire "Swan Lake." Beaumont, after seeing her in these ballets, wrote, "She is the first English ballerina [there has ever been], for only those dancers who have passed with credit the severe test of such classic rôles are, in our opinion, entitled to that proud rank." She played several engagements in London at the Regal Theatre, a place not unlike the Roxy, and at the Leicester Square, a raffish, non-stop variety theatre off Piccadilly Circus. Then, with her old schoolmate Anton Dolin as her partner, she toured the provincial music halls, appearing on the same bill with acts such as Tex McLeod, "the Western wit and rope-spinning wisecracker," and Giovanni, "the world's greatest pickpocket." On tour, Markova displayed a queenly indifference to her surroundings. "Dolin and I did a classical *pas de deux*," she recalls, "and a solo each, and it was just the same at the Alhambra as at the Sadlers' Wells. We never danced down."

By 1935, largely because of Markova's trouping, ballet in England had become a popular institution. In that year, with financial backing from a theatre owner named Laura Henderson, the Markova-Dolin Ballet was founded. This company, whipped into shape by Markova and Dolin in two months of gruelling rehearsals, had eight soloists, a *corps de ballet* of twenty-four girls, and a repertoire of twenty-three ballets. In an extensive tour of England and Scotland, it stunned and flattered the provinces and led more than one newspaper correspondent to compute that Markova performed a weekly total of approximately a thousand pirouettes.

FEW ballerinas have been brought to the United States with more fanfare than Markova, and few have had a more discouraging series of misfortunes after they got here. She was brought over in the fall of 1938 by Leonide Massine as a prima ballerina in his Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. On the opening night of the company's New York engagement she appeared in "Giselle," and the next day she was described by the critics as "breathtaking," "incomparable," "phenomenal," and "superb." John Martin, of the *Times*, called her "visual poetry." On the second night she appeared once more in "Giselle." Serge Lifar was her partner. At the end of the first act, Lifar lifted Markova into the air, then let her down to the stage so hard that she severely injured one foot and could not appear in the second act. (The next morning, Lifar got into an argument with Massine over something or other and challenged him to a duel in Central Park, but Massine said he was too busy. The day after that, Lifar left the company and sailed for France.) Markova didn't dance again until just before the company went on tour, three weeks later. In 1941, Markova joined the Ballet Theatre, with which her old partner, Dolin, had been appearing for two seasons. In July, 1943, while rehearsing a new Massine ballet in Hollywood, she suffered a hernia, which was at first diagnosed as a strained back. After a short rest, she started dancing once more, thinking that she had recovered. Then, while appearing in "Swan Lake," shortly after the opening of the Ballet Theatre's season at the Metropolitan Opera House last October, she again felt a severe pain. It was the hernia. A week later she underwent an operation and she was unable to dance for three months.

Between disasters, Markova has acquired a reverent, rather tense following. She has become the pin-up girl of the kind of men who wear opera capes, or who did in peacetime. She receives more flowers than any other ballerina; in New York she averages fifteen bouquets a night. A painter, who has always refused an introduction to her, sends her a bouquet of white orchids every night she appears here. The critics are another important source of supply; they run to pink roses. Her partner, Dolin, who is in a better position to know her tastes, gives her pillows of gardenias. Being a partner in ballet—or "partnering," as dancers call it—is difficult and exacting work, and many people consider Dolin about the top man. He himself has said that in "supported adagio" he considers his function to be that of an admiring spectator. Most ballerinas like the feel of a steadying hand when they do an arabesque; Markova does not. "When I'm dancing with a partner, I prefer to think I'm dancing alone, with my own strength," she says determinedly. Other dancers who have partnered Markova complain of this attitude, but Dolin respects it. Skillfully giving her her head, he watches her with an apparently naïve and unassumed delight which onlookers find contagious.

Throughout her somewhat trying career in America, Markova has also been greatly helped by a New York dancing master named Vincenzo Celli. Markova was the last ballerina to be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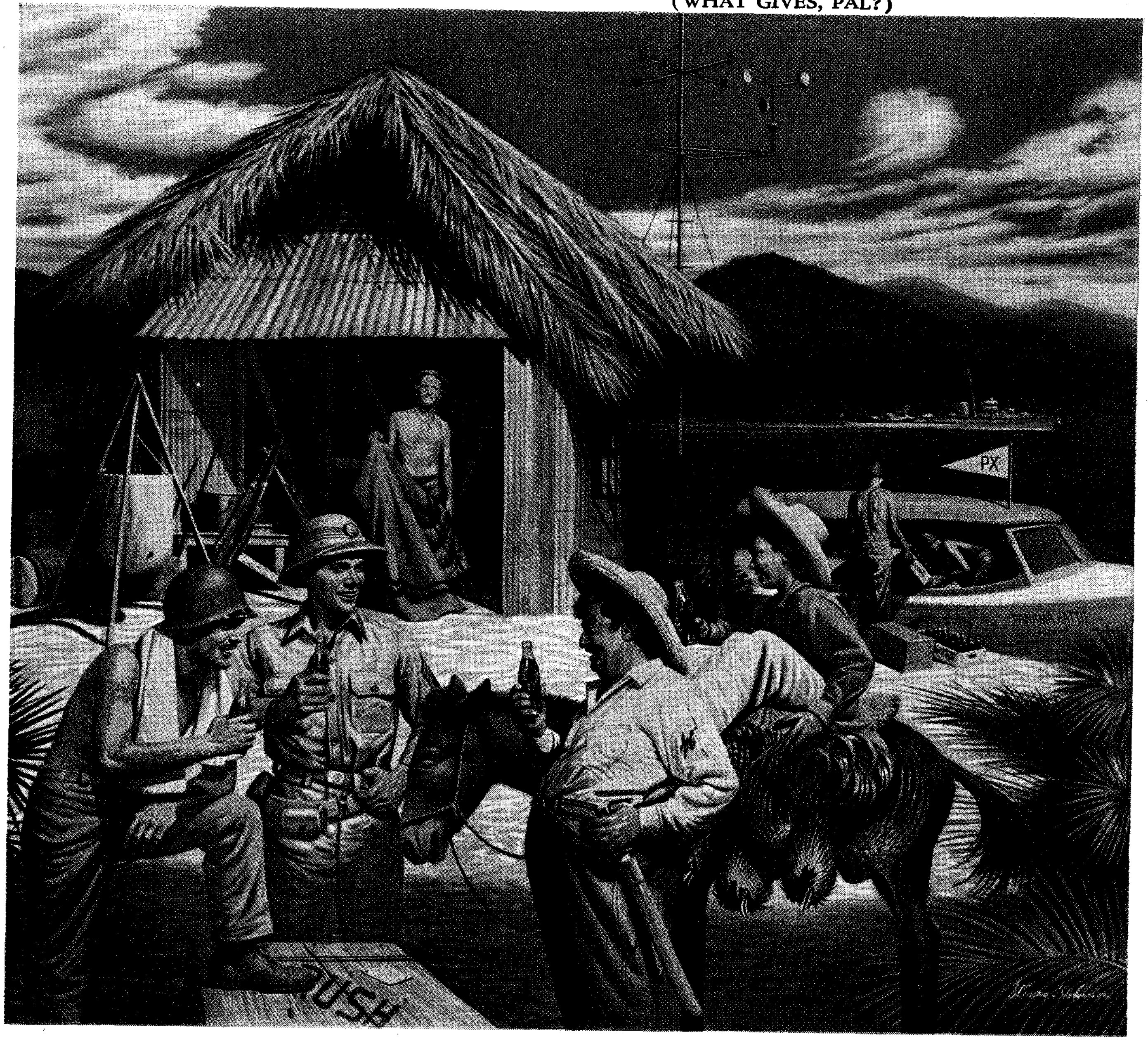

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trained by Enrico Cecchetti, Diaghileff's foremost *maître de ballet*, whose method is the foundation of contemporary classical ballet technique. After the dissolution of the Ballet Russe, she refused to practice with any of the teachers in London, because she felt that they were not up to her standard. A year and a half ago, Dolin persuaded her to give Celli a trial. Today Markova, when she is in New York, practices with Celli for about an hour every morning in his studio, a long, dusty room in a Broadway theatrical building, where a sketch Celli made of her foot is tacked up over an old Steinway upright. Celli, dressed in dirty brown slacks and a black, turtle-necked sweater, taps out the tempo with a little orange cane as Markova, in her practice tights, goes through her *exercices à la barre* and her *exercices au milieu*. "When I see Markova dance," Celli, waving his arms, said a while ago to a friend, "I cheer up. Outside of her, what is there? A little bit of Frank Sinatra is creeping into ballet. When you tell a dancer to do a *chassé en arrière*, she hoofs it. It's all footwork and what I call hamming. What Markova is giving, that's an essence, a perfume. When you see her dance Juliet in Tudor's 'Romeo and Juliet,' which is set in Florence, you can *smell* Florence. Of course," he added, "I suppose not everyone has been to Florence."

IN Markova's appearance and manner there is something which makes the other members of the Ballet Theatre behave toward her much as they might should one of the wraiths she portrays on the stage suddenly appear in their midst. There is an atmosphere of awe when she arrives for a rehearsal. She sits apart from everybody else, wearing an old-fashioned black practice suit, with a frill at the bottom, and a little black woollen shawl draped over her shoulders, instead of the sweater, knotted above the waist, which the younger dancers affect. She adds to the impression of bloodlessness by the way she refers to herself. "I regard myself as a machine," she is fond of saying, "and all I worry about is how to keep it running and overhauled." One method she employs is to follow up every performance of "Giselle," during which she generally loses two pounds, with a thick, rare steak. Another is to drink, immediately after a performance—even before she has wiped off her makeup—a double frosted chocolate, sent in to her from a drugstore. When the company is on the road, she keeps to herself on the train and rarely speaks unless it is to astonish her hearers with her prodigious memory for places. "Oh, here's that red house with the gray stone wall. We must be coming into Buffalo," she will say. She can remember the layout of a stage she danced on in Rio de Janeiro, the number of footlights at the Sadlers' Wells, and the sequence of stops in every tour she has ever made.

Markova's salary is around four hundred dollars a week, which is high for a prima ballerina. She sends a large part of this to her mother, who not long ago was bombed out of her apartment in London. Markova's only extravagances are professional. If the Ballet Theatre management gives her a rayon bodice, she immediately has it duplicated in silk at her own expense. "I've always been accustomed to wearing the pure," she says indignantly, "and besides that, I figure that if an audience has paid four-twenty to come into the theatre they deserve the best." Markova buys two dozen pairs of ballet shoes at a time, at five dollars a pair. She wears out between three and four pairs a week. These are copied for her, from a last she brought along from England, by a shoemaker named Capezio, on West Forty-ninth Street, who caters to ballet people, and they are so soft that she can feel the floor beneath her toes when she dances. She is scornful of ballerinas who darn the toes of their shoes, or stuff them with paper, to keep their toes from blistering, or who tape their toes to get additional support. "They won't work long enough to develop their feet so that they don't need to depend on their shoes," she says. "You can hear them bouncing about on the stage—tap, tap, tap!" Markova does not wear the traditional ballet makeup—the pale mask with the two spots of rouge and the eyes enormously exaggerated by dark lines and artificial eyelashes. When she was a child, Diaghileff told her that she needed very little makeup for the first four rows and that the people beyond them wouldn't notice her face anyway. "Never mind your face," he said. "Always remember that it has to be done with your body."

Backstage, Markova has the reputation of being finicky to the point of becoming downright difficult. She has her changes figured out to the second, and she clocks herself by a watch which is set in the exact centre of her dressing table. Of the twenty-minute intermission between the first and second acts of "Giselle," the first five minutes are allotted to her maid's peeling off the dancer's damp costume, wiping off her makeup, and sponging down her hair. The next five minutes are devoted to changing her shoes and the remaining ten to rearranging her headdress, sewing her into her second-act costume, and putting on the fresh makeup which transforms her from a healthy peasant girl into a corpse. While all this is going on, neither Markova nor her maid says anything. If Markova wants something, she points to it and her maid hands it to her in a tense silence. She keeps every item of her wardrobe wrapped in tissue paper. This passion for orderliness is sometimes hard on those dancers who must share a dressing room with her on tour. One rather flighty ballerina broke down and wept when, after surreptitiously taking a few of Markova's hairpins from a full box on her dressing table, she was confronted by Markova, who politely asked if she could have her four hairpins back. "How did she know it was *four?*" the dancer said, sobbing, as she told a friend about it.

Markova has often deplored the fact that life is at best untidy, and for the past twenty years she has sought to remedy this state of affairs by adhering to an inflexible schedule. At the Hotel Windsor, where she stays when she is in New York, she wakes at ten and breakfasts on tea and toast. At ten-forty-five she goes to Celli's studio to practice, and by eleven-forty-five she is at the theatre for a rehearsal, which usually lasts until one-thirty. If, however, a rehearsal ends early, she generally spends the extra time shopping, having fittings, giving interviews, or posing for photographs. Occasionally she just window-shops or reads a book. From four to six she rests at her hotel. Then she has tea, toast, and two soft-boiled eggs. She is back at the theatre by six-thirty. She spends a half hour *warming* up with Celli before the performance. Immediately after the performance she returns to the hotel, has dinner, removes the last of her makeup, and goes to bed. Once a week she soaks her feet in lukewarm milk. Outside of that and getting an occasional pedicure, she leaves her feet alone. "I don't believe in pampering them," she says sternly, perhaps thinking of the ballerinas who have a pedicure twice a week and soak their feet in a hot solution of Epsom salts every day.

Markova's only companion is a small, golden tabby cat named Bambi. She has no very close friends. As for marriage, she not long ago said, definitively, "That sort of thing is all very well for other women but not for a classical ballerina." She has often worried over the fact that

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ballet has deprived her not only of the chance to enjoy her childhood but of the chance to grow up. People who meet her for the first time are inclined to be romantic about her intense reserve and to call it an air of mystery, but her old acquaintances regard it merely as part of her childlike personality and treat her in much the offhand and gentle manner they would adopt toward a ten-year-old. When she is ill or has a birthday, she generally receives gifts of Teddy bears and other stuffed animals. "The pandas I've been given!" she says. At parties, Markova sits on the edge of a sofa while two or three of her friends stand in front of her, discussing her as they might someone else's little daughter. "Isn't Markova looking sweet tonight! *Such* a pretty dress!" they will exclaim, and Markova will smile politely. She avoids night life and she never participates in sports, because they might pull her muscles out of shape. A long vacation from her self-imposed regimen is out of the question; one month of idleness would mean that she would have to spend two months getting back to working pitch. Recently, during a brief lull in one of her practice sessions at Celli's studio, she sat down on a bench with her teacher and talked to him about her childhood in London and her mother and sisters. She grew more and more thoughtful. Finally she said, "You know, there is a picture I keep having of what I will do someday. I will be back home with Mumsie and the girls, having tea and scones. Then, after that, we'll all go together to the cinema around the corner."

—BARBARA HEGGIE

•

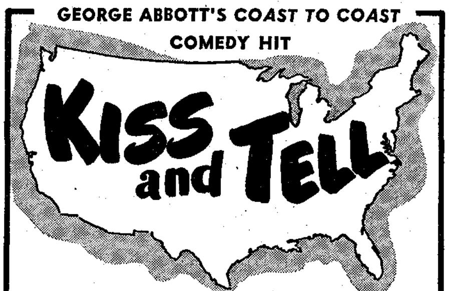
POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the house organ of the parachute division of Atlantic Rayon Corporation, Lowell, Mass.*]

THE TEXTRON GIRLS!

We start at eight and we work until
four,
We really work, yet we have fun galore!
We tease Billy, the up and coming
mechanic,
You know with his screw driver, he is a
panic!
I hear the girls wreck their machines, just
to call Mr. Olsen.
Why that guy's more popular than Al
Jolson!
Many girls have missed a stitch, gazing
at Billy Murray,
But Billy's indifferent to falling in love,
he's in no hurry!
But Arthur Keenan, why he hates girls
with red hair,
He claims four in one room isn't fair!
But the girls are swell, the tall ones and
the fat ones, one and all,
The Textron Dept. is right on the ball.

GEORGE ABBOTT'S COAST TO COAST COMEDY HIT



KISS and TELL
NEW YORK • BILTMORE THEATRE
CHICAGO • HARRIS THEATRE
ST. LOUIS • AMERICAN THEATRE
WEST COAST • ON TOUR
Written by F. Hugh Herbert. *Directed by* Mr. Abbott

CHERYL CRAWFORD *presents*
MARY MARTIN
KENNY BAKER • JOHN BOLES
One Touch of Venus
with Paula Laurence & Teddy Hart
Music by KURT WEILL
Book by S. J. PERELMAN & OGDEN NASH : *Lyrics by* OGDEN NASH
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
Dances by Agnes de Mille
Associate producer JOHN WILDBERG
46th ST. THEA. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"Big and important...human, convincing"—News
THERON BAMBERGER *presents*

TOMORROW THE WORLD
By JAMES GOW & ARNAUD d'USSEAU
CONRAD NAGEL SHIRLEY BOOTH
Staged by ELLIOTT NUGENT
BARRYMORE, W. 47th. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"A RIBALDY AMUSING FARCE COMEDY"
—George Jean Nathan
Meyer Davis presents
WALLFLOWER
The Laugh Hit
by Mary Orr & Reginald Denham
CORT, 48th St. E. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

The U.S. Army Air Forces
PRESENT
Winged Victory
by MOSS HART
Curtain 8:15 and 2:15 Sharp
44TH ST. THEA. Every Evening Except Monday Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

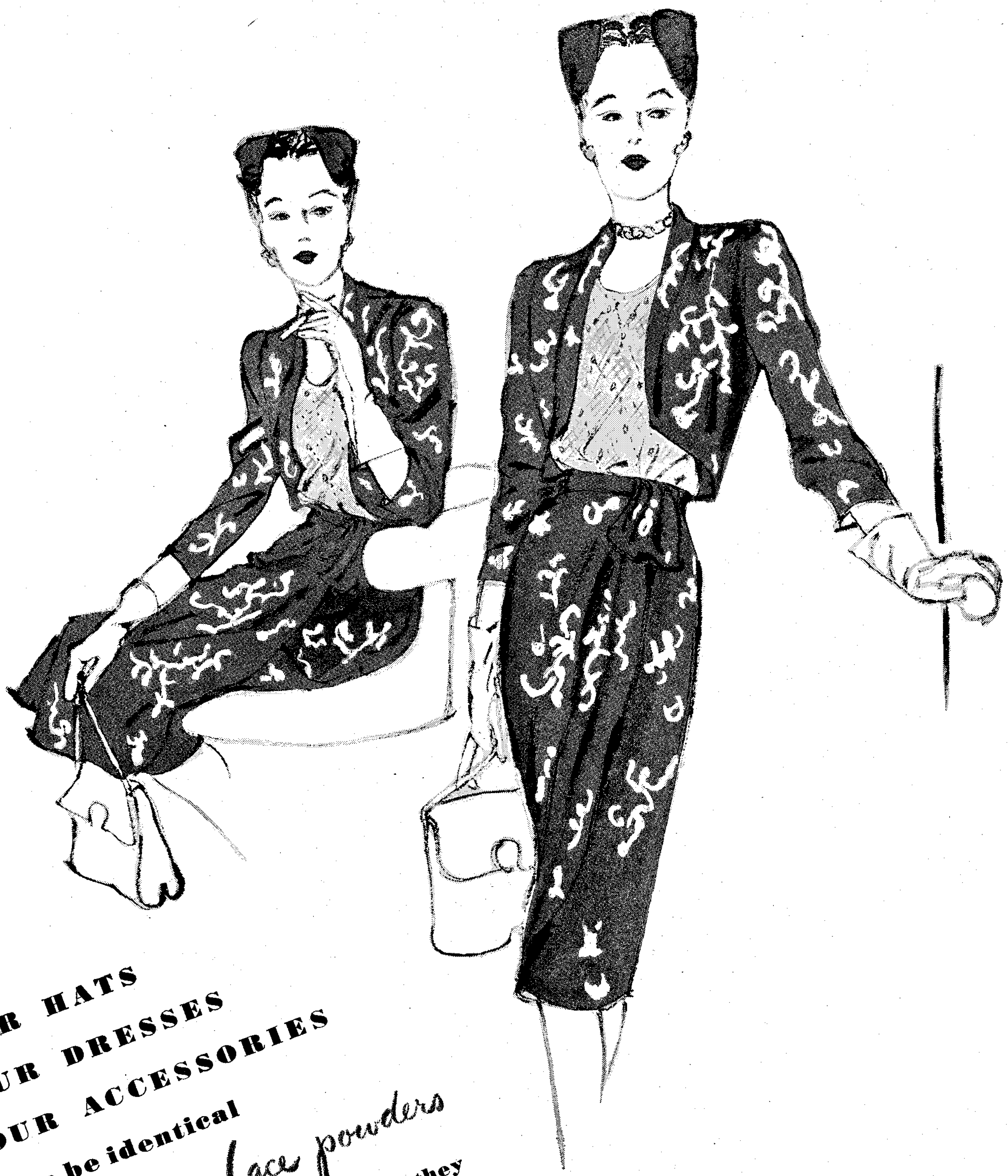
Josephine HULL Effie SHANNON in
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
4th YEAR!
"Unforgettably funny"—*Atkinson, Times*
HUDSON Theatre, W. 44 St. Evgs. incl. Sunday 8:40
Matinees Sat. 2:40—Sun. at 3. No Tues. Perf.

"THE FUNNIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD"
ROBERT REUD presents

ZASU PITTS *in*
RAMSHACKLE INN
By George Batson
"A HUMDINGER OF A PLAY. AS UTTERLY DELIGHTFUL AS 'ARSENIC AND OLD LACE'!" —*Rascoe, World-Tele.*
ROYALE THEA., 45th St. West of B'way | Evgs. Incl. Sun. 8:40 MATS. SAT. & SUN.

"BERGNER is MAGNIFICENT"
Life Magazine
Robert REUD & Paul CZINNER present

ELISABETH
BERGNER
in The **TWO MRS. CARROLLS**
By Martin Vale
with VICTOR JORY
BOOTH Thea., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat.



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OUR DRESSES
OUR ACCESSORIES
can be identical
but never our face powders

because—though we're twins—they must be hand-blended to our individual skintones... made-to-order for each of us...right before our eyes by

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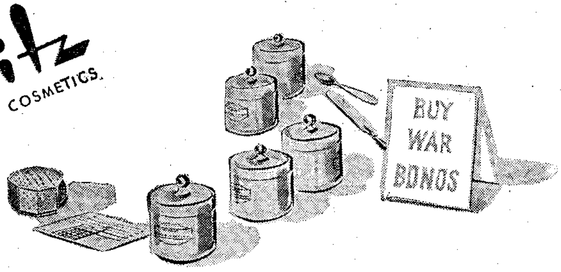


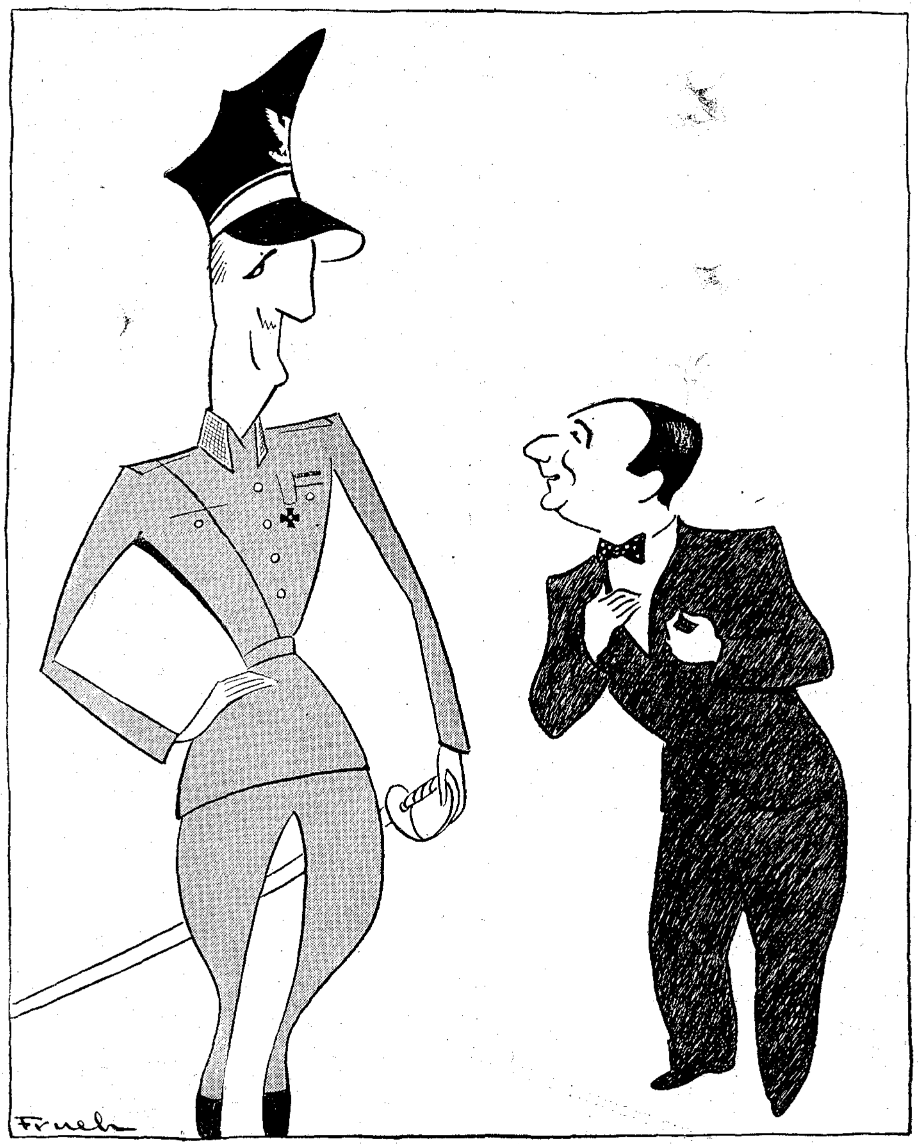
THE THEATRE

AN EMBARRASSMENT OF SOMETHING

"FOLLOW THE GIRLS," a good musical, at the Century, concentrates most of its virtues in the second act. Whether or not this is a good thing is hard to say. There were long stretches before the intermission when this customer lost all interest in anything except the personal appearance of Miss Gertrude Niesen and perhaps one or two of the ladies in the ensemble. On the other hand, in the final stretch, several engaging songs were sung, there was at least one extremely funny sketch, the production in some mysterious manner took on life and pace, and in the end I left in a cheerful mood, trying to hum a fine tune called "I Wanna Get Married."

The book of "Follow the Girls," contrived by Guy Bolton and that mysterious taxi driver called Eddie Davis, is, in general, just another book for a musical show—something about some dames and sailors. The music and lyrics, by Dan Shapiro, Milton Pascal, and Phil Charig, are usually conventional and often vulgar. The choreography, as arranged by Catherine Littlefield and danced by Irina Baronova, Val Valentinoff, the DiGitanos, and, of course, the assembled ladies, is nothing to remember in your long years by the fireside. Nevertheless, it all combines into an agreeable, highly professional piece of work and, I should say, a personal triumph for Miss Niesen, who, if lacking Ethel Merman's peculiar gift for making a bad number sound like a good one, is better at it than anybody else I can think of at the moment.

The comedy is in charge of Jackie Gleason, a famous fat man; Buster West, and Tim Herbert. They are as funny as rough-and-tumble comics can reasonably be expected to be in such enterprises. Frank Parker, a romantic tenor, attends to the serious love. I have no particular objection to Mr. Parker, or any overpowering enthusiasm for him, either.



JACOBOWSKY AND THE COLONEL

Flight from a conqueror is something new to Louis Calhern, the elegant Polish colonel on the left, but Oscar Karlweis is an old hand at it. Franz Werfel's play, as adapted by S. N. Behrman, is being presented by the Theatre Guild at the Martin Beck.

THERE were considerable variations in quality last week, but the three non-musical offerings that opened all had a strong family resemblance. Each had to do with houses largely dominated by ladies (and very handsome parts these were, too): each had a pair of young lovers (appealing, as usual, to an intensely disagreeable side of my character), and each, I'm afraid, carried with it the thought that violent commotion on a stage is not exactly the same thing as dramatic activity.

Of the three, "Chicken Every Sunday," which turned up at the Henry Miller, seemed to me much the best. In essence, it had to do with the proprietor of a remarkably unsuccessful series of enterprises, including a street-car line and a laundry, and his wife, who rather indignantly took in boarders. This, of course, is folk comedy of no especially ambitious design, but most of the evening had a simple charm and even some wit. It was only, in fact, when the authors, who seem to have been adapting a book by Rosemary Taylor, made up their minds that it would be sacrilegious to discard anything from Miss Taylor's novel and began to put in an endless procession of foolish and irrelevant characters that the piece at Mr. Miller's theatre started to fall down from sheer over-production. There were two children, who really had very little more business being on the stage than a couple of seals; an old prospector, who might have embarrassed Zane Grey; and about five more whose organic connection with the plot was zero and whose humorous value seemed to me dubious. However, at least two-thirds of

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IN ARNOLDS

IT'S TIME to step out again in Arnold Authentics. Streamlined in design, beautifully made, amazingly comfortable, these grand classic styles are truly "the shoes of today."

You will enjoy the easy snugness of the Arnold Glove Grip from your first springy step in the store. And — with quality so very important, these days — you will appreciate the way they keep their authentic smartness for season after season.

M. N. ARNOLD SHOE CO., So. Weymouth 90, Mass.

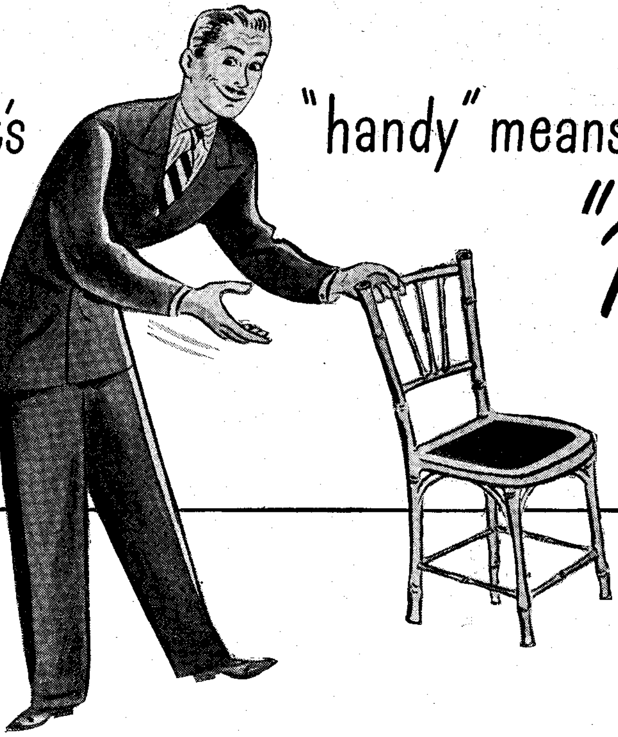
ARNOLD *Authentics*

it is easy and attractive, and you might do much worse with an empty evening. Rhys Williams and Mary Philips have the principal rôles and somewhere in the middle distance I saw one of my favorite actresses, Ann Thomas. Even bringing in no one else, it seemed to me a good cast.

THE business called "Public Relations," starring Philip Merivale and Ann Andrews, at the Mansfield, is even more prolific when it comes to character actors, but violently absent in charm. Miss Andrews and Mr. Merivale are supposed to be a celebrated old team of silent-movie stars—you can deduce, of course, whatever you wish—and they have drifted apart for various amorous reasons, but now we see them coming together again. For three acts they come together and, on my reputation as a councillor in these matters, I defy anybody to give a damn. The author, in this case Dale Eunson, has decorated his valentine with an alcoholic ex-actress, who may or may not have shot a famous director ("Public Relations" is full of very interesting keys); a young husband waiting for his wife to have a baby, an idea terribly funny to me at the time of the Wall Street explosion; a couple of young women presumably intended to remind you of the difficulties besetting Mr. Chaplin or Mr. Flynn; and a good deal of special Hollywood reference, which seemed to amuse the first-night audience, a somewhat special group itself, after all. In addition to Miss Andrews and Mr. Merivale, the cast includes Frances Henderson, Michael Ames, and Betty Blythe. The acting profession may well be a very hard way to make money.

ABOUT "Only the Heart," I couldn't help wondering why anybody had bothered to revive it and move it uptown to the Bijou. (It was originally produced a year or so ago at the Provincetown Playhouse.) It is a tiresome and incompetent version of "The Silver Cord"—skittish where it might have been penetrating, dull and simple where it might have been sardonic. This also contains the habitual young lovers, not to mention a Mr. Borden, one of the most singular characters of the year, who has a Bohemian mistress somewhere across the tracks and is apparently tolerated in his own house only long enough for him to change his shirt. June Walker, long an admiration of mine, plays the man-eating mother as if she were just about to go into an old success of hers, called, I think, "Six-Cylinder Love." —WOLCOTT GIBBS

Escort's "handy" means... "Permit me!"



3-Ring "handy" means... "Make it BALLANTINE!"

Sign language was man's *first* language. And he's never completely given it up. A dozen times a day, we speak with our hands. Atta-boy "handy" says "Nice going." Card Player's "handy" says "Pass." 3-Ring "handy" RINGS GET IT? says "Ballantine for me"... PURITY, BODY and FLAVOR in every glass. *America's finest since 1840.*

PURITY BODY FLAVOR ALE

BALLANTINE'S
XXX
ALE

Bandages for the sick . . . plasma for the wounded . . . food, clothing and shelter for the homeless. Wherever people cry for help and pray for mercy, there you will find the Red Cross. When you give, this year, give with your heart.

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

LISTEN: APRIL 15, 1944

The Archbishop of York, Britain's second ranking prelate (Canterbury is first), will speak Sunday, April 16, at 10:00 a.m. EWT over CBS' *Church of the Air* from the pulpit of the Bethlehem Chapel of the Washington Cathedral, officially known as the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul. His Grace is on his first visit to this country for a series of religious conferences, for the consecration of Dean Angus Dun as Episcopal Bishop of Washington, and for an honorary degree from Columbia University. You remember perhaps that last summer he cut his own salary ($36,000) in half.

★

A constant and challenging duty of an enterprising radio network is to keep an eye peeled for good new programs that may have wide popular appeal—then take the exquisite risk of exposing them to the public. In the line of this duty CBS has had a notable record, points to 20 of its once-sustaining programs now sponsored by canny advertisers. Not all of the 20 are now on CBS air, but that's where they got launched—and here are 12 you can hear this week:

N. Y. Phil.-Symphony (Sun. 3:00-4:30 pm EWT)
Frank Sinatra (Wed. 9:00-9:30 pm EWT)
Report to the Nation (Tues. 9:30-10:00 pm EWT)
Kate Smith Speaks (Mon. thru Fri. 12:00-12:15 pm EWT)
Suspense (Thurs. 8:00-8:30 pm EWT)
Orson Welles (Wed. 9:30-10:00 pm PWT)
The World Today (Mon. thru Sat. 6:45-6:55 pm EWT)
Mother and Dad (Sat. 5:30-6:00 pm EWT)
Let's Pretend (Sat. 11:05-11:30 am EWT)
Gay Nineties (Mon. 8:30-8:55 pm EWT)
Bluejacket Choir (Sun. 11:05-11:30 am EWT)
Corliss Archer (Sat. 5:00-5:30 pm EWT)

★

(Shorter story this week than usual; paper shortage)

This is CBS
...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

OF ALL THINGS

THE rich soil of the Ukraine has now been practically cleared of Germans. As soon as the ground dries out, the Russians can go ahead with their Victory garden.

•

It is the opinion of political experts that Willkie's campaign failed because he made his international position too clear. Many Republicans, it seems, would rather curl up with a good mystery story.

•

Joseph Goebbels has been appointed President of Berlin. One would have thought that the people of the German capital had suffered enough without having this calamity fall upon them.

•

Senator Wagner has come out in favor of a fourth term for Roosevelt. He went on to hint that he might also accept one himself if sufficiently urged.

•

The majority of the Washington correspondents, in a recent poll, predicted that Roosevelt would defeat Dewey in the coming election. These reporters take it for granted that the campaign will be a race between these two prominent non-candidates.

•

Now that its Easter vacation has ended, the Senate will take up the anti-poll-tax bill. The statesmen from Dixie can already be heard tuning up their vocal chords for the great annual festival.

•

A survey on the West Coast indicates that the people out there are in an escapist mood. One gets the impression that the Germans on the Eastern front are in a similar frame of mind.

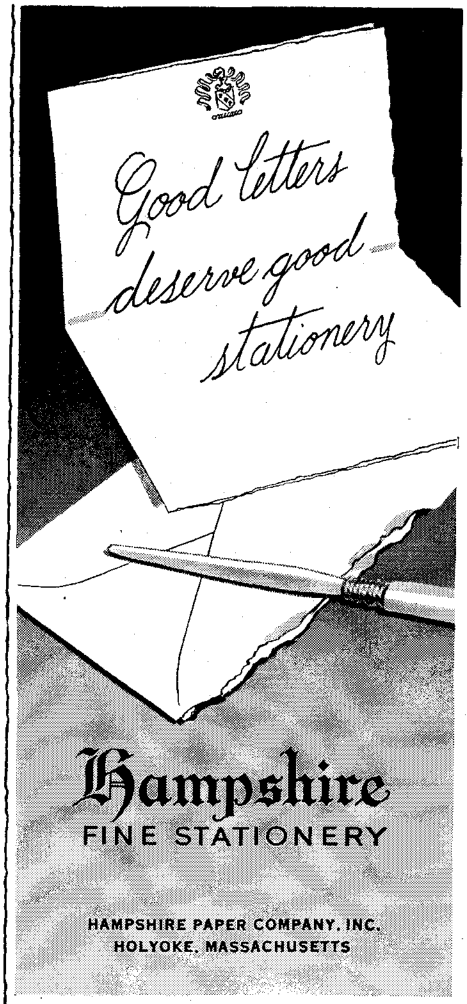
•

The ration boards in New York had to turn down hundreds of requests from women who wanted coupons for Easter footwear. There is no truth, however, in the rumor that the government wants the ladies to look as plain as an old shoe.

•

Many of our local tavernkeepers have adopted an agreeable system of division of labor with their guests. The management absorbs the federal tax and the customers absorb the drinks.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER


Good letters deserve good stationery

Hampshire
FINE STATIONERY

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY, INC.
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SERVING OFFICERS
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Luxenberg

At a time when many tailors with military departments, established since the beginning of the war, are returning to civilian tailoring, LUXENBERG continues to serve Officers in all branches of the armed services. And furthermore, LUXENBERG will continue to carry on—offering Officers the type of service they have associated with LUXENBERG for more than a score of years.

When you need uniforms, caps or accessories, depend on LUXENBERG, fortified with over 20 years experience in satisfying Officer clientele.

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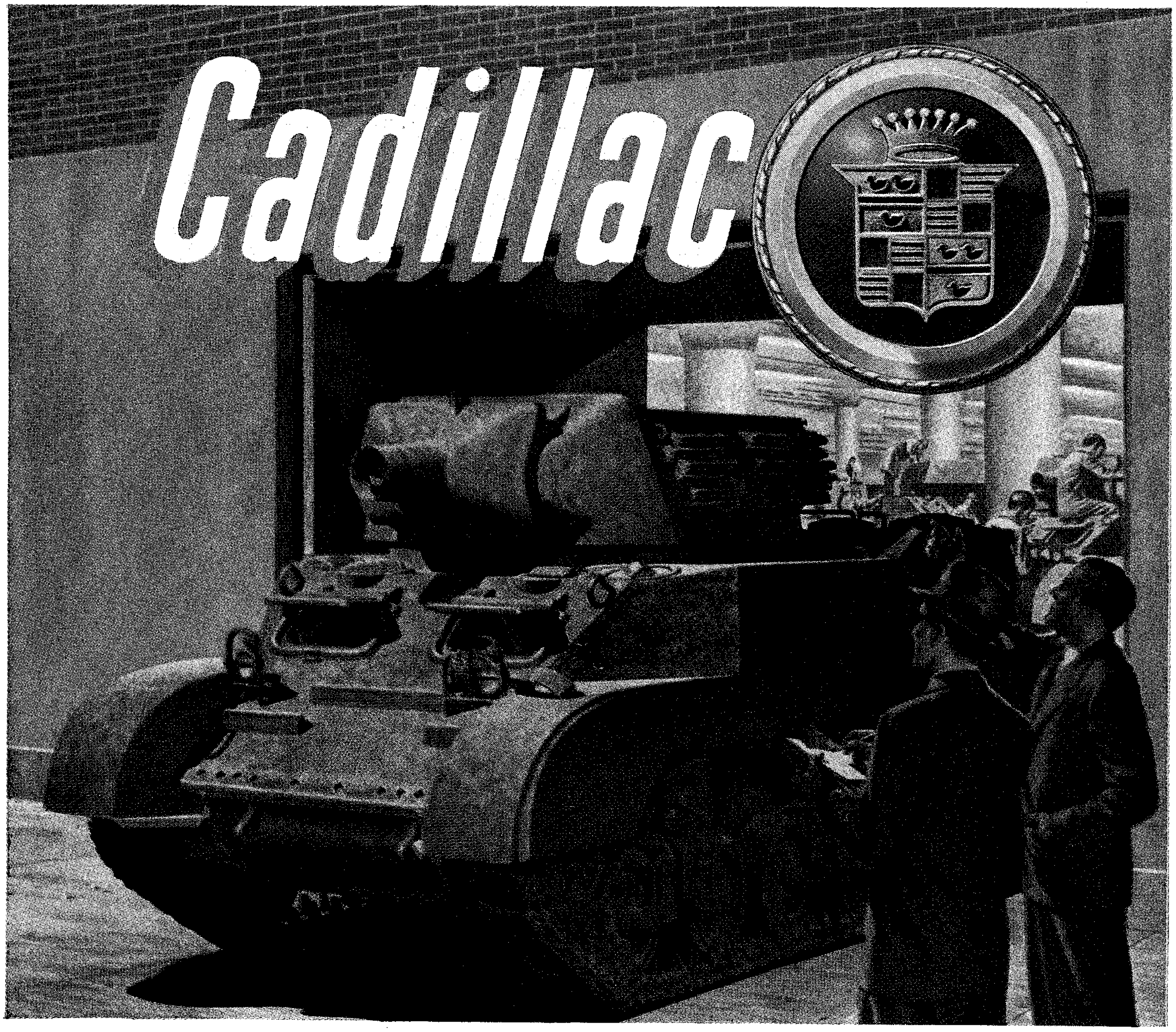
Abbott's BITTERS
Adds zest to mixed drinks.
BEST FOR COCKTAILS SINCE 1872



Blood Brother to Yesterday's Cadillac!

The tough, hard-hitting Howitzer Motor Carriage illustrated above, doesn't look much like a sleek, beautiful Cadillac car. But they're "blood brothers," so to speak. They were both built by Cadillac.

Months before the last 1942 Cadillac rolled from the assembly line, Cadillac was working with United States army ordnance engineers—adapting the famous Cadillac V-type engine and Hydra-Matic transmission for use in tank design. Exhaustive tests made early in 1941 had demonstrated the ability of this Cadillac "power train" to bring new speed and maneuverability to mechanized warfare.

The first tank produced with this "power train" was the celebrated M-5, built in volume by Cadillac. This light, fast, agile tank has proved unusually effective. Its speed and maneuverability give it a big advantage in harassing enemy weak points—and in upsetting enemy formations through surprise attacks.

The M-8 utilizes the same chassis as the M-5 and has the same performance characteristics—but its chief function is to mount the army's great 75 mm. Howitzer cannon. It makes a great running mate for the M-5. Between them, they carry a "one-two" punch that has won high praise from Army Ordnance.

Cadillac is proud that its peacetime V-type engine and its Hydra-Matic transmission could be adapted to provide the Arsenal of Democracy with such important new weapons.

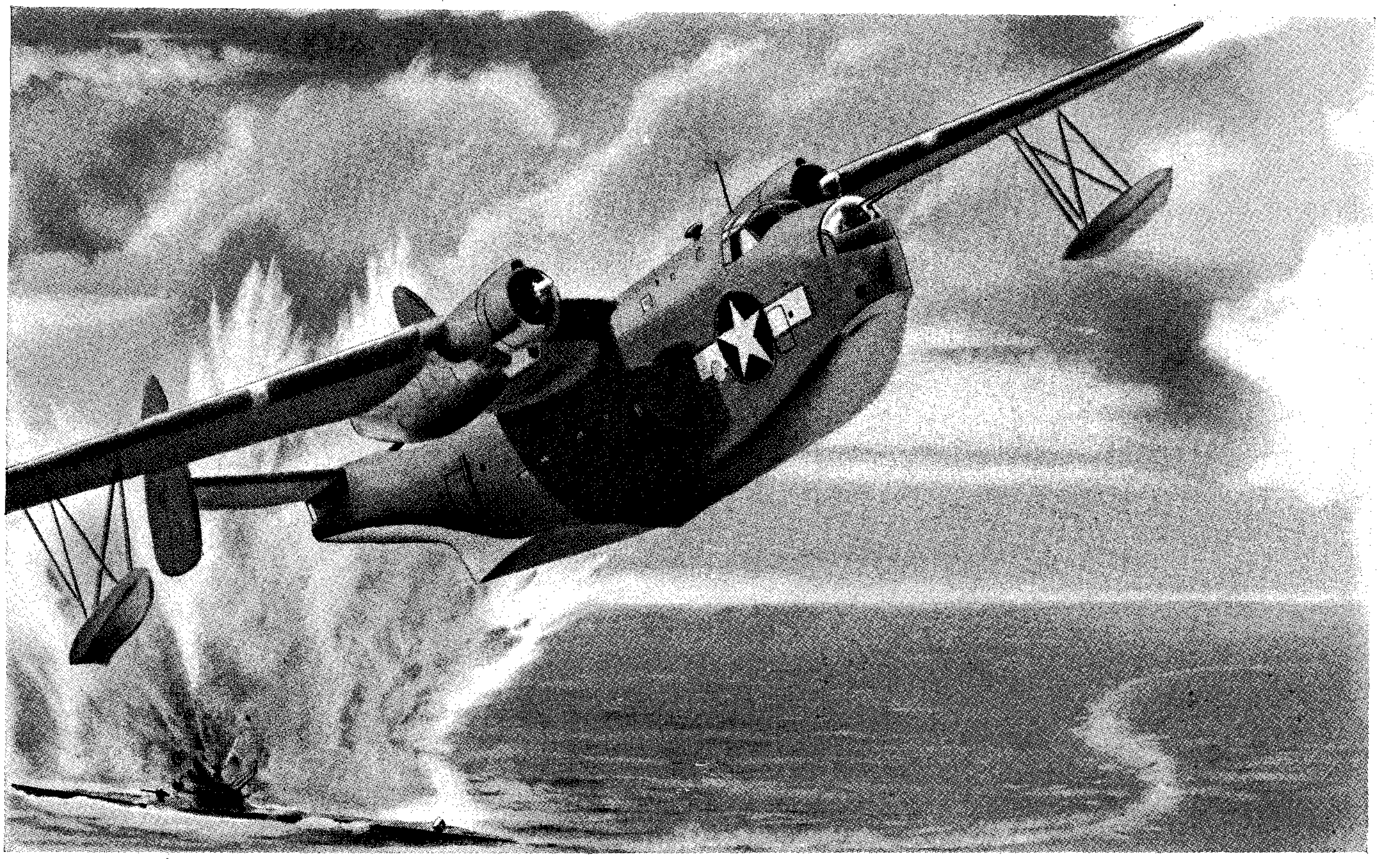
Since 1939, Cadillac has also been producing super-precision assemblies for the Allison—America's foremost liquid-cooled aircraft engine.

Every Sunday Afternoon . . . GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

ARMY E NAVY

LET'S ALL
BACK THE ATTACK
BUY WAR BONDS



THREE REASONS WHY

The Martin Mariner

IS POISON TO U-BOATS!

THE Navy is frequently silent on sub-sinkings. But when you read of convoy after convoy getting through, you know Martin Mariners are at work. From Iceland to Rio these big 20-ton flying boats help guard the sea lanes, ready at a moment's notice to unleash a storm of gunfire and depth charges on lurking killers of the deep. They're deadly poison to U-boats!

WHY MARINERS ARE TOPS AGAINST SUBS

Take a look at the picture above and note the big sturdy hull. That means seaworthiness, the ability to take off or land in rough weather, maintaining the constant, never-ceasing hunt for U-boats. Then look at the broad tail with its twin fins. That gives stability, a steady platform, assured accuracy in bombing. Finally, there's the spread of those long, gull-wings. Such wingspread enables Mariners to "coast" through the air, with engines throttled down for minimum fuel consumption, permitting them to stay aloft hours longer. In addition, these tough PBM's pack sufficient firepower to slug it out with a U-boat's guns when making low-level attacks. The Mariner was designed as a scourge for subs!

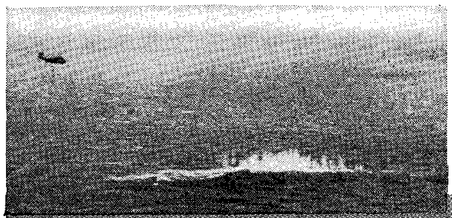
YOUR OWN COMMAND

When you pilot a Martin Mariner, you're leader of an eleven-man crew. If you've got what it takes to fly, you belong in the Navy Air Force. It's a real opportunity to learn the trade of the future . . . aviation. Even now Martin has completed plans for giant 150-ton "flying hotels," the transportation of tomorrow. Such ships, weaving an aerial network over the world will require crews of expert fliers. You can be one of them, if you start now to win your Navy Wings of Gold!

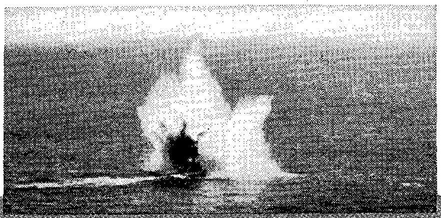
THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY
BALTIMORE-3, MARYLAND
The Glenn L. Martin-Nebraska Company—Omaha

Martin AIRCRAFT
Builders of Dependable Aircraft Since 1909

OFFICIAL NAVY PHOTOS SHOW MARTIN MARINERS SINKING NAZI SUB



BOMBS AWAY! Strings of depth charges cascade from Mariner's bays. Extra-big bomb capacity enables Mariner to drop lethal patterns of explosives, blanketing target area.



DIRECT HITS! Straddled by depth charges, sub is forced to surface, crippled. Twin tail fins, assuring stability, permit accurate bombing like this, make Mariners the scourge of subs.

HELPLESS! Unable to submerge or flee, U-boat lies helpless. Mariner, designed to stay aloft for very long periods, circles watchfully until destroyer arrives to polish off the sub.

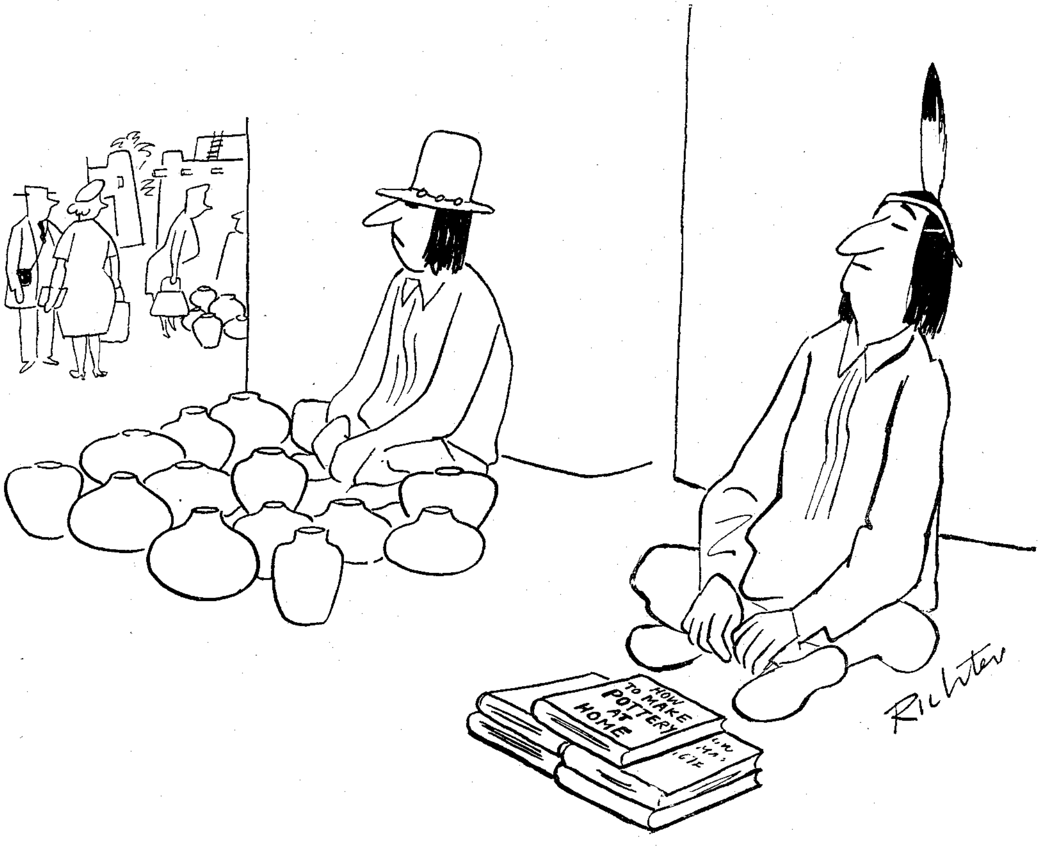
A REPORTER AT LARGE

NOTES FROM THE KIDNAP HOUSE—I

THE only great nation with a completely uncensored press today is France. All valid French newspapers are illegal, printed at the risk of death, and circulated under penalty of long imprisonment, conditions which at least insure their freedom from official guidance. Physically, of course, much of the prewar press, now in collaborationist hands, still exists, as corrupt as, and perhaps more profitable than, before. It receives subsidies direct from Berlin and it makes unregulated profits on the Vichy Government job printing it does on the side, this, incidentally, being one of the main sources of Laval's income. Laval owns *Le Moniteur*, which is published in Clermont-Ferrand and gets a large share of the Vichy printing contracts. In using this method of tapping the public till, he has patterned himself closely after those other newspaper owners Hitler and Streicher. The collaborationist press publishes official bulletins about when and how ration cards are to be used, information without which life in France is literally impossible. It therefore retains its large circulation. But as *Paroles Françaises*, one of the resistance publications, said in a recent issue, "Let nobody be fooled. Apart from journals of resistance, there is no longer a French press. The official press is morally dead; the disgust of the people has killed it." In circulation, the clandestine newspapers have already nearly overtaken the collaborationist ones. *Combat*, a clandestine paper with a half-dozen regional editions, claims a total press run of three hundred thousand. Since every copy is passed around until it wears out, *Combat* may reach a couple of million readers. There are other secret newspapers with comparable circulations and there are hundreds of lesser journals.

These clandestine French publications are, in general, very small. Most of them are about the size of a sheet of typewriter paper and have only four pages. Some of them are printed, some are mimeographed. Small bales of them, transported over routes which I naturally cannot reveal, arrive in London, where I am living at present, with great regularity, and I have spent a good many odd hours over them, piecing together a picture of the country from which they come, a country which I left in June, 1940. It is as if one were to try to piece together a theory of what is going on behind the familiar façade of a house across the street where a friend is held prisoner by a kidnap gang. These tiny newspapers are like messages scrawled on bits of paper and dropped from a window by the prisoner.

The newspapers arrive from a hundred points of observation, intellectual as well as geographic. Their diversity results from the current fragmentation of French national life. It is impossible for resistance groups to print a few great papers in Paris and distribute them over the country, like the big French newspapers of peacetime. The resistance newspapers are products of small, self-sufficient regional or vocational groups, so they vary ideologically. The one tenet they all have in common is resistance. Each paper contains, in its small format, a mass of almost photographic local detail that was entirely lacking in the old days of a centralized press. They deal with the murders of local patriots and the executions of local stool pigeons, examples of successful sabotage, the names of sadistic French detectives marked for vengeance, the dope on local employers who blackmail workers by threatening them with deportation to Germany, and even information on local girls who walk out with Nazis. Among the papers that represent occupational groups, one of my favorites is *Le Palais Libre*, the secret organ of the Paris bar. "*Palais*" in this case stands for "palace of justice." Each number consists of eight pages, imperfectly mimeographed but written with style and taste. The French bar, from the days of Louis IX right up to 1940, had been a worldly, overly logical, formalistic corporation, too drastically separate from the rest of France. At the same time it was cultured and lucid. In a struggle to defend the integrity of a body of laws that go back to the Romans, it has for generations been independent and stubborn, and under the German occupation it has been valiant. The latest struggle has not been bloodless. One magistrate and five lawyers, for instance, were murdered in their cells by the Gestapo shortly before the publication date of the latest copy of *Le Palais Libre* I possess. The magistrate, René Parodi, had declined to hold "suspects" without evidence; the lawyers had defended patriot prisoners. *Le Palais* makes these men seem like characters in a realistic novel. The lawyers were Maître Nordmann, an Alsatian music lover; Maître Frank, a Jewish intellectual; Maître Pitard, who came from the Midi and was a hero of the last war,


HOW TO MAKE POTTERY AT HOME

NOTE TO GENTLEMEN
who are members of the
world's foremost After-Shave Club

THE PREFERENCE of gentlemen everywhere has made Aqua Velva the world's most popular after-shave lotion. But now, war shortages have limited the supply. There is less Aqua Velva available to meet a record demand.

Avoid Waste. Aqua Velva is cooling and invigorating. Just a dash leaves the face feeling softer and smoother. Clean, fresh scent. Use Aqua Velva carefully and you'll be able to enjoy it more regularly.

A FEW OF THE MEMBERS

Sir CEDRIC HARDWICKE
JOHN ERSKINE
Rear Admiral YATES STIRLING, Jr., Ret.
ALBERT SPALDING
GEORGE BIDDLE
Maj. GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

WILLIAMS
Aqua
Velva
AFTER SHAVING

DRY SACK

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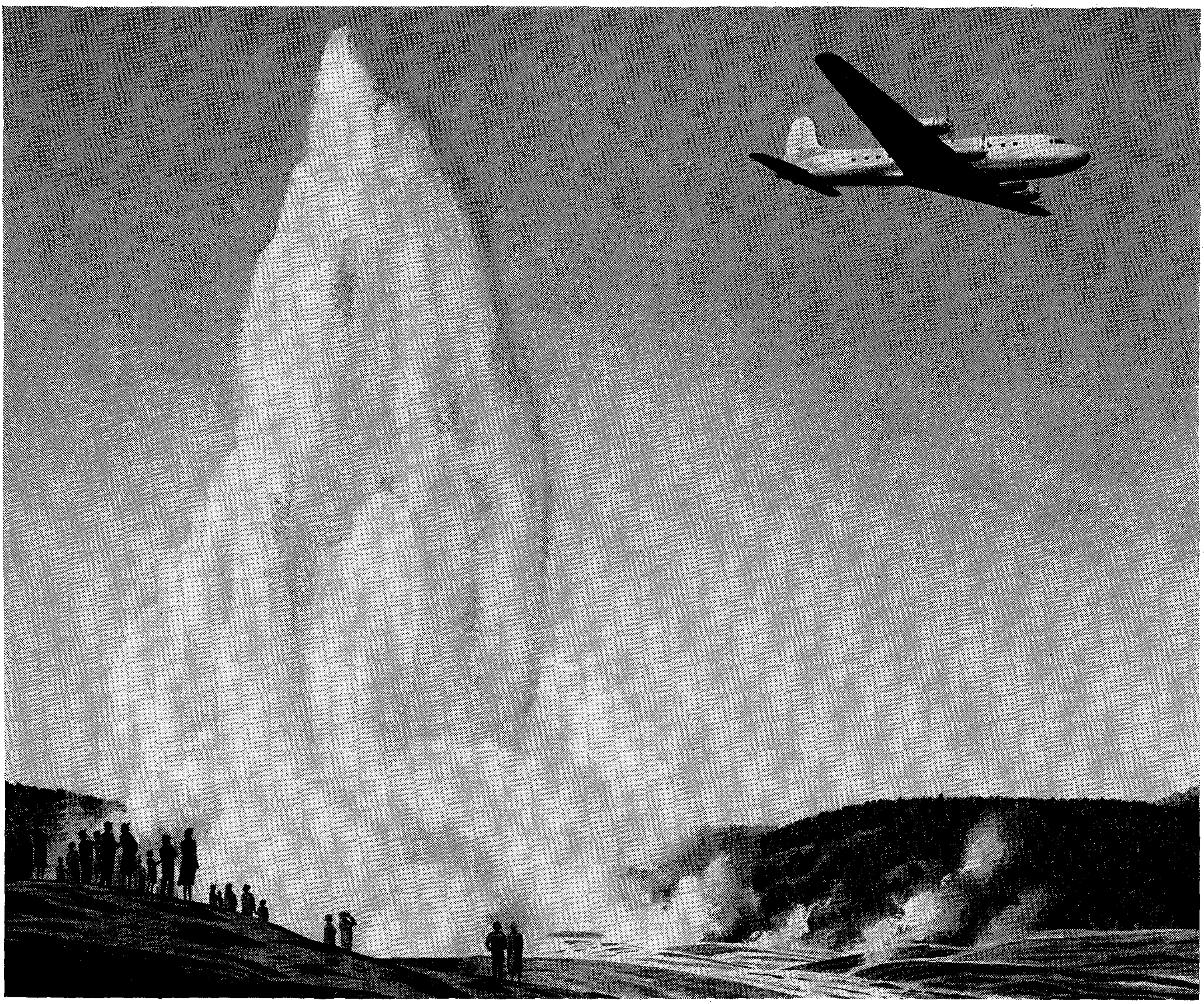
a noisy and expansive fellow who gave half of his time to the unpaid defense of destitute children; Maître Hajje, a grave Syrian Marxist; and the apparently timid, easily blushing young Maître Rolnikas, who in his heart believed that France would have "tomorrows that sing." The Gestapo called them all Communists. This is an example of Nazi and collaborationist propaganda that has boomeranged. Unwilling, in the years following the armistice, to admit that Frenchmen were being executed only because they were patriots, the Germans and their bought press labelled either Communist or Jew every man executed for sabotage or underground activity. One consequence was the indelible association of the words "Communist" and "patriot" in the French popular mind, and within the last two years they have become synonyms, which gives an increased impetus to the Leftward tendency caused by the treason committed by the great industrialists.

Le Palais cites a Vichy decree, dated last July, which was designed to end "obstructionism," such as that of Magistrate Parodi, who released prisoners arrested by the French police before the Gestapo could get at them. The decree orders magistrates to hold prisoners "even if the offense cannot be proved immediately, because more evidence may develop later." *Le Palais* comments, "This fixes the rank of magistrates in the Vichy hierarchy—below stool pigeons." *Le Palais* cites in each issue pronouncements of Nazi jurists, such as the one uttered by a man named Schmitt, who wrote in a German law journal, "Law is what is useful to German people. Law is what *der Führer* says," or by a colleague named Freisler, who wrote, "Only that which responds to needs of the National Socialist community is right. Everything else is bad and as a consequence punishable."

"Justice for us is not defined by the interest of some Nazi community or master race or caste of chiefs," *Le Palais* says. "It has as its object the protection of man in his dual aspect as an individual and a member of the community. We are custodians of an unfinished but infinitely precious achievement of civilization." The chief weapon of the bar in its long fight against the Germans has been the threat of a strike of the courts, which would make the pretense of civil administration impossible. Vichy, at German behest, installed as Minister of Justice a Frenchman named Gabolde, whom his colleagues call "Von Gabolde," a professed prewar Leftist who now fawns on Nazi officers



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and has said publicly that he wishes he had been born in the Reich. Gabolde has failed laughably as Minister. On one occasion, when he demanded the reinstatement of a disbarred attorney, who happened to be a collaborationist, the bar committee turned him down by a unanimous vote. When he brought some German officers into a courtroom as guests, no lawyer present would shake hands with him. It was the jurists' stubborn adherence to the spirit and forms of laws that forced the abandonment of the Riom trial and made it impossible for Vichy to murder patriots through the formal processes of law. Because of these hindrances, Vichy set up a special *Tribunal d'état*, under the control of the late Pierre Pucheu, then Minister of Interior, in September, 1941. Pucheu picked his judges, from among a handful of renegade jurists and retired generals, to deal retroactively with "deeds injurious to the French people." This court, for its début, retried three resistants—including a war hero, ex-Deputy Catelas—who on their first trial had received sentences which the Gestapo considered too light. Pucheu's court ordered their execution. The *Tribunal d'état* recently sentenced to death a midwife, the mother of three children, because she had helped a woman abort the consequence of her rape by a German soldier. The only person the court ever acquitted, *Le Palais* records without comment, was a colonel who had embezzled funds collected for prisoners of war in Germany.

Like all resistance publications, *Le Palais* is obsessed by the fear that the so-called *Malins*, the not quite too compromised collaborationists who have been slick enough to stay out of Vichy Ministries, will get into power by some "combine" with "Wall Street and the City of London," influences which resistants hold responsible for the Darlan and Badoglio deals. My latest issue of *Le Palais* carries a brief biographical sketch of Anatole de Monzie, whom it considers the prototype of a *Malin*. Monzie was a Minister in Daladier's Cabinet during the first war year and, according to *Le Palais*, gave information to the enemy even then. "His is the kind of intelligence that secures immunity," *Le Palais* says. "He ate at all troughs, accepted envelopes from all corruptionists. He was for Munich and every conceivable capitulation, yet was in the government until ejected by Paul Reynaud. Since the armistice he has made a fortune defending big profiteers in the black market. Now, with the complicity of German censorship and the ap-

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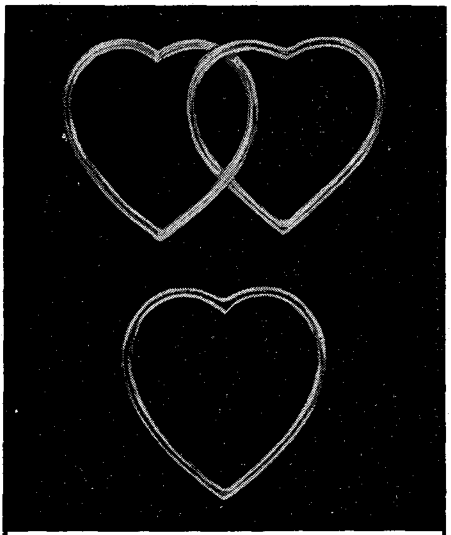

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proval of [Marcel] Déat, he makes fake attacks on Pétain to dissociate himself from Vichy." The particular bogey of the patriot press is Georges Bonnet, Minister of Foreign Affairs at the time of Munich, whom *les Malins* advertise as a liberal because he took bribes from Jewish banks, which proves, of course, that he is not anti-Semitic. It proves also that he likes banks, which patriots, rendered perhaps unduly suspicious by the tortures of the past four years, think will have something to do with determining whom the Allies will recognize.

"LE MEDECIN FRANCAIS," in a format like that of *Le Palais*, records the French doctors' fight to protect the national health, which is unquestionably being deliberately attacked by the Nazis. One form the attack has taken was a German draft of five thousand young French doctors for service in the Reich. "The enemy pursues the physical destruction of our people—to take away its doctors is a means to this end," *Le Médecin* points out. Vichy, under German orders, withholds gasoline from rural doctors so that they cannot make their rounds in the country. Yet, *Le Médecin* notes, the collaborationist press is fond of reminding its readers that the Wehrmacht has plenty of fuel for its tanks and planes. Great pressure is being put upon French doctors to make them accessories to the deportation of their countrymen. Every man the Vichy authorities deliver into the hands of the German Labor Ministry must pass a medical examination to make sure that he will not die en route or carry a contagious disease into Germany. The doctors turn down almost every man presented to them. Whenever Vichy officials, forced by the Germans, raise a row, the doctors certify a few legless and armless men. Some officials, secretly unsympathetic to the Germans, "inadvertently" call up young collaborationists for labor service. The doctors invariably certify these men immediately. Then the collaborationist leaders appeal to the Germans for their release, which is always granted. The Germans do not need workmen in the Reich, whose industrial capacity is insufficient to absorb the slave labor already there, but they are trying to remove patriotic Frenchmen from the potential battle area. The motivation of the Germans is glaringly clear. Just as, in accordance with the Nazi concept of law, suspects are to be held without any evidence whatever, so, in accordance with the precepts of Nazi medicine, labor con-

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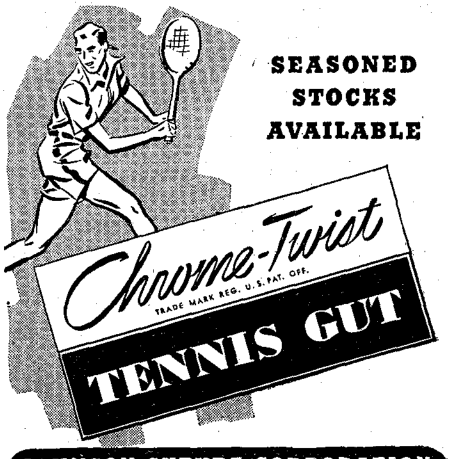

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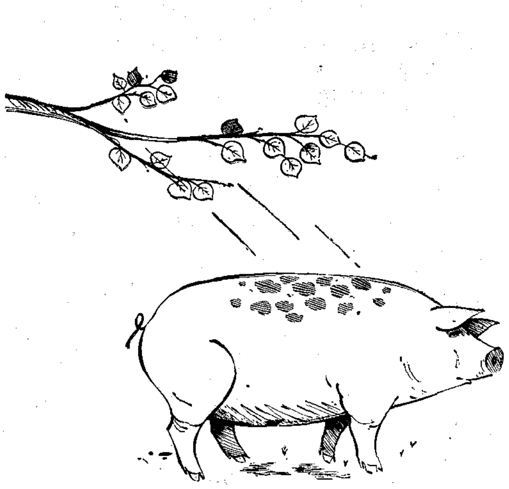
scripts are to be certified fit without any real examination. One Grasset, Vichy Minister of Health, has issued instructions to doctors which are rather like Gabolde's to the bar. "Examination for labor service is not, of course, complete, like an examination for induction into the Army," Grasset says, in a decree cited by *Le Médecin*, "but a simple, superficial check without X-ray or laboratory procedure. That is to say, there ought to be no rejections except for those actually ill or crippled, since in the present circumstances men merely in poor health should not be exempted." "Nothing could be clearer," comments *Le Médecin*, "than that he wants us to send to certain death consumptives and chronic cases of all kinds."

Just as *Le Palais* cites excerpts from German legal journals on justice, *Le Médecin* quotes selections from contemporary Nazi medical thought. "The healthiest nation is not that with the lowest infant mortality, the fewest consumptives, the least syphilis or rheumatism or cancer," one such sample reads. "No! It is the nation which sees its racial heritage increased by the uninterrupted flow of births." Another specimen is a synopsis of a Nazi doctor's research on the effect of fear on the ovaries of women condemned to decapitation.

Along with the persistent efforts of the Germans, through its French-born tools, to hamper the work of physicians, there is a steady drive to lower the standard of French medical education. The Vichy Ministry of Education has lately abolished the pre-medical year of instruction in physics, chemistry, and biology at the great universities. The Ministry has also insulted the medical school of the University of Paris by founding a chair of Racial Anthropology, which is devoted to advancing the Nazi race myths. Students leave the "professor" in solitude for weeks at a time and then unexpectedly invade his lecture hall in hundreds to heckle him and smash his exhibits, departing before he can take any names.

THE suppression of the pre-medical year also furnishes subject matter to *L'Université Libre*, the clandestine paper of the French universities. "The progress of medical science, which utilizes and often inspires the most recent discoveries in physics and chemistry, calls for exactly the opposite policy," *L'Université* editorializes. "The danger is great; a generation of doctors unequal to their task will result. It is a prelude to the debasement of the profes-



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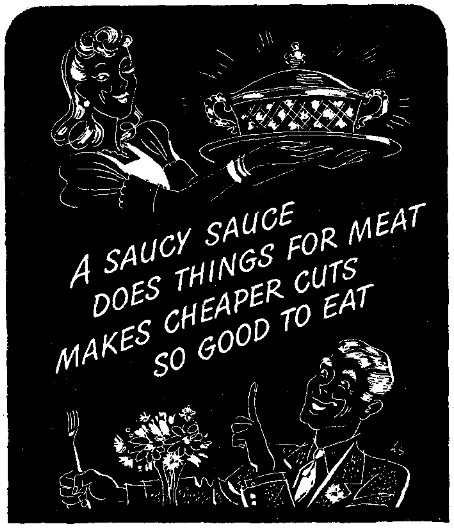
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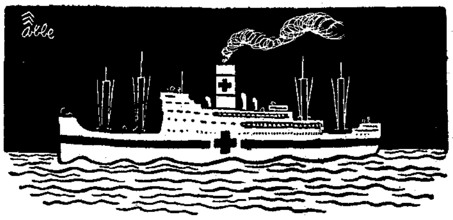
sion. There will soon be two classes of physicians: 'health officers,' provided with only a superficial, hasty education, and 'specialists' . . . dedicated to the protection of the Gauleiters' health and the collection of high fees." The attack on French higher education is general, *L'Université* says. "It is easy to see why champions of 'the new order' want to destroy scientific culture in France. France deindustrialized will have no need of engineers or chemists. But the Nazis also want to make impossible the appearance of Frenchmen who by study of geography or history might draw practical conclusions from past struggles. They do not want Frenchmen able to see through the lying myths of superior races and slave peoples. They are still far from their goal. Teachers and professors every day are repulsing their attacks on our culture. Little by little, however, the framework of education is being whittled away."

The principal tool of the Germans in this work is the poet Abel Bonnard, an Académie Française "Immortal," whom nobody had read for the past thirty years and whose very survival had been forgotten by the public until Pétain reasserted the rights of senility. The traditional Cartesian clarity of the French universities, with its scrupulous insistence on proof, whether in the laboratory or in literary research, is of course the antithesis of Nazi mysticism. Consequently, Bonnard and his coterie have had to repudiate every noteworthy intelligence in the history of French culture clear back to Voltaire and Diderot. The excuse Vichy most often invokes in its campaign against education is economy. The budget for higher education has been cut eighty per cent, and, to compensate in part for this, university fees have been doubled. Fees have always been modest by American standards, but the increase of even a couple of hundred francs a year, as *L'Université* notes, "will make it still harder for young people of modest means to study. It is another gain for the enemies of public education—partisans of an 'élite.' Students are undernourished already, and often harried by the difficulties of a family life in which the student must replace a father in a prison camp and earn a living for an overworked mother. The lack of books and paper has hindered education. We must not permit this further blow at the base of an edifice of higher education which the entire world envied us!" The university faculties, to their great honor, have stood up to this pressure, even though it means the continual risk of livelihood and occasionally the risk of life. The late Henri Bergson, who refused to be made an exception when the Nuremberg Laws were invoked against French Jews, has become the martyr of the University of Paris. Recently collaborators tried to get scholars to sign a protest against the Allied bombing of occupied territories. Of some two hundred members of the Institut de France and five hundred members of the University of Paris faculty, fifteen signed the petition. Among these fifteen, *L'Université* proudly notes, "there was not a great name, not a single authority, not a savant of reputation. There were only a few obscure bootlickers."

L'Université speaks to me perhaps more poignantly than any other clandestine paper because quite a few years ago I myself matriculated at the Sorbonne and lived for a while in the narrow Rue de l'Ecole-de-Médecine in a room from which I could look down on a statue of Ambroise Paré, the surgeon who said, "I treat, God cures." I remember the pale, intelligent youths and the frugal, courteous, colorless little coëds (the only frumpy girls in Paris), who sat beside me in my classes. In the library of the Sorbonne one could consult books but not take them away. Students put their names on a long list for a chance at a work like Achille Luchaire's "Manual of Capetian Institutions." They would come back every evening until they got their turn at the book they wanted, then sit in the library—generally on the floor, because the place was always overcrowded—to read and take notes. My classmates were as punctilious as they were poor. They would not allow me to treat them because they could not reciprocate. It was dismal to see them sit so long in brasseries with one drink. Now the Nazis are trying to round up these students' successors, some perhaps sons and daughters of my friends, to carry them off into slavery. But the university underground railway is operating against the project. When the French police and the Gestapo appear in the Latin Quarter, students of the age being sought disappear, some to join the *Maquis*. When the police withdraw, the remaining students demonstrate in the streets. "By thousands they make the Boul' Mich' and



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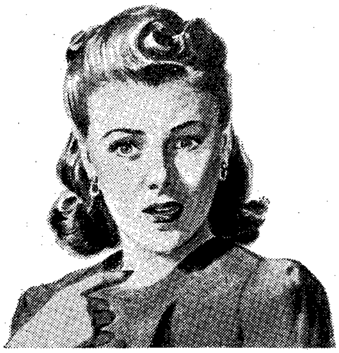

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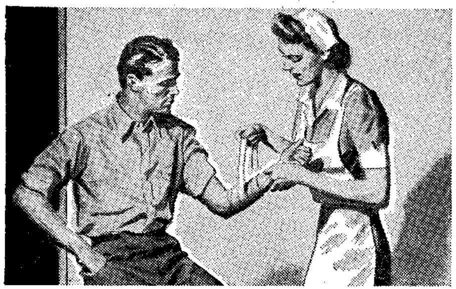

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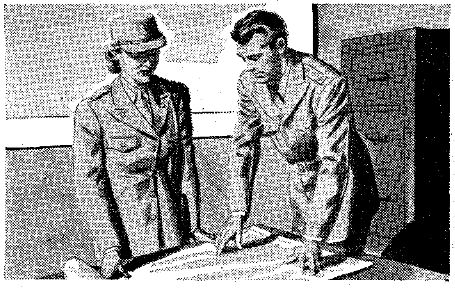

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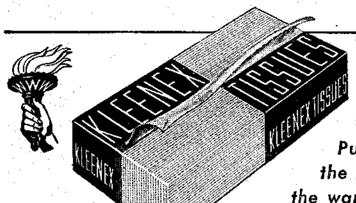

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the Luxembourg echo to cries of 'Laval to the firing squad, Bonnard to the privy, down with deportations!' " *L'Université* says. It was Paris students who rioted after gathering on November 11, 1940, at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier—the first great public manifestation against the new order. University of Lyons students staged a riot in that city in May, 1942, and prevented a concert by the Berlin Symphony Orchestra. The University of Strasbourg was evacuated to Clermont-Ferrand at the beginning of the war and has been there as the guest of the local university ever since. When the Germans marched into Vichy France in November, 1942, and the Germans declared that Alsatians were nationals of the Reich, the students from Strasbourg refused to go home and enjoy their new national status. The Germans, after their invasion of the former *Zone Libre*, rounded up faculties and student bodies to sort out any Alsatians. Gestapo men with tommy guns carried out the raids. They went through the now habitual routine of making old professors stand with their backs against walls and their arms over their heads for hours and of forbidding women to go to toilets—all the ritual of petty beastliness that they introduced, after the *Anschluss*, in Vienna and have carried with them everywhere else as a bedbug carries its smell. As usual, they made an example: one old man finally dropped his arms and was shot dead. Two phony students, Gestapo stools, betrayed the Alsatians and members of resistance groups. Hundreds of students were taken away. They were never heard from again.

IN their attempt to destroy France, the Nazis have especially attacked workingmen and intellectuals. Pétain, acting for his masters, tried, unsuccessfully, to set the peasants against the workingmen and the clergy against the intellectuals. The result was merely to create a stronger bond between the workers and intellectuals than existed in prewar France, when most intellectuals, however poor, came from families that considered themselves bourgeois. A woman who escaped from France last spring told me a story that is symbolic. She had a friend in Paris who was a brilliant physicist and traditionally absent-minded. "Like everybody, he had a couple of false identity cards," she said. "One never knows when they'll be necessary. But, negligently, he carried his false cards and his true one at the same time and in the same pocket. He was caught in a police dragnet one day and sent to a concentration camp for a few months.

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There was nothing against him except the cards, however, and he was a distinguished man, with many friends. Nearly all the other people in the camp to which he was sent were Communist workingmen. The professor had not been allowed to send home for a change of clothes, so when he arrived, his trousers were torn and the shoes he had on were an old pair, which soon wore through. He went to a fellow-prisoner, who was a tailor, and to another, who was a cobbler, and asked them to help him.

“ ‘I am not an institution of charity, comrade,’ the tailor said, ‘but maybe we could barter services. What did you do outside?’

“ ‘I was a professor of physics at the Collège de France,’ my friend replied, rather hopelessly.

“The tailor was enthusiastic. ‘All my life I have entertained the most lively intellectual curiosity about physics,’ he said. ‘Lecture to me while I repair your trousers for you and I will consider myself obliged.’

“The cobbler, too, was pleased to swap services. Soon there were so many prisoners who wanted to hear about abstract physics that the professor organized classes. ‘I had more success than the professor of accordion,’ he told me proudly when he came out. ‘Those people are charming.’ ”—A. J. LIEBLING

(This is the first of a series of articles on the French underground press.)

•

BATON ROUGE, LA.—The Bardwells have little trouble naming their children, having decided to follow out the collegiate policy established by their parents. Stan, named after Stanford University, is married to the former Loyola Munson, whose parents felt partial to Loyola University of New Orleans. It was natural to call their son Stan, jr.

Twins have arrived at the Bardwell home. The boy drew Duke as his moniker, for Duke University, and his sister was named Tulane, after the New Orleans university. Incidentally, Duke's middle name is Kane, and when both his names are said together they make the name of still another university, Duquesne.—*Washington Star.*

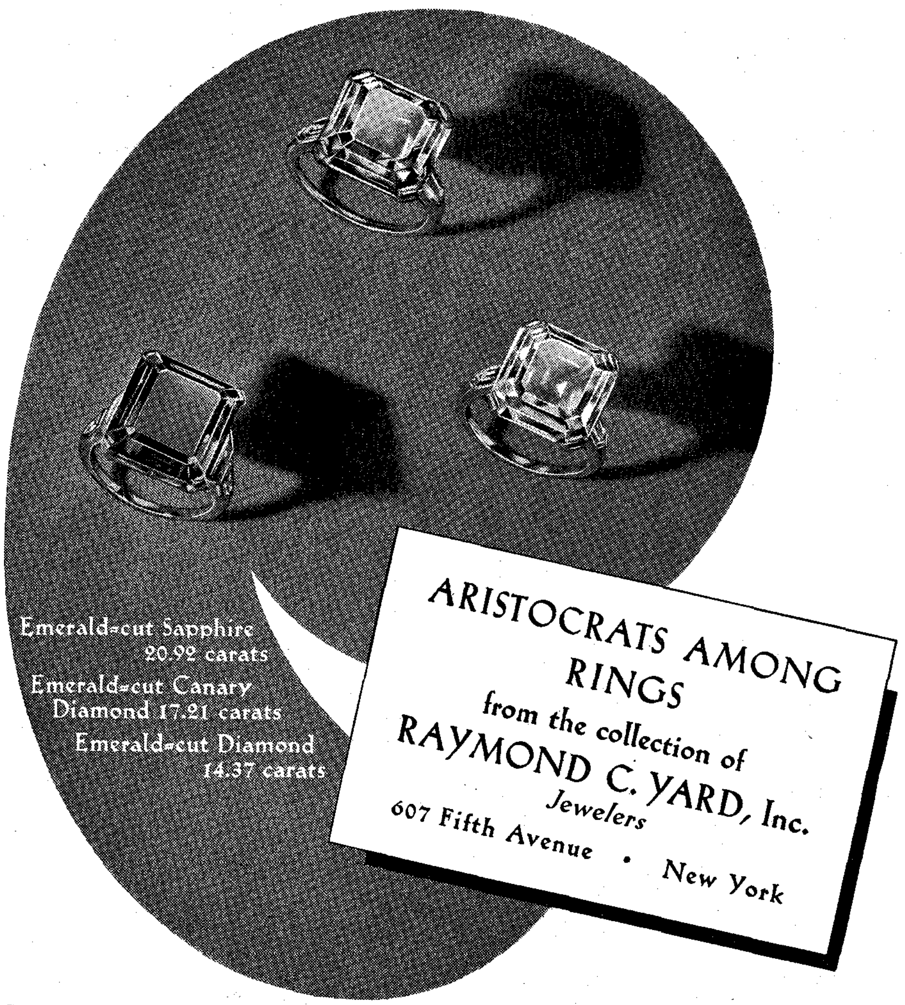
How about Polly, for Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute?

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times]

WITH SECOND ARMY ON MANEUVERS, Somewhere in Tennessee (U. P.)—A soldier of a Blue armored division received a fruit-cake from home recently and to protect it from his buddies, placed it beside him as he slept.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Very Flattering

Spring and summer ensemble—printed crepe in soft pink, powder blue, red, or gold, smartly spotted with black. Sizes 12 to 40. Dress $45, jacket $35 . . . Clothes from Kathleen have that custom-like finish.

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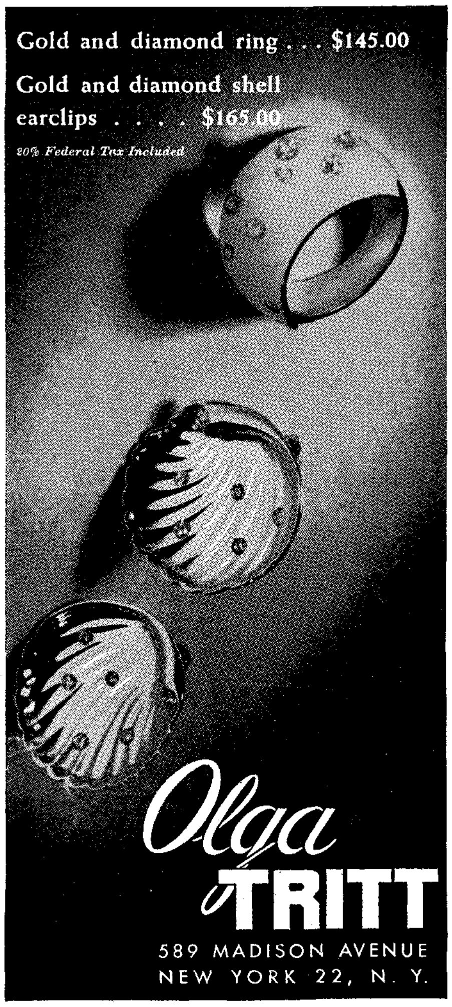

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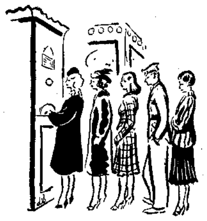
THE CURRENT CINEMA

More of the Same



WAR correspondents say that the Air Forces have been overemphasized and overglamorized, and as far as movies go it's certainly true that fliers have been photographed a lot more than infantry, artillery, cavalry, or military policemen. Whether this is fair or not, it will probably go right on happening, because flying is still rather a neat trick and its fast, erratic action is ideal for the medium of motion pictures. Quite a few documentaries, as well as works of fiction, have been made about British and American planes and pilots, and they've all been good. There have been "Target for Tonight," "Bomber," "Mission Accomplished," and "Report from the Aleutians," to name some of them. These have all been about bombers, perhaps because a fighter pilot in combat can't be operating a camera or afford to carry along a cameraman. Now there's "Memphis Belle," another bomber documentary, made by Army Air Forces photographic units, and, like its forerunners, it's a pip.

"Memphis Belle" is the sprightly name bestowed on a certain B-17 by its crew. The name may be familiar to you because plane and crew got some publicity when they came back to America after completing twenty-five missions over Europe. The picture is the account of the twenty-fifth mission, on which the crew was all aware that if it got back safely it could go home. Everybody at the field knew it too, and everybody was pulling for them. This adds a dramatic fillip to the film, but it's the routine—and I don't mean humdrum—events of the trip which furnish the real punch. Perhaps the best feature is the conversation of the boys while over the target. Bomber crews are under orders to speak quietly so that they can be heard distinctly over the interphone, and Memphis Belle's men, for the most part, have themselves under control. "Fighter coming in at three o'clock," one says in well-modulated tones, referring, of course, to the fighter's position in relation to the Fortress, not to what time it's expected. A gunner goes to work on the fighter and a minute later he says, "I got him, Chief," with maybe a hint of unseemly excitement in his voice. "Con-

Burberrys carry on

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MILITARY BRAND CAMEMBERT
ONE OF BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES

firm that, somebody," says the pilot. "Yeah, he got him. I see him," says another fellow, and this time there's no doubt that the discussion is becoming too lively. "All right, all right, keep those voices down," says the pilot coldly. At one point, the crew sights another bomber out of control and watches, counting tensely, while parachutes appear one by one from the spinning plane.

"Memphis Belle" is in color and the color is remarkably bad, as it has been in other combat pictures, such as "With the Marines at Tarawa" and a couple of documentaries from North Africa. As usual, though, you get used to it after a while, and by the time a certain weird, wonderful shot of a formation of B-17's at twenty-five thousand feet comes along, you are aware only that this is the most vivid and spectacular sight you've seen for a good while. The exhaust from the four motors of every plane congeals as it hits the forty-degrees-below-zero air, and every plane projects four thick white streamers, called vapor trails, against the bright, cold-blue sky. As the narrator points out, however, there's nothing very charming about this spectacle to the men in the planes, since vapor trails are often the only indication to German fighters that enemy bombers are on the premises.

A LITTLE female tyke called Margaret O'Brien, who appeared about a year ago in "Journey for Margaret," is back again in "Lost Angel," and it seems to me she hasn't grown as much as she should have. This is lucky for her bosses, who count heavily on the appeal of her small dimensions, along with her apparent ability to turn on tears in sad moments. This time she plays a child prodigy who falls in with, and wins the hearts of, a rugged newspaperman, his girl friend, and a mobster, played by James Craig, Marsha Hunt, and Keenan Wynn. You might go for her if you are extremely fond of little girls, but maybe, like W. C. Fields, you prefer girl children about nineteen or twenty years old. —DAVID LARDNER

•

Gray Ladies are not permitted to distribute "The New Yorker," "Esquire," "Reader's Digest," "Life," "Time" or any movie magazines with suggestive covers. Thank you for your cooperation in this matter. YOUR CHAIRMAN

—*Sign on the bulletin board of a Detroit hospital.*

We know what started all this—it was that Easter cover on the *Digest.* Talk about suggestive—every one of those eggs was laid by a different rabbit!

cook's night out
. . . with the
cook!

There's a family in Beverly Hills that goes out to dine on "Cook's Night Out." But they take Cook with them! Keeps Cook happy. And Cook learns a thing or two in the restaurants. Our restaurants are doing a remarkable job in preparing and serving interesting, wholesome dishes, *despite* wartime restrictions. It pays to take Cook out. And it pays especially when you select a place that serves Cresta Blanca... America's Crest of Quality Wine. Then you'll be sure of good food... good service... and good appetite... as the delicious wine adds to the pleasure of the meal. Whenever you dine... dine with wine... and be sure it's Cresta Blanca. Tune in! "Schenley's Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival of Music" starring Morton Gould's Orchestra and Alec Templeton, C. B. S. every Wednesday evening. Cresta Blanca Wine Co., Inc., Livermore, Calif.

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HIGHER EDUCATION

When I was nearing fourteen, our family finances were uncommonly low and it became clear that I would soon have to quit school and go to work. In our village, in the north of England, work was customary and honorable, but I had no desire to work, and said so. I wanted to go through high school and then to a distinguished university, where I might gather great honors before beginning to surprise the rest of the world. Unfortunately, a crisis occurred in our family affairs and I was provided with an occupation. I became the child-of-all-work in the office of a machine-tool factory. For a while I was unhappy, but I held firmly to my belief in higher education. I would get it somehow. First, though, I must know precisely what I was going to get. After questioning a number of high-school girls, I concluded that higher education in England consisted mainly of French, mathematics, and gymnastics. I rejected gymnastics, as I had only evenings and weekends for study, and decided to master French immediately and proceed to mathematics later. There would, I knew, be other worlds to conquer—I had heard vague mention of Latin and Greek—but they could wait. In about ten years' time, I reckoned, I should be something of a scholar.

I looked around for a teacher. It appeared that nobody in our village knew French except the vicar and the Nonconformist minister, and they were both busy gentlemen. Then my mother remembered that old Mrs. Lessing had a daughter who had lived in Paris for a year.

"But she's peculiar," my mother said. "And I've heard that the house isn't clean."

"Hardly ever goes out of her door," said my father, who walked ten miles every Sunday morning for exercise. "They say she's wrong in her head. Don't let me catch you going there."

The next evening I called on Miss Lessing. She lived on Elm Street. It was typical of the streets in English industrial villages—rows of stone cottages, small but strongly built to defy the winds that blew across the moors. Each house had a tiny front garden surrounded by a privet hedge. There was one elm tree at the far end of the street. Mrs. Lessing owned three of the cottages and she and her daughter lived off the small rents.

I had seen Miss Lessing occasionally but had never spoken to her, so my fingers were twitching with fright as I lifted the brass knocker of her door. It had turned green and couldn't have been polished for years. The living-room window was lit and I could see Miss Lessing reading by the fire.

The door opened six inches. Mrs. Lessing's withered face stared at me and at last she said peevishly, "Whose child are you and what do you want?"

I explained whose child I was and that I wanted to see Miss Lessing. The old woman shook her head crossly and asked why I had come at this hour of the night. I pointed out that it was only eight o'clock and, in my opinion, not late at all.

"I never heard such a tongue!" the old woman said. "Whoever taught you to—"

"Mother!" cried a voice from a room off the hall. "Who is it?"

"A child to see you!" Mrs. Lessing said, raising her voice. "And don't you step into this cold, drafty passage, Amelia!"

I followed the old woman down the tiny, dark hall to the living room. There was a great fire burning and the room was uncomfortably hot. Three glass bells hung from a gas pipe in the ceiling, curving out like flowers from a stem. The gas purred inside the glass bells and the light was brilliant.

Miss Lessing was wearing a jersey and a dark-brown skirt. She took my hand and said "How do you do?" very politely, as though I were a grown woman. "Sit down, won't you?" she said, waving her thin hand at a dusty chair. She leaned against the mantelshelf to have a better look at me, and all the china ornaments on the shelf tinkled.

I said quickly, "Miss Lessing, I want to learn French and they say you know it. Will you teach me?"

"Another of 'em!" said the old woman, staring at me with contempt. "That's the way *she* wore herself out! Night after night studying, and working the day long."

Miss Lessing said gently, "Do sit down, child."

I sat down and stared around the room. The wallpaper was dark, with vast sprays of unnatural flowers on it. The furniture was shabby. A recess by the fireplace was filled with books from floor to ceiling.

"Yes, I'll teach you," said Miss Lessing.

The old woman said, "I thought as much. I'm off to the kitchen. I've got my ironing to do." She went out, shutting the door sharply.

I was still nervous. There was the price to settle. "How much would it cost?" I asked.

"Cost?" Miss Lessing looked surprised. "Oh, yes. A shilling a lesson."

I stared at her. "Is that all?" I asked, willing to give her another chance if she'd made a mistake.

"Why, that's enough, if you work," she said. "But don't you learn French at high school?"

"I work in Simpson's office," I said.

"And you want to become their foreign correspondent?"

"They don't have one," I said.

"Then why do you want to learn French?"

"To read French books and"—I remembered that travel was a part of education—"to go to Paris."

She smiled, and then her long face sobered. "Never learn anything for the money it will bring you," she said. "Always remember that. Grow wise and don't care about being rich. As for Paris, you'll get there one day."

I said, "You got there, didn't you?"

"Yes," she said. "I was there for a year before the war broke out. Nineteen-thirteen."

It seemed a long time ago to me, and I hoped she hadn't forgotten anything.

"I'll show you my maps and photographs," she said. "But take off your coat and beret. You'll be smothered if you don't. Mother keeps this room hot. She thinks it's good for me."

Miss Lessing fetched a box from the bookshelves and we sat together on a bumpy sofa, looking at picture post cards. She murmured the names of the streets and buildings in a soft, nasal voice. She talked of the Parisians—the taxicab drivers, the landladies, the funny children, the artists. I had heard Paris was a wonderful city. According to Miss Lessing, it was paradise.

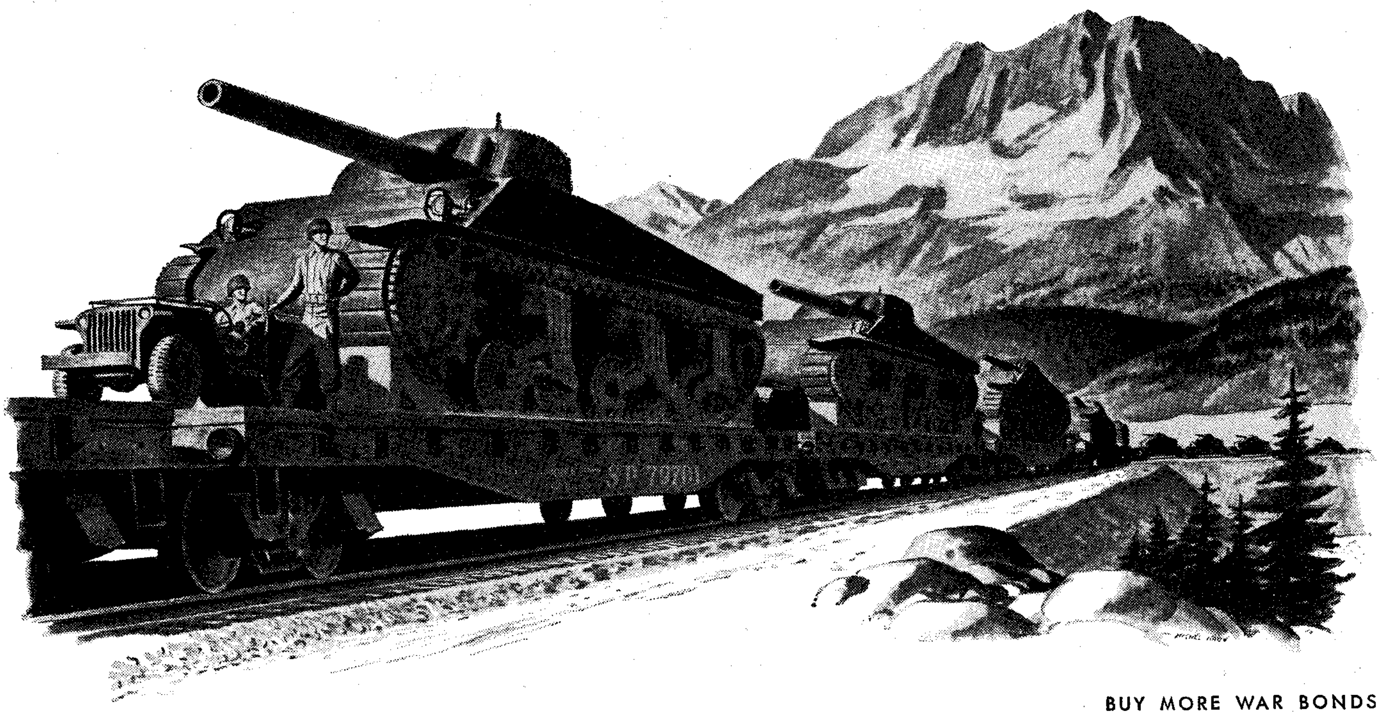
"We'll go there together one day," she said. "It won't cost much. We could teach English." She laughed.

"Yes," I said.

The great clock on the mantelshelf—gray marble, flanked with the gilded heads of lions—struck nine.

"And we haven't done a word of

Hitchhiking over the Sierra



BUY MORE WAR BONDS

From north to south the mountains stand there like a crinkled pie crust rim magnified a million times.

These are the snow-capped Cascades, ranging down through Washington and Oregon... the peaks of the Sierra Nevada chain, which mark a towering boundary between California and Nevada... and Sierra Madre, marching into Mexico.

To THE WEST beyond the mountains lies America's Pacific Coast with its ship-filled harbors. Beyond the harbors, across the ocean, lies Japan.

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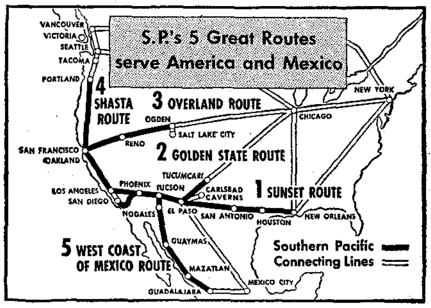
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IN ADDITION to military equipment, S.P. is moving trainloads of troops. Materials for the West's new industries. Foods, lumber, oil, copper and cattle to meet the needs of factories and families all across the country.

Because of our war load, and the diversion of equipment to military use, we are not able to take care of everyone who wants to travel. Our service is not up to peacetime standards.

When you take the train under present conditions—or when you cannot get a reservation—we hope you'll feel confident that the railroads, management and men, are working wholeheartedly to perform their war job. We hope you'll realize that the railroads are handling a tremendous load successfully, despite great difficulties.

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One of America's railroads—
ALL united for Victory!

French!" she exclaimed. "That's shocking. We'll discuss the vowel pronunciations before you go and then I'll give you some lessons to work at. Look, make your mouth small as if you were going to whistle. Say '*eu.*' "

I said "*eu*" a great many times. Then the door opened.

"I've finished my ironing," the old woman said. "Is that child ready to go?" She looked at the photographs, the maps. Her mouth tightened. "I told you not to excite yourself, Amelia," she said. She turned to me. "She's overworked herself and now the doctor says she has to rest."

"Teaching French won't hurt me," Miss Lessing said. She sprang up. "Let's all have some cocoa," she said, going to the door. I noticed how tall and thin she was.

"I'll make it," said the old woman crossly, and went off.

"Come, here's your first book," Miss Lessing said. She took a shabby volume from the shelves. "It's a grammar, but a nice one. Say these words after me. Never mind what they mean. It's the way you say them that matters."

After a while, the old woman brought in cocoa and half a sponge cake.

"What time do you reckon to go to bed?" she asked me.

"Ten o'clock," I said.

"An hour too late," she snapped.

We drank our cocoa and I ate a piece of dry cake hurriedly and then said I'd have to be going. I was afraid of the old woman, who clearly didn't like me at all.

"Here's the book," said Miss Lessing. "I've marked the exercises you're to work at."

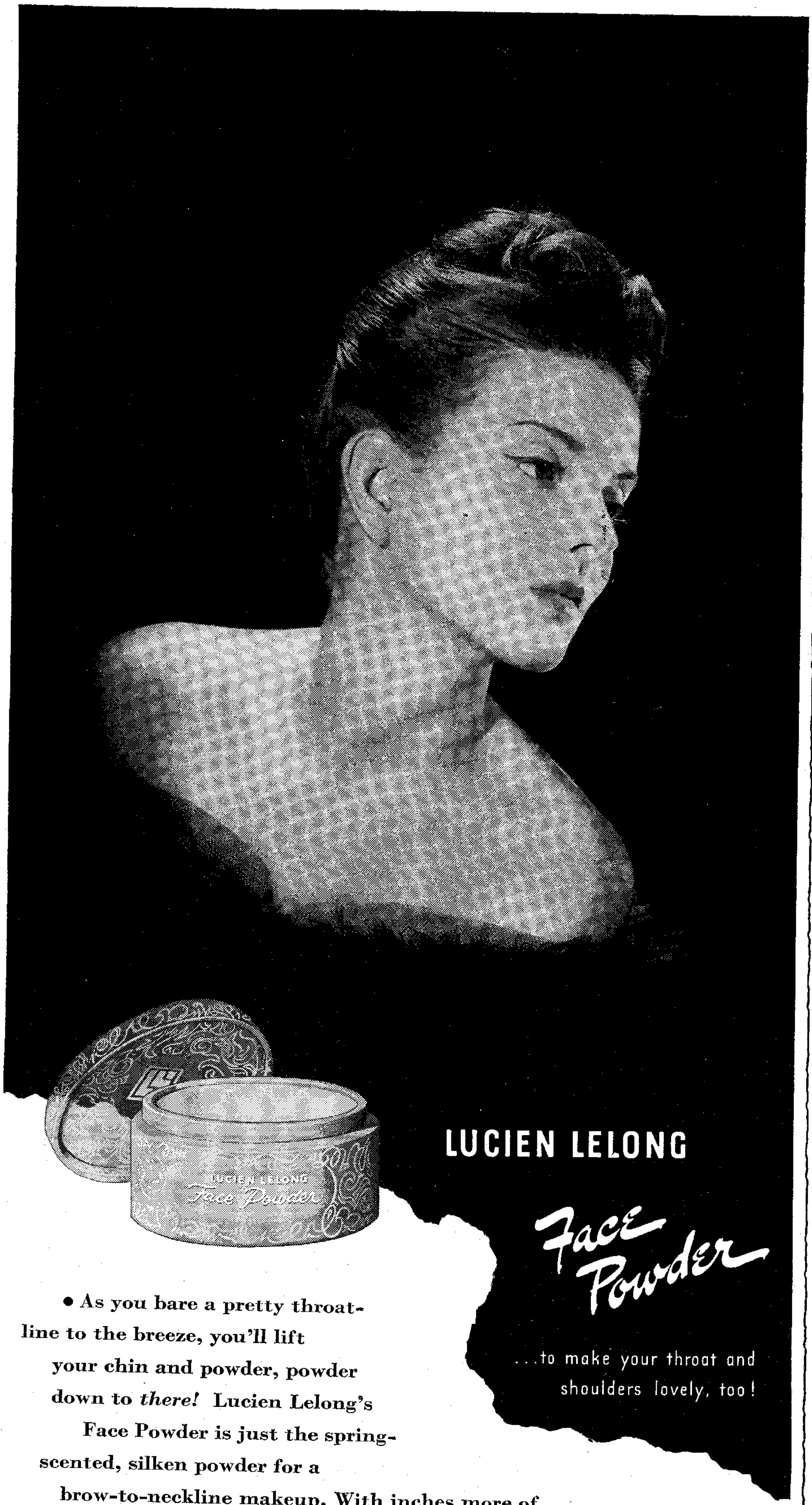
I picked up my coat and beret. Then I felt in my pocket and, blushing violently, put a shilling into Miss Lessing's hand.

"Tonight wasn't a lesson," she said, slipping the shilling back into my pocket.

The old woman took me to the door. As I started through it, she gripped my elbow and said, "If you come here you must go at nine. She needs her sleep. She'd stay up half the night if I didn't watch her."

My father and mother didn't protest much about the French lessons. I told my father that Miss Lessing walked a great deal when she was well and I assured my mother that the house was spotless. That settled both of them.

I went every Thursday for a lesson and between lessons I sucked up French



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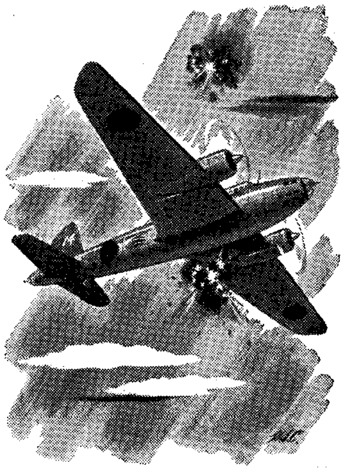

1

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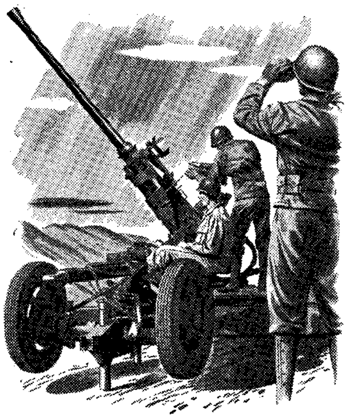

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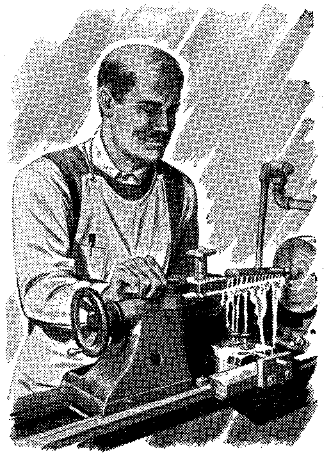
Today certain precision parts for Bofors guns are Superfinished which greatly adds to their efficiency.



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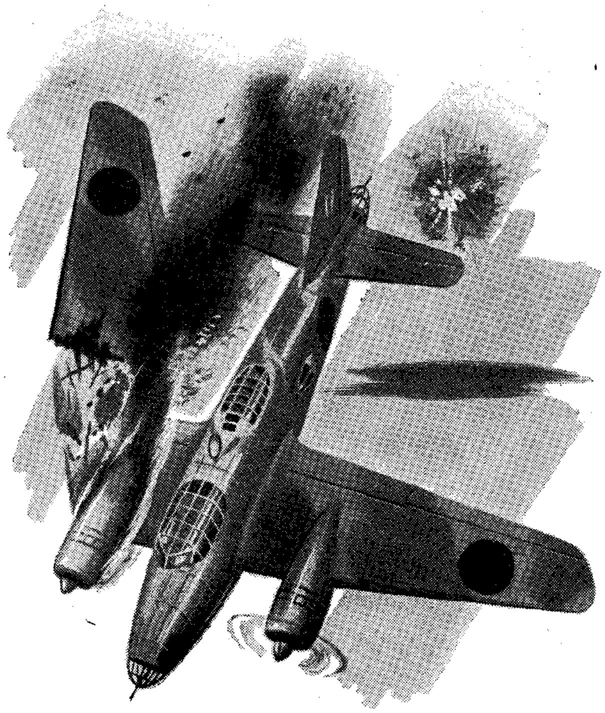
This same Superfinish process gives Chrysler engines the smoothest moving parts in the world.

4

Thanks to Superfinish and other automotive-production methods our Armed Forces now have the guns to blast the enemy from the sky.



5

Superfinish was developed eight years ago by Chrysler Division and is applied to—

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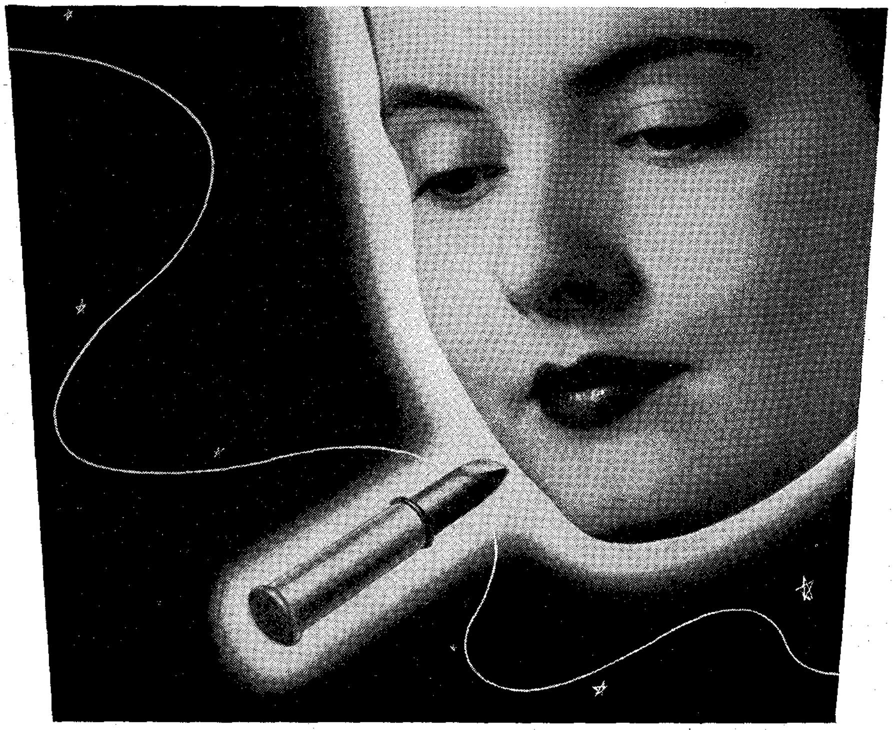

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FRANCES DENNEY
LIPSTICK

from books. Other days might be gray; Thursdays glowed. Miss Lessing was always gay and eager. She made even grammar attractive. I sailed painlessly past the future into the subjunctive. As I had anticipated, higher education was delightful. I read simple stories, feeling the suspense and excitement of an explorer. I began to buy cheap editions of French classics—delicate little books, bound in white cloth with gilt lettering on the cover. Miss Lessing gave me a French dictionary.

"We must go quickly," Miss Lessing said one evening. "There is so little time."

I thought it an odd remark, for I reckoned I should live another sixty years at least.

We used to start at seven, and at half past eight we had cocoa, cake, and French conversation. At nine sharp, the old woman would come in and ask if we had finished yet. She would stand there like a policeman until I put on my coat and cap.

WINTER ended, summer passed, and the air smelled of autumn. One evening I walked up Elm Street and noticed that the leaves of its solitary elm were falling. They lay in the gutter and on the sidewalk. I had a volume of Daudet's stories under my arm. I had cried over several of them, deriving exquisite joy from my tears. No Englishman, I thought, could write so tenderly, and I almost wished I had been born on the other side of the Channel.

The windows of Elm Street were dark; people lived in the big kitchens except on Sundays. Nobody but Miss Lessing had a fire in the front room every day. I noticed, surprised, that for once her window was dark. I rattled the green brass knocker. The old woman came to the door.

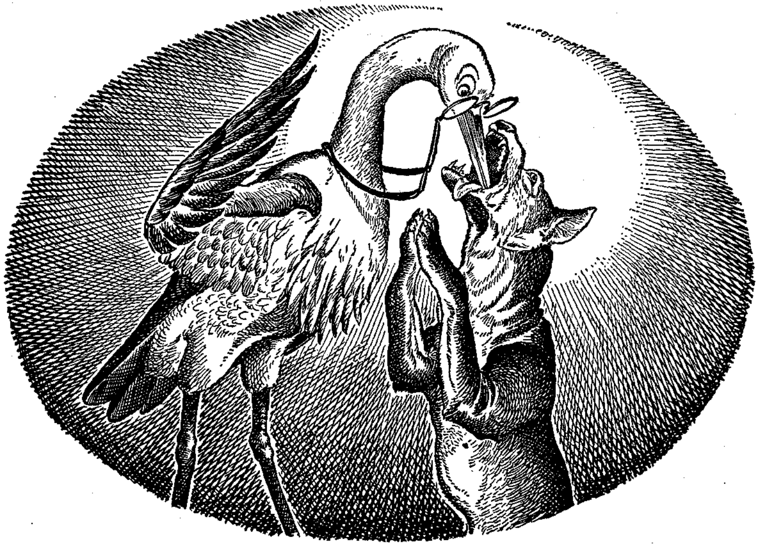
"She's got a chill. She's poorly," the old woman said. "Come next week. She'll be better then. She says you know how to work by yourself. She says—she says you're to go on."

The next week the same thing happened, and when I got home my mother said, with a look of fear on her face, "They say Miss Lessing has consumption. Her lungs. You can't go there any more. You understand?"

But I knew that if she got better I would go. I tried twice more to see her, but the old woman wouldn't let me in. "You'd excite her. She'd be fetching out books again. Wait a while. She's a lot better. She asks after you, and"—the old woman hesitated and then swallowed her pride—"if you call now and

ESOP EAGLE'S FABLES NO. IV

Doc Stork stuck his neck out



WILLIE, a four-legged wolf, had terrible table manners. So, one day, bolting his proteins as usual, he got a bone stuck in his esophagus.

Choking, he made an appointment with old Doc Stork, and asked Doc to stick his beak down his throat and extract the bone . . . promising him a fat fee for the operation.

Well, Doc got the bone out of Willie's wind-pipe, all right, but when it came to collecting, Willie the Wolf sneered:

"Mairzy doats
And dozy doats
And liddle lambzy divey *
But wolves eat meat
And a stork's a treat
To a guy as tough as I be."

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Moral: **It doesn't pay to stick your neck out, in medicine or marketing . . . not if you expect to collect. Markets may be people...but not all of them are prime prospects for your products. Between the many who have too little, and the few who have more than enough, you have the great aspirational middle class of "people who give a damn," people whose aspirations compounded with inspiration and perspiration, provide you with your most solid, responsive market. To reach them, use *the happy medium to America's middle millions* . . . . .**

THE American MAGAZINE

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Smart Woman's Specialty Shop

Gallivant*

New label that identifies station-wagon fashions—gallivanting from country to city. Jersey suit of fine Australian wool, precisely tailored. Watermelon, toffee, aqua. Sizes 12 to 18. $39.95

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GARDEN CITY ● 33 WEST 34th STREET, NEW YORK, 1 ● WHITE PLAINS

Great Western
WINES SINCE 1860
AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE
FOR LIFE'S SPARKLING MOMENTS
PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO., RHEIMS, N. Y.

No ration stamp needed!

Would you like your shoes converted to

PLATFORM STYLE?

We can do it. We put platforms on regular shoes and resole them like new. Step in or write us for details. We also lengthen, widen, remove gaps, adjust misfits and resole all shoes with exclusive factory machinery and methods.

Discover for yourself why it pays in many ways to have your shoes "NELSONIZED" . . . not merely cobbled!

Write for free booklet "Y"
Established 65 years

B. Nelson Co.
10 East 39th St., New York 16, N. Y.
Murray Hill-3-6448
WE MAIL ORDER EVERYWHERE!

Don't discard it..
Repairit
– when something treasured – breaks in two ... we can fix it good as new!
JAMES AMSTER · 140 E. 53RD ST. PLAZA 8-1866

then to see how she is, it pleases her."

But Miss Lessing wasn't a lot better, and before the end of November she was dead. The funeral was on a Thursday afternoon and I didn't like to ask for a half day off from the office, as Miss Lessing wasn't a relation.

I met the old woman on the street soon afterward. She looked more ancient and witchlike than ever. She stopped me and said gruffly that Amelia had left me her books, but that the doctor said they had better be burnt, so she had burnt them. "I'm sorry," she said.

I WENT on studying French, and proceeded to elementary mathematics according to plan. The plan widened, and I went to a cramming college, where a grim staff taught the tricks of examination passing. They taught these very thoroughly; the way they packed knowledge into their pupils was something wonderful. But when I got through performing, I didn't read French any more, and I guess I couldn't solve the simplest algebraic equation now. And though I have visited several capital cities, I have not yet been to Paris. —WINIFRED WILLIAMS

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ASTROLOGICAL NOTE

The German radio, trying to throw a scare into German women, warns them against fortune tellers and says: "If you know what you might have to face in the future you might lose your assurance, and life in many cases would become unbearable."—*PM.*

Omens and predictions now
Aren't for Hermann or his frau.
Once the favorite indoor sport,
Anybody could consort
With prognosticators who
Took a really rosy view
Of that undisputed place
Destined for the Master Race.
Seers who read the future spoke
Nicely to the *Herrenvolk*;
Nothing dubious at all
Showed in any crystal ball.
Intuition, second sight
Saw things beautiful and bright.
Thaumaturgists, shouting *Heil*,
Must have gathered quite a pile.
Where, among the ashes, are
Those who misconstrued that star
Rising redly in the East?
Ursa Major is not least
Of the signs ascendant. Well,
Fortunes aren't so hard to tell,
But by now I guess that Berlin's
Pretty nearly out of Merlins.

—LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

SYLVANIA
SYLVANIA
SYLVANIA
Discovered!
the powder to improve the complexion of your home

● All the beauty of color and design which modern craftsmanship weaves into fabrics, into textiles! All the charm, the indefinable something which modern woman blends into that dream-come-true—her home! Yes, your home of tomorrow will be made countless times more intriguing, more delightful, more livable by fluorescent lighting—advances which home decorators tell us can, at war's end, revolutionize the whole field of home decoration.

For, as you may know, it's the powders lining the inside of a fluorescent lamp which make it work. And our engineers have discovered how to blend this light in ways that bring out just the color tones you wish in your living room, your bedroom; the right light to flatter your own natural loveliness! What's more, you can have mellowed daylight in the evening; cool light for a summer room, warm light for a winter room. All these are among the many postwar promises of fluorescent lighting.

Fluorescent powder, the source of tomorrow's illumination, is likewise the picture screen of the cathode ray tube, heart of television. As leaders in these twin sciences of lighting and electronics, we at Sylvania try ever to keep our work to one standard and that the highest anywhere known.

BUY WAR BONDS

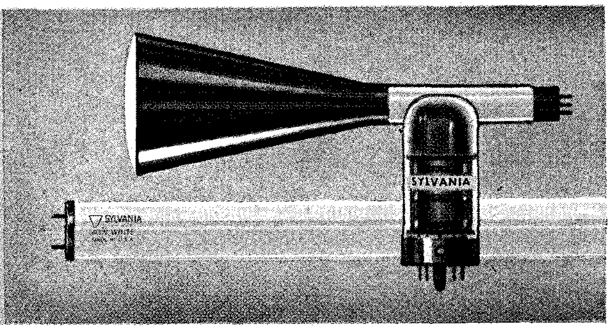
FOR THE DURATION

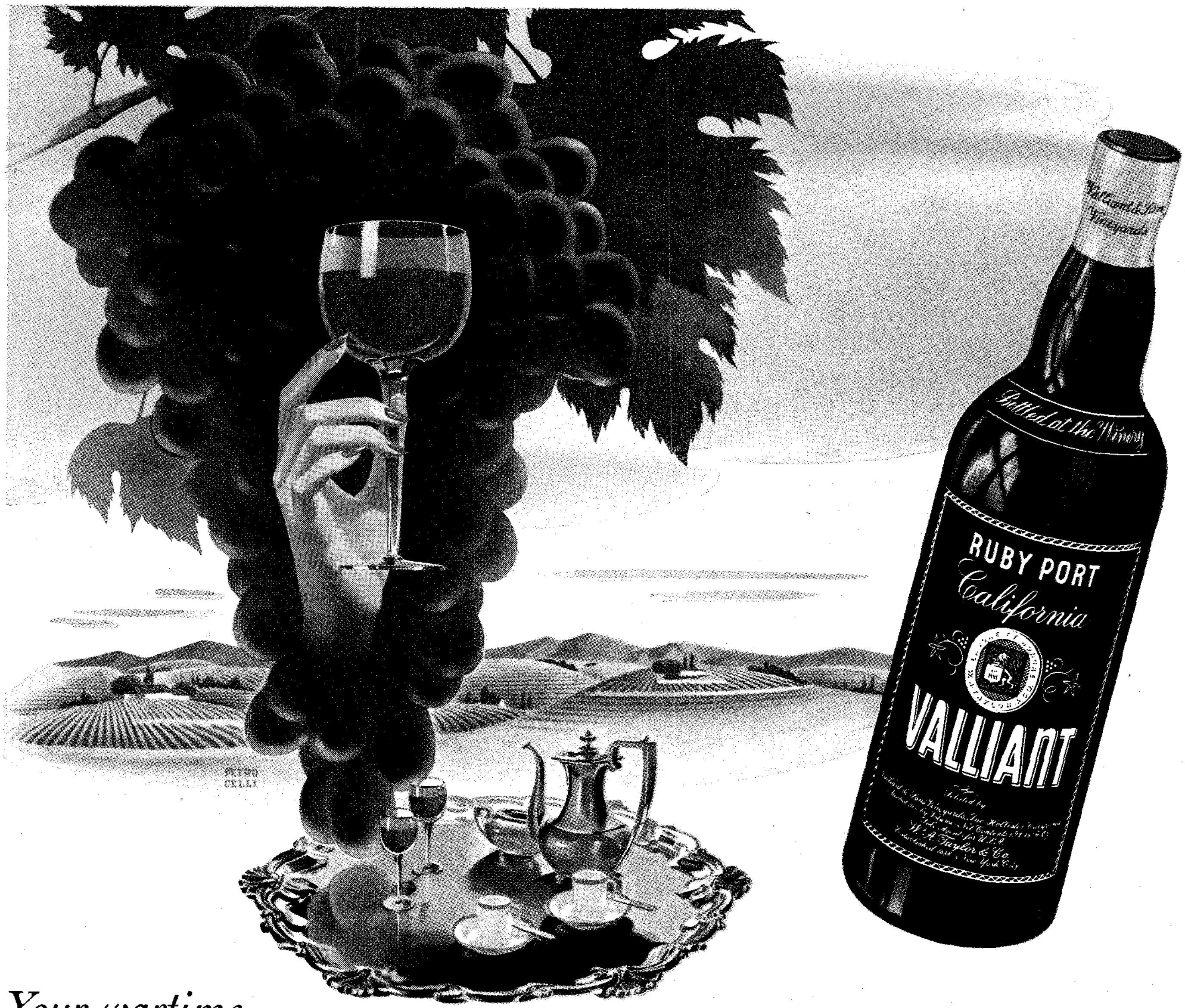
SYLVANIA ELECTRIC PRODUCTS INC.

EXECUTIVE OFFICES: 500 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

MAKERS OF INCANDESCENT LAMPS, FLUORESCENT LAMPS, FIXTURES AND ACCESSORIES, RADIO TUBES AND ELECTRONIC DEVICES

THE POWER TO WIN . . . On the factory front Sylvania Fluorescent Lamps and Fixtures now help speed the wheels of industry, powering victory. On the home front Sylvania Incandescent Lamps and Sylvania Radio Tubes help keep up that home morale which also powers victory. As always, the Sylvania trade-mark stands for reliability in performance.




Valliant & Sons Vineyards
Bottled at the Winery
RUBY PORT
California
VALLIANT
W. A. Taylor & Co.
PIETRO CELLI

Your wartime

meal ends

on a happy note

when you serve

THIS

BRILLIANT

RUBY PORT

Expect great things from Valliant Ruby Port . . . delightful bouquet . . . full flavor . . . pleasant sweetness. Served with dessert or coffee, it transforms wartime meals into a refreshing occasion.

The choice wines of Valliant & Sons include appetizer wines, table wines and dessert wines. All are bottled at the winery in California and are the product of infinite care . . . reasons why Valliant Wines are distinguished by that well-finished flavor and aroma that are so delightful to lovers of fine wine. Sole Distributors for U. S. A., W. A. Taylor & Company, New York City.

VALLIANT CALIFORNIA WINES

Appetizer wines
Table wines
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VALLIANT *and Sons*
VINEYARDS
under vine since 1849

THE RACE TRACK

Full House

RACING pulled its first surprises of the season at Jamaica's rainy-day opening last weekend. Putting the tote before the horse, as almost everyone does these days, $2,601,836 was wagered on the seven races. This wasn't a record for the track, however, since about $5,000 more than that was bet one afternoon during the Empire City meeting there last autumn. Still, business was good enough to set the Metropolitan Jockey Club management doing nipups and handsprings in the infield for sheer joy. There had never been so many people on the grounds before. The official count was 45,796. Getting from the grandstand to the paddock and back—or anywhere else—was something less than good, clean fun. Nobody seemed to mind much, though, not even those who backed the five beaten favorites—a tribute, all in all, to the good nature of horseplayers.

I'm sure nobody blamed the management for not printing enough programs, an oversight that enabled several furtive young men to pick up some extra betting money by black-marketing race cards at half a dollar apiece. I was lucky enough to get one of the programs and I must say that I liked this year's version. It is neatly printed, carefully folded, and doesn't disintegrate in your hands on a damp day.

Hardly anybody in the stands knew about the threatened strike of the grooms, which, had it come off, would have meant opening day at the races without any races. This dispute was settled without too much trouble, however, and the twenty minutes' delay it caused gave late arrivals time to make their bets, and $259,495 was handled on the first race, a new high for first races at Jamaica.

GETTING around to the horses, Devil Diver won the Paumonok Handicap. I don't intend to make excuses for Apache, who looked like the winner until half a furlong from home and then tired. A few embittered horsemen said that he ran as though short of work. As a matter of fact, neither the track nor the weather was good early last week and he may have missed an important gallop. I wouldn't know. On the other hand, Devil Diver came up from Aiken at concert pitch. He had won a matinée, as those informal races held there every spring are called. Besides, he's a good colt. (Remember how he won the Toboggan, Metropolitan, Carter, and Brooklyn Handicaps last season?) It was a pleasant and profitable afternoon for Mrs. Payne Whitney. Just about the same time her Devil Diver was picking up a purse of $6,625 at Jamaica, his stablemate Four Freedoms was winning the Tropical Handicap, and $7,000, at Miami.

THERE are two obvious things to say about Bobby Permane, the latest wonder jockey. One is that it's an extraordinary feat to ride five winners a day three days in a row, even at Tropical Park, where Permane turned in his astonishing performance. The other is that it's just possible that the prospect of riding against some of the older hands at Jamaica may overwhelm him. In case you don't remember Permane when he was around the tracks here last summer (there's no particular reason you should), he is a good-looking blond young man who appears to be much younger than he is, which is twenty. His photographs give the impression that he's a big boy, but he's slightly over five feet tall and weighs ninety-six pounds. He is probably too light for service with the armed forces. Bobby was born in Camden, New Jersey, which is near Garden State Park, where he rode his first winner last August 31st. Before he came around the race track and joined the stable of Jules Wessler, Permane did a lot of travelling with his father and mother, who were in show business. His mother is now his manager. Wessler says that Bobby is a studious kid, worries a lot about the mistakes he makes in races, and likes to sing. Frank Sinatra is his ideal.

—AUDAX MINOR

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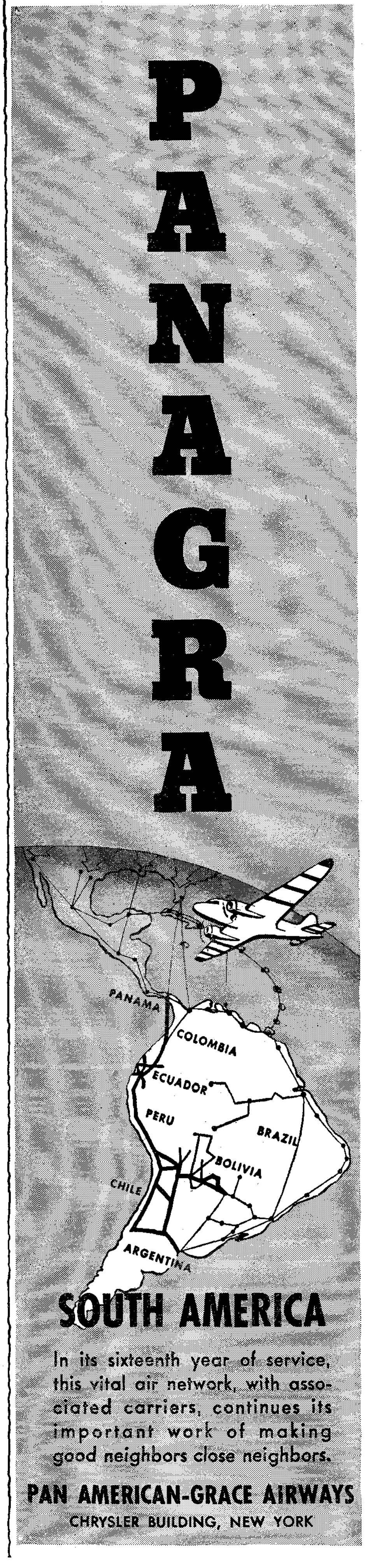
DEPT. OF HIGHER EDUCATION

[*From the McMaster University (Hamilton, Ont.) Silhouette*]

This week, on the feature shelf just inside the door of the library there are many books on Politics which should prove of interest to all those who wish to develop their political consciousness. These books will probably be there for several more days. It would at least be advisable to read the titles of the books and find out what there is in the way of political discussion in the library stacks.



SOUTH AMERICA

In its sixteenth year of service, this vital air network, with associated carriers, continues its important work of making good neighbors close neighbors.

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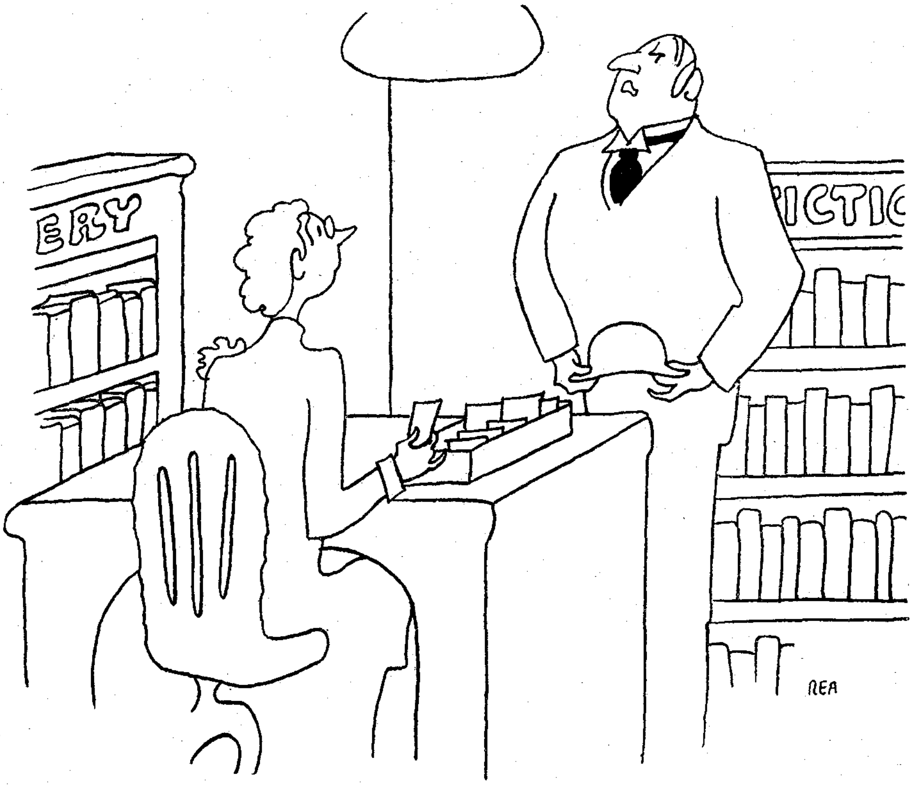
BOOKS

World Federation and the Four Fidgets

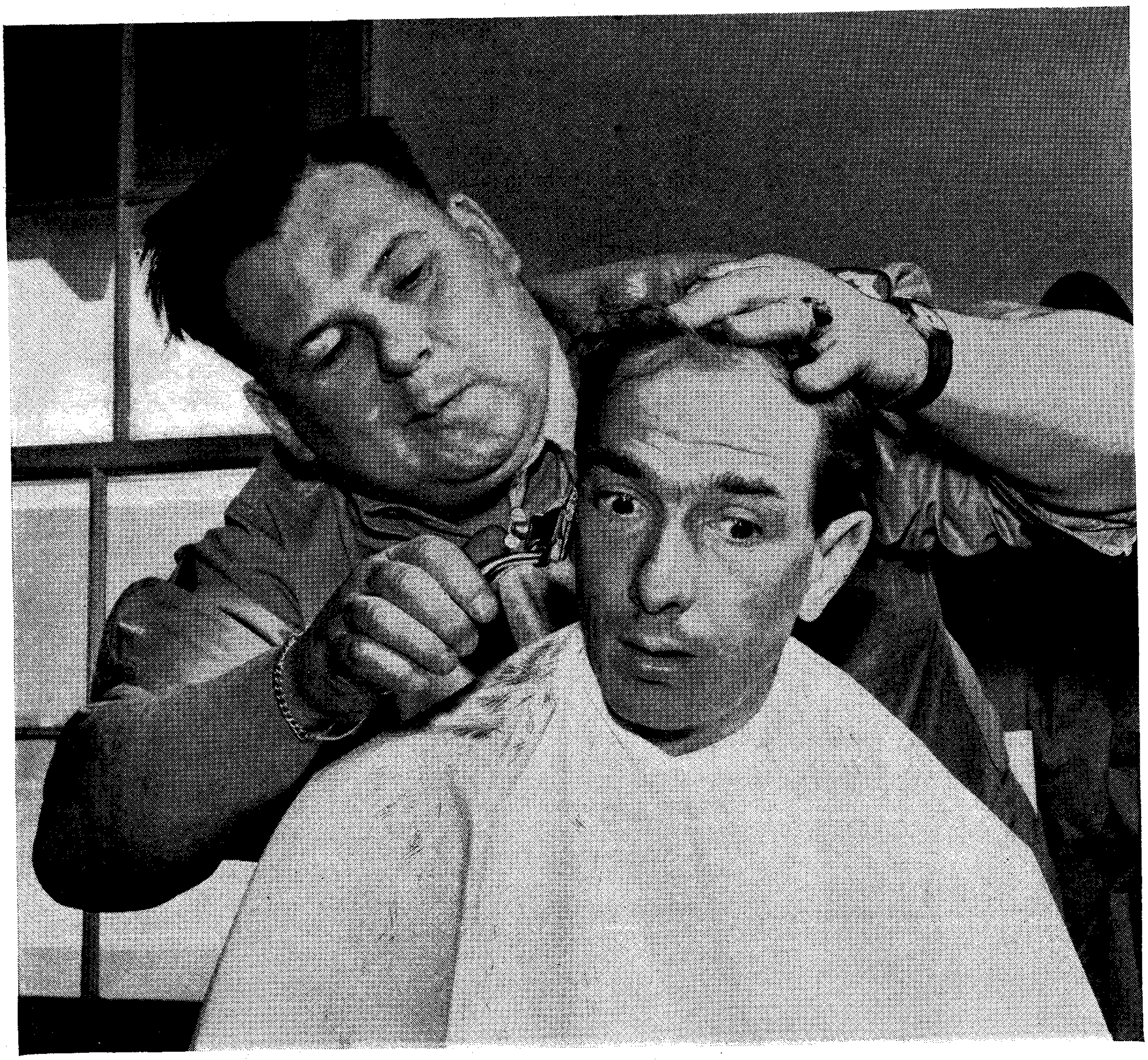
HERE are three books that try to come to grips with the problems of the United States in the war and in the period that will follow the war: "How New Will the Better World Be?," by Carl L. Becker (Knopf), "What Is Our Destiny?," by Norman Thomas (Doubleday, Doran), and "The Practice of Idealism," by Alfred M. Bingham (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Mr. Becker, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Bingham are respectively seventy, fifty-nine, and thirty-nine, and each is in certain respects typical of the thought of his generation.

Mr. Becker is an old-fashioned liberal with a kind of abstract political realism but no very immediate sense of what is going on in the world in our time. His book, though the best-written of the three, seems mainly to take place in a vacuum, and, through both of these characteristics, recalls the reasonable and polished demonstrations of that eighteenth-century political writing which the author has studied so thoroughly. It is odd to find a modern historian of Mr. Becker's standing giving an account of the Russian Revolution which might almost have been hit off by Voltaire. This event, Mr. Becker tells us, "was the result of two circumstances, in the nature of historical 'accidents,' which neither the Marxian nor any other philosophy of history could have foreseen. One of these was the sudden collapse of the czarist authority as a result of the war. . . . The other . . . was the presence and remarkable ability of Nicolai Lenin." He seems totally innocent of any idea that the Czar's weakness and Lenin's strength may have had any relation to one another or that both may have had a relation to the society in which they appeared. Yet, curiously, he has just a few pages before been formulating his own conception of the way in which historical changes occur in terms which seem to echo Marx and Engels, or, rather, which seem to transpose Marx and Engels back into eighteenth-century terms: "Men make their own history in part, and in part it is made for them by certain conditions which they cannot change, or cannot altogether change." (Compare Marx's "Eighteenth Brumaire": "Men make their own history, but not just as they please. They do not choose the circumstances for themselves, but have to work upon circumstances as they find them," etc.) And a few pages farther on he gives rather a misleading account of Marxism as a theory that "the organization of society at any time, and men's ideas about it, are fundamentally determined by the most important form of wealth." It seems a muddled and superficial point of view, for all the clearness with which it is expressed, which admits that historical happenings are influenced to an important degree by "the pattern of habits and customs and institutions that exists at any time and place as the result of a long process of historical development" (Mr. Becker's words), yet explains the Russian Revolution as an accident due to two personalities, and, in the meantime, has represented the theory of Marx, by which the author's own ideas have been colored, as a species of economic determinism. With this not very reassuring basis, Mr. Becker makes some observations that are good enough common sense, but he also unloads upon us a great many very familiar platitudes; and the only real distinction of the book lies in the fact that contemporary platitudes have been endowed by Mr. Becker with a patina that gives them the dignity of museum pieces.

If Mr. Becker is an old-fashioned liberal, Mr. Thomas is an old-fashioned socialist of the kind who has not been trained in any of the Marxist sects but has followed a logical progress—Mr. Thomas was once a preacher—from the Church to social reform. This seems today, as one looks over the prospect, perhaps not the worst kind of socialist to be. Mr. Thomas has survived this recent period of the defeat and corruption of Socialism with his principles remarkably sound. He occupies at the present time a position of isolation. He cut himself off from the Socialists of the Right by his opposition to our entering the war; and he later estranged a group in his own faction by taking the opposite view after Pearl Harbor. He has not been intending to run on the Socialist ticket next fall, and his new book has, therefore, none of the character of a campaign document or tract for action. It is, rather, a stocktaking by a socialist who not only examines the new events in terms of his old ideas but also examines his old ideas in terms of the new events; and, as a survey, it has at the moment a peculiar and unique value. I do not know of any other attempt to present a view of things from the Left which is



"Have you anything in which the butler murders the entire family?"



WHAT MAKES A NEWSPAPER GREAT ?

"Dear Cedric:

Can you find somebody back home who has an extra pair of hair-clippers? The boys in our camp can save a lot of money if we cut our own hair."

This S. O. S. from a Minnesota man in service was reported recently by Cedric Adams, whose column of small talk is a daily-and-Sunday must for most Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune readers. Result: 112 hard-to-get pre-war clippers promptly dumped on the Adams desk by obliging Minnesotans, mailed rush to the G. I. tonsorialists.

From American troops on South Pacific isles came another urgent request for old costume jewelry to barter with natives for needed comforts. Total harvest: nearly 5 tons of necklaces, bracelets and assorted doo-hickies to delight dusky islanders.

To Outdoor Editor Ed Shave came more pleas from fighting men in the Pacific area; they wanted hunting knives, long disappeared from the market. Shave readers responded with nearly 6,000 garnered among Minnesota sportsmen.

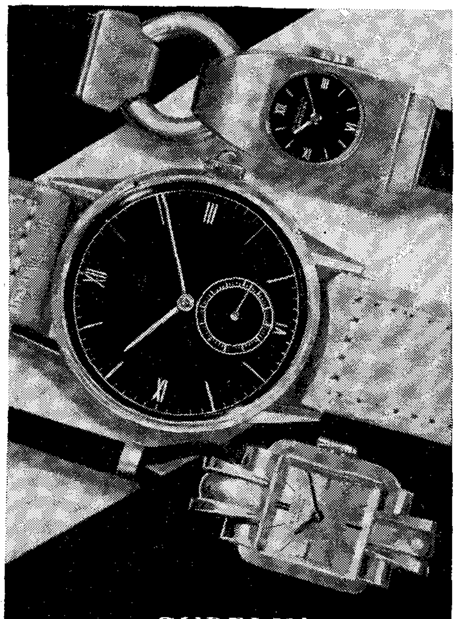
Such reader response, marshalled for victory, helps put and keep Minnesota in the home front vanguard. Example: Minnesotans, since Pearl Harbor, have bought a fifth more War Bonds in proportion to income than the national average.

The Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune play that kind of part in sustaining and channeling wartime morale among their readers in the Upper Mississippi Valley (more than 330,000 families every weekday, more than 380,000 every Sunday) because they are not only complete and accurate newspapers, but also good neighbors, trusted spokesmen and dependable friends.

Minneapolis Star-Journal *and* Tribune

JOHN COWLES • *President*

STAR-JOURNAL (evening) + TRIBUNE (morning) Over 330,000 ★ SUNDAY TRIBUNE Over 380,000



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Internationally famous watches.
Ladies' 17 Jewel stainless steel $71.50.
10% Fed. Tax Included.
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Watches and Clocks
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To transient guests...

Guests whose standards of comfort, atmosphere and service rise above the commonplace will respond to the sense of well-being that awaits them at the Drake. A limited number of transient accommodations promise to be available through the coming months, and reservations are invited. Distinguished restaurant.

Rooms from $6. Suites from $10

BING & BING Management
W. W. Malleson, Jr., Mgr.

HOTEL
Drake
NEW YORK
440 Park Avenue
at 56th St., New York 22

at once so wide-ranging, so little sectarian, and so stubborn in its sincerity and candor. It is, I believe, the only book of these three that may really be read with profit. It will not provide you with any political certainties but it will compel you to recognize the problems, and it is full of sharp comment on matters which, of the deepest importance though they are, we have been tending to disregard: the abuse of civil liberties since we went into the war (the unprecedented refusal of the Supreme Court to review the cases of the Minneapolis truck drivers, the confinement in concentration camps of seventy thousand Japanese who have the status of American citizens), and the essentially undemocratic character of the social institutions of the Soviet Union, where, it seems, under present arrangements, the disproportion in pay between officers and soldiers is greater than it is in the United States. And he discusses, on another plane, the need for a more accurate vocabulary than our obsolescent counters of political speech: "fascism," "socialism," "capitalism," etc.

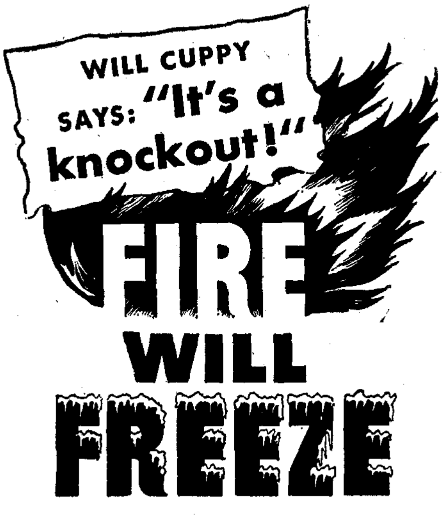
Mr. Bingham is something quite different from either Mr. Becker or Mr. Thomas. Though he is the author of several books and the editor of *Common Sense,* he is not an intellectual in the sense that either of the older men is, but rather a new kind of politician. He has been young enough to be able to accept as given political data the social conflicts and the Marxist movements that older "progressives" with practical careers in mind had tended to try not to believe in. For the young man of Mr. Bingham's generation, these phenomena were obvious realities that one's political philosophy had to assimilate. Mr. Bingham did succeed in assimilating them: he absorbed them with so much success that they left no protruding bulges to prevent his being accepted into the senate of the state of Connecticut; and this new little book of his, though it covers a great deal of ground, is less like a serious pamphlet than a smooth, political speech. Mr. Bingham sings with marvellous sweetness about "The Enemy Within the Gates," "Peace Abroad," and "Progress at Home": the question is, however, whether you can deal with these things by the methods of a Frank Sinatra.

ALL these books suffer somewhat from the weaknesses of much liberal and radical writing: the application of well-balanced formulas to concrete and refractory realities, the description

Meet "THE ANGEL OF MERCENARY"
Howard Cullman, known effectionately as "The Angel of Mercenary", regularly receives, from playwrights Lindsay and Crouse, letters like this:

"Dear Angy-Wangy: You may breathe easier! Open-Hearted Crouse, the backers' boy-friend, has managed to get hold of the checkbook again and if I can keep Lindsay out of the office for a few minutes (I've sent him out for a left-handed curtain-rope) I'll see that you get a check. Your ever-loving producer, Russel Crouse."

You'll meet Cullman, Duke Ellington, Lou Walters, Jack White, Broadway Rose, and many other fabulous personalities of the Broadway amusement world. Yet this bizarre book is more than a collection of rollicking stories—it's a show in itself! $2.75
NEVER WHISTLE IN A DRESSING ROOM
by MAURICE ZOLOTOW
E. P. DUTTON & CO.

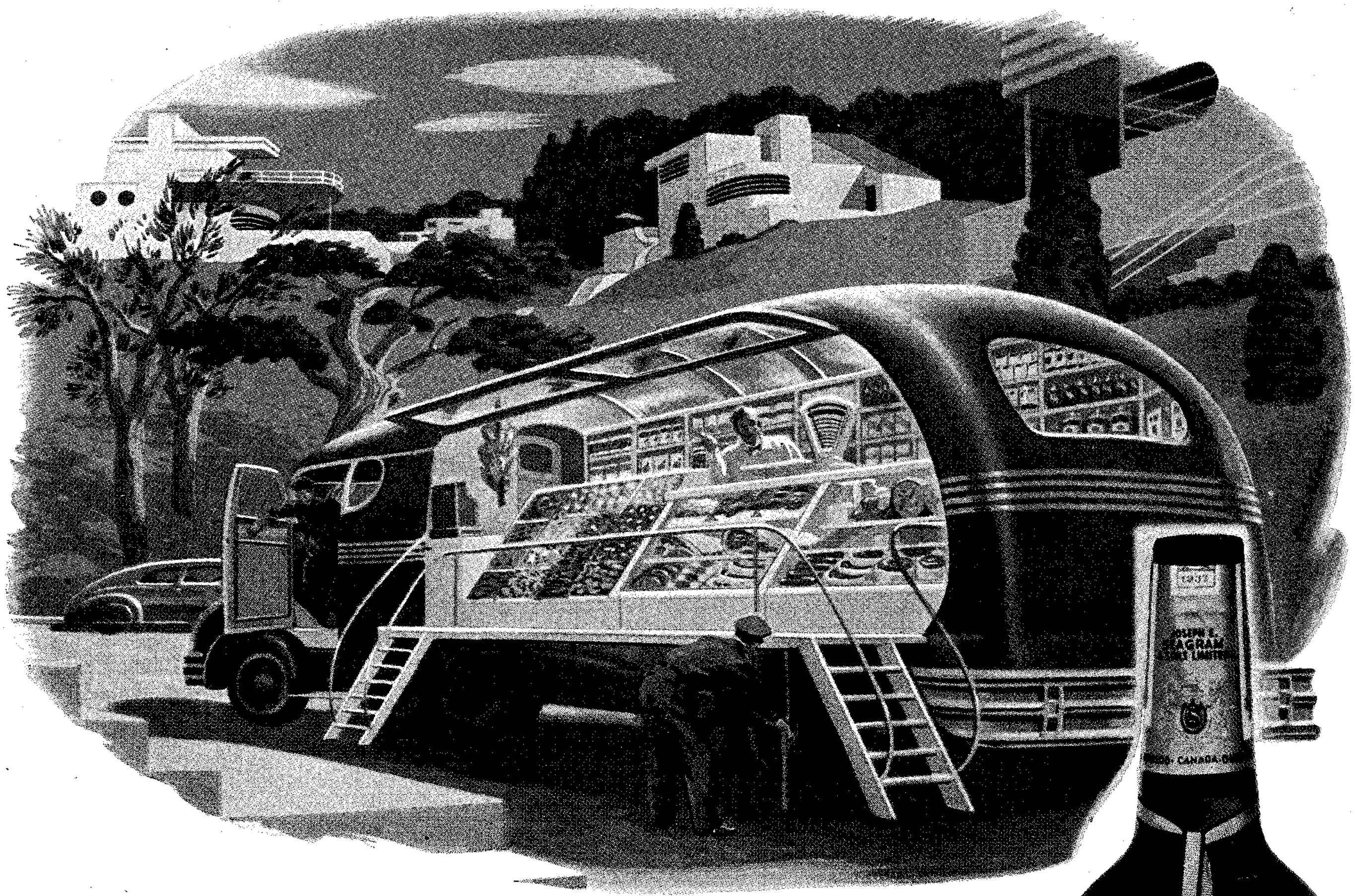


WILL CUPPY SAYS: "It's a knockout!"
FIRE WILL FREEZE
By MARGARET MILLAR
"Margaret Millar goes right to the head of the class with this serio-comic thriller about a busload of ski enthusiasts snowbound in a Canadian mansion of mystery."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review* $2.00

A RANDOM HOUSE MYSTERY

Lunch at Monte Carlo

Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow Like CANADIAN Whisky at its Glorious Best!



TOMORROW'S AUTOMARKET!

Meal planning and buying will be a cheer instead of a chore, when groceries on wheels rush fresh foods to the housewife's door! Spotless, glass-roofed, giant trailers will make regular stops on each block — one side of the trailer opens out . . . a platform with steps is set up . . . the grocery and meat market is ready for its customers!

★ ★ ★

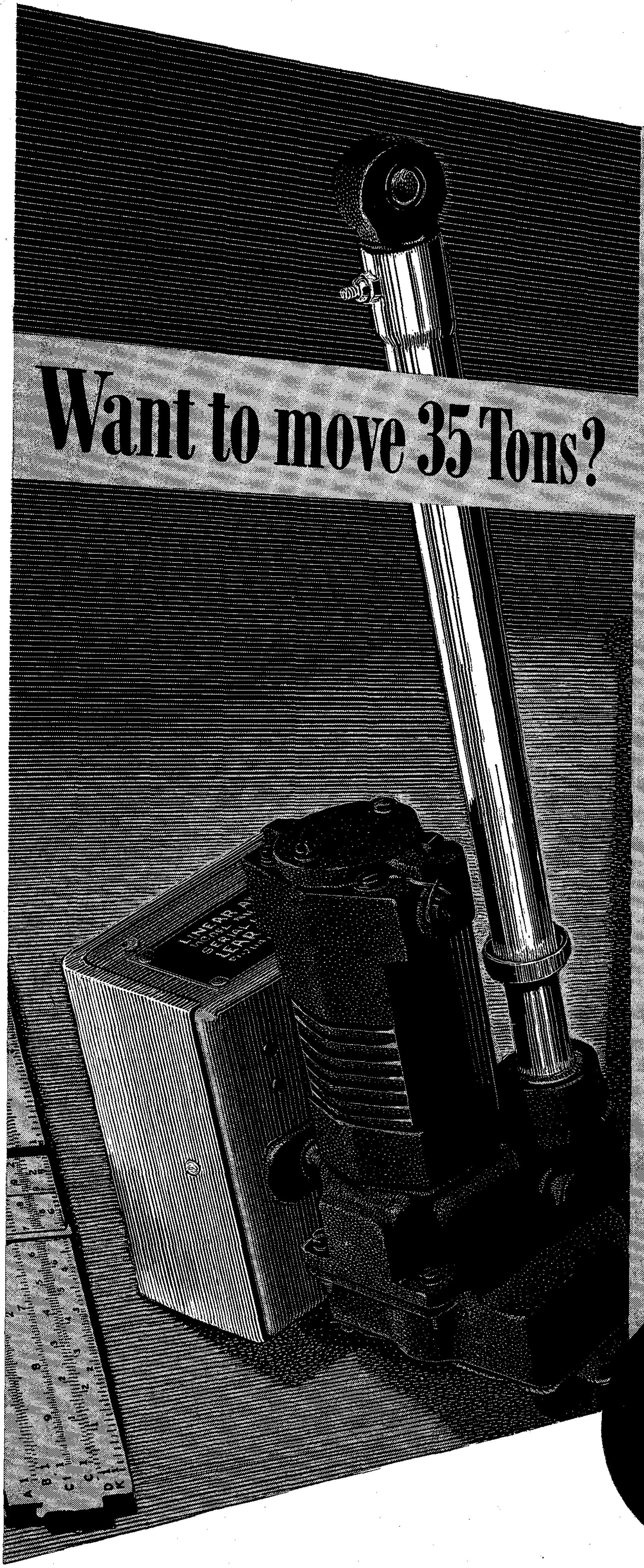
SEAGRAM'S was planning for your pleasure six long years ago. That was the year when Germany refused to participate in the New York World's Fair . . . when outdoor meetings were actually televised . . . when "You Can't Take It With You" was voted the best movie. The choice Canadian whiskies that you enjoy in Seagram's V. O. CANADIAN today were stored away then—to grow mellower and finer. Six years later, those same whiskies are ready for you in V. O.—Canadian Whisky at its glorious best, for the world's lightest highball!

Six Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

1937
IMPORTED
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
DISTILLED, AGED AND BLENDED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
86.8 PROOF
CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST!

Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES



Want to move 35 Tons?

WE wouldn't tell you how fast America's fighting planes go. That's a military secret.

But we've all read it's well over 300 miles an hour.

We've read too how they hit 700 or 800 miles an hour in dives. And how paint was peeled by the air pressure.

Did you ever stop to think that the plane's flaps and controls have to work surely, smoothly and dependably against pressures like that?

It's done by such mechanisms as you see in the picture.

They are called Lear Actuators.

They are powerful. Some can push up to 75,000 pounds.

They are light. That's a "must" in aircraft.

They are small. They have to fit in available space.

A good many preconceived notions had to go by the board to meet all these requirements. For example, the little electric motor that runs them is full of revolutionary engineering refinements.

Every man and every minute we have now can't make all the motors and actuators that we would like to deliver for Uncle Sam's aircraft.

But the day is coming when they will have different jobs to do. New jobs on peacetime products—perhaps like steering ocean liners, or parking cars, or things we've never thought of.

That is one reason for this advertisement. We want to know who can use an actuator or a motor like these.

Another reason is, we want you to know that there is available the kind of thinking and engineering which have produced these and some 250 other Lear products.

**LEAR
AVIA
INC.
PIQUA · OHIO**

in familiar words of unfamiliar situations. Here are examples from the three writers. Mr. Becker: "A new and better world, in the national and the international realm, can be created only if and in so far as the essential causes of economic confusion and conflict are understood, and only if and in so far as the great and small states of the world are willing to unite in measures that are necessary if those causes are to be eliminated" (expression of historical processes in terms of an algebraic equation). Mr. Thomas: "No plan will work which is not accompanied by the right attitude or which tries to suppress the forces of democratic revolution" (bracing advice by a weary headmaster). Mr. Bingham: "We shall need all the statesmanship, all the world-mindedness, all the boldness of imagination that can be found in the leadership and in the rank and file of all nations. For the tendencies that may exist to draw us closer together will be offset by the most powerfully disruptive forces" (sheer silken mellifluousness).

There is, however, a very good reason, a much better reason than usual, why these writers have to fall back on vague formulas. Different though their opinions are in regard to particular matters, they are agreed in their main lines of thought. On the one hand, they believe that the problems at home which we shall face when our troops have been demobilized can only be solved by collectivism (Becker), socialism (Thomas), a national planning board (Bingham), and our international problems abroad by some kind of new league of nations or even world federation. But, on the other hand, they see the possibility of exploitation, by a disguised native fascism, of the unemployment of after the war, and the probability of a balance-of-power peace that will stifle European revolution and set the stage for a bigger collision between bigger competitive units. All three writers try to cultivate what hopes they can, to note what favorable indications are visible. They are more or less optimistic in proportion as they are more or less young; and, in the case of Mr. Becker, it is difficult to see how he can bridge the abyss between the world which he sees as reconstituting itself on the basis of the old hostile imperialisms and the international social-economic control which he desiderates at the end. But it by no means makes these gentlemen ridiculous that they should demand that this gap be bridged, since what they say is perfectly true, and the spokesmen for the Allied peoples have so far done little to indi-

TONIGHT ...taste the difference!
TOMORROW ...feel the difference!
White Rock

The Big Difference!
1 WHITE ROCK IS DIFFERENT. Compare it with any other mineral water-mixer or club soda.
2 WHITE ROCK IS BETTER FOR YOU. Natural mineral salts in White Rock combat acidity... help keep you feeling fit.
3 IT'S SUPER-CHARGED Its sparkle stays to the end of your drink... it points up flavor!

Please! We and your government will appreciate your returning empty bottles and cartons to your dealer.

...says VAUGHN MONROE, leader of one of the most talked of bands in America!

Mr. Monroe insists on serving White Rock in highballs...says it makes drinks taste better, helps keep one feeling fit next day.

He takes a glass of plain sparkling White Rock before going to bed and again in the morning for good health's sake. You see, White Rock's *natural* mineral salts combat acidity...help keep you on the alkaline side.

White Rock
SPARKLING MINERAL WATER

SERVE IN ALL HIGHBALLS, INCLUDING GIN, RUM, WINE

You'll appreciate its quality
DON Q PUERTO RICAN RUM

86 PROOF

Only the finest ingredients, grown on the fertile estates of the Serralles Family, are used in producing Don Q Rum. Its quality is quickly recognized in cocktails or in rum-and-soda.

DON Q RUM

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SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Amazing Professional Mothproofing Method now available for home use

MOTHS WILL NEVER EAT THIS SUIT
LARVEX

NO ODOR · NO WRAPPING · NO STORING AWAY

Just a few minutes spraying with LARVEX—and Mrs. Neal has saved her husband's new suit from moth holes *for a whole year.*

WHY? Moths will actually starve to death before they will eat LARVEXED clothes, sofas or rugs!

This is the professional mothproofing method used by leading woolen mills, laundries and dry cleaners.

And, LARVEX is inexpensive—only 79¢ per pint, $1.19 per quart. Dry-cleaning won't impair its year-long protection. Use LARVEX—*be safe!*

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cate how or if the bridge is to be laid. Mr. Bingham says truly that at the present time "we cannot mention even the Four Freedoms without fidgeting."

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A HAUNTED HOUSE, by Virginia Woolf (Harcourt, Brace). In 1921, Mrs. Woolf published "Monday or Tuesday," a little collection of curious short stories and unconventional poems in prose, which had something in common with Eliot and Joyce and became one of the landmarks of a new kind of writing. This new volume contains six of the eight pieces that appeared in the earlier book, seven stories written later and printed in magazines, and five hitherto unpublished stories. The whole group is very much worth reading. Virginia Woolf, a subjective poet, was sometimes particularly successful with this short and concentrated form, for which the title of one of the stories, "Moments of Being," might supply a general name. She is likely to be at her best in the solitary reverie, like "The Mark on the Wall" or "The Lady in the Looking-Glass," or in the brief moment of human intercourse, like "The Man Who Loved His Kind" or " 'Slater's Pins Have No Points,' " though there are also some wonderful little fables, one called "Solid Objects," about a man who stood for Parliament with the idea of a political career but became so much engrossed in collecting odd-shaped bits of china and glass that he completely forgot this ambition.

THE FIRST LADY CHATTERLEY, by D. H. Lawrence (Dial Press). This is the first version of "Lady Chatterley's Lover." Here the gamekeeper with whom Lady Chatterley has her famous love affair is a rougher and cruder character than the sensitive Mellors of the final version. He belongs to a Communist club and will presumably, when he marries Constance, instead of adapting himself to upper-class life as the later character does, impose upon her his own way of living and convert her to his own convictions. The erotic element is not so important as it became in the final version, and the whole thing is more of a social study. The manuscript was worth printing, but one cannot agree with Esther Forbes when she says, in her introduction, that it is superior to the story that

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Lawrence himself printed, which, slightly hysterical though it is and sometimes bordering though it does on the ludicrous, has more intensity and more brilliant writing.

THE ROYAL GAME, by Stefan Zweig (Viking). The story which gives this book its title appears with the novelettes "Amok" and "Letter from an Unknown Woman," which have previously been available in separate volumes. In "The Royal Game," a group of travellers on an ocean liner watch a chess contest between an unknown man and a world champion. The narrative cuts back to reveal to us the mind of the unknown player and the bitter circumstances which have led to his mastering chess while a prisoner of the Nazis. All three stories are in the late Herr Zweig's irreproachable, overstuffed manner.

A TREASURY OF CAT STORIES, compiled by Era Zistel, illustrated by Peggy Bacon (Greenberg). Here are twenty-five stories with feline heroes and heroines by Saki, Hilaire Belloc, Ernest Thompson Seton, Mazo de la Roche, Charles Dudley Warner, W. W. Jacobs, Wodehouse, and others. Stories about cats are probably designed for people who love cats, and such people will undoubtedly, as the publishers cheerily suggest, be delighted by this collection. Whether it will delight those who love good short stories is another matter, in spite of the inclusion among some rather undistinguished material of a gem like Saki's "Tobermory" and a pleasing little essay by Charles Dudley Warner.

GENERAL

BORN UNDER SATURN, by Catherine Macdonald Maclean (Macmillan). A long, labored, rather lumbering life of William Hazlitt, the English essayist. Hazlitt, who has never been studied so thoroughly as some of his contemporaries, has long needed a good biography. Miss Maclean has not filled this need, for all her earnest intentions, but anyone who wants to know more about one of the most interesting men in English letters will find her book extremely profitable.

PILLS, PETTICOATS AND PLOWS, by Thomas D. Clark (Bobbs-Merrill). A study of the Southern country store and how it has affected the everyday life of the South. An original idea, an original book, and a valuable though small-bore social history of the South

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"The Man Who Cares" has turned thumbs down on "bottoms up". Yes, sir, in these days of shortages, he sips his occasional drink of Carstairs White Seal whiskey *slowly*. And incidentally, enjoys it more. He looks with pleasure at the clear, golden liquid. And he takes time to appreciate the grand aroma *as well as* the famous flavor of his favorite drink. So stretch *your* enjoyment too, friend. *S-i-p* your less frequent drink of the *Perfectly Balanced Blend*. That's how *you'll* get the *most* out of the *best*.

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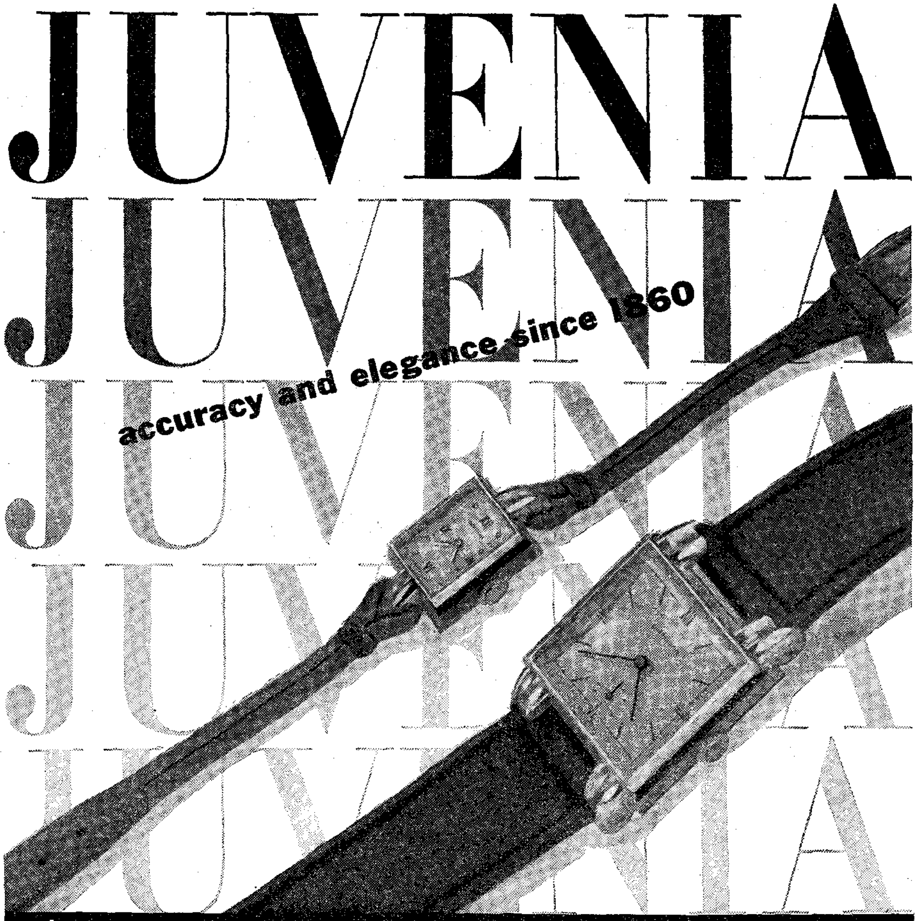

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THE GREAT TRANSFORMATION, by Karl Polanyi (Farrar & Rinehart). Dr. Polanyi, a Viennese economist now lecturing at the University of London, develops the thesis, not altogether original, that a society should be judged by the value which it puts on human life rather than by its technical efficiency. He presents a long analysis of what he describes as "the social devastation of an uncontrolled system, the market economy," and then goes on to present the idea, also not altogether original, that, in rebuilding society after the war, technical considerations must be subordinated to certain essential human values. Dr. Polanyi writes in the accepted tradition of European scholarship, which means that his book is tough going at times, but readers who have the equipment and patience to follow him will find that he casts considerable illumination on some of the technical processes and social revolutions involved in the history of our time.

FAR NORTH COUNTRY, by Thames Williamson (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A book about Alaska, from the Alcan Highway to Yakutat Bay, by an author who seems to know the country intimately. Mr. Williamson traces the history of the territory from its geological beginnings down to the present and includes sufficient local color to satisfy the most ardent admirers of Jack London.

•

The statement in last Saturday's issue of The Union that a "dusky" 11-pound girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. John H— on Friday afternoon was a typographical error.—*San Diego Union.*

Of the first water.

•

After escaping such hardships throughout most of the trip, they encountered in Casablanca—you guessed it, bed bugs!

George Raft started with the unit, under the auspices of the USO, but turned back at Naples.—*Greensboro (N.C.) Daily News.*

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•

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[*Eugenia Sheppard in the Herald Tribune*]

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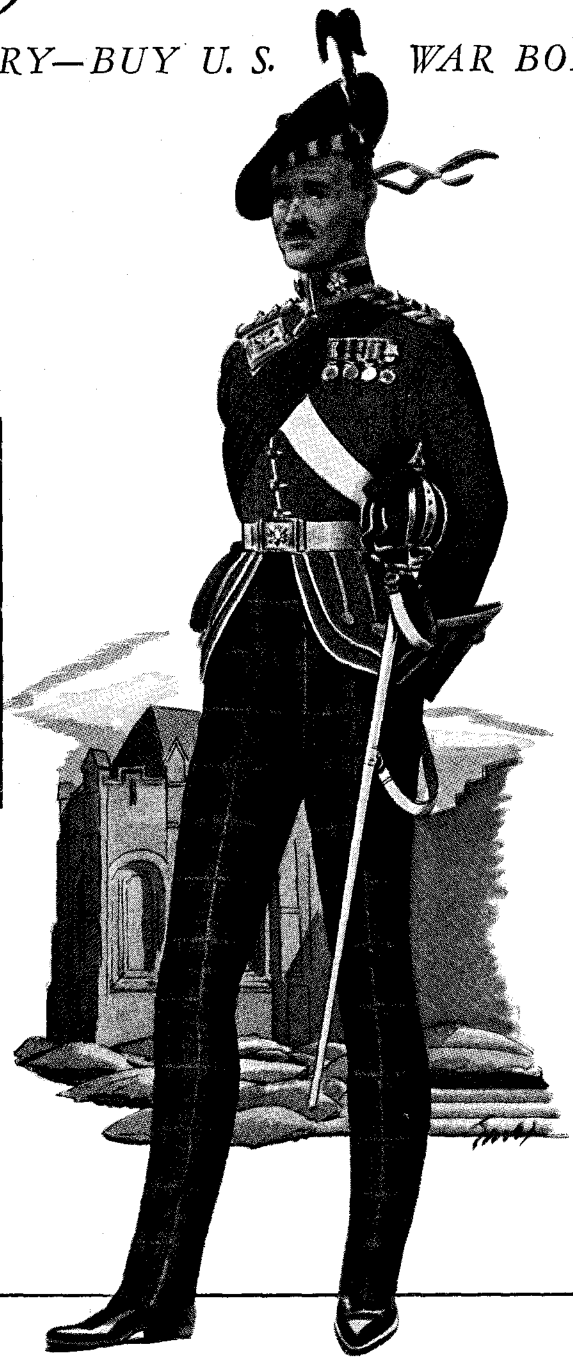

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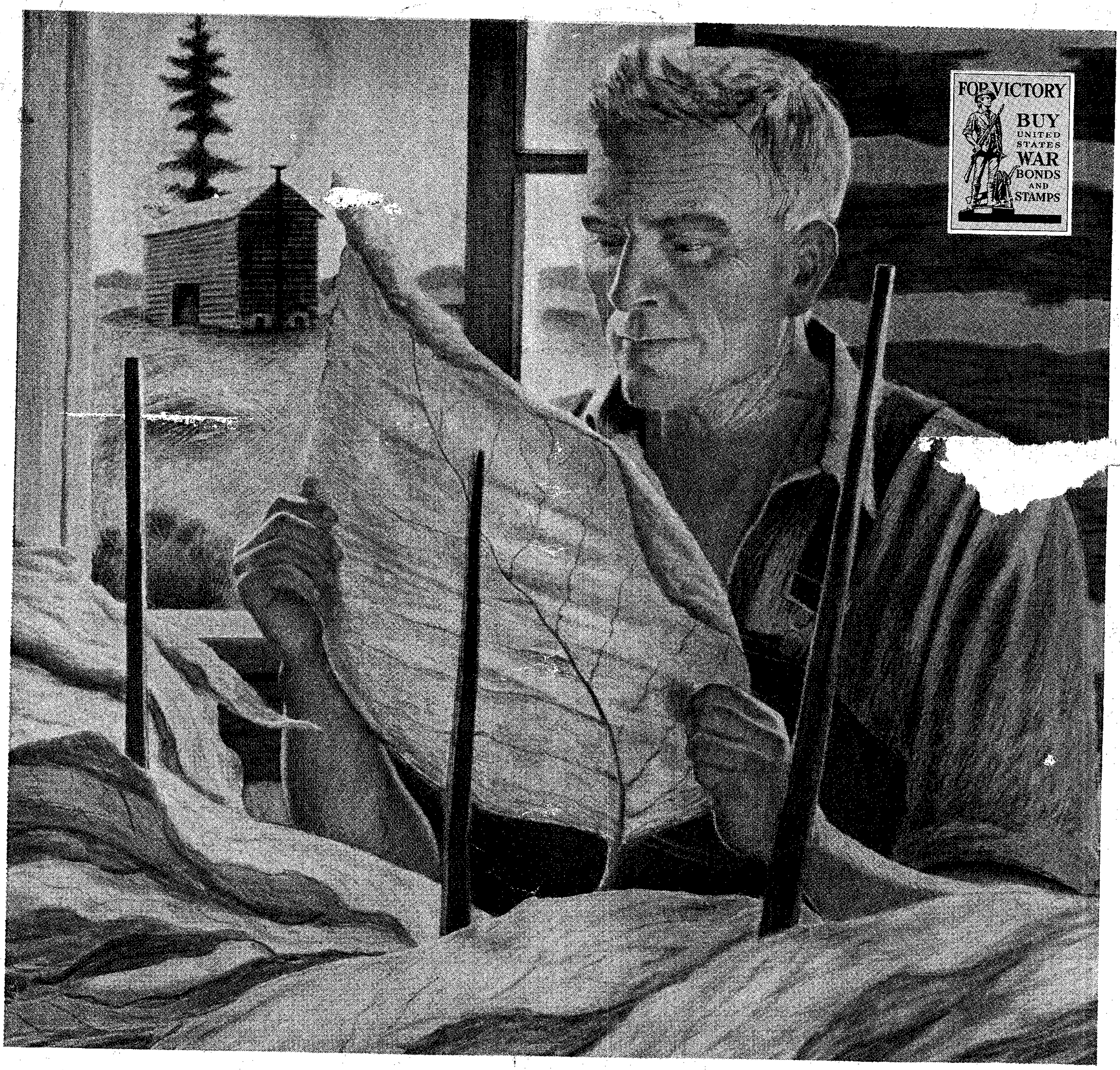
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